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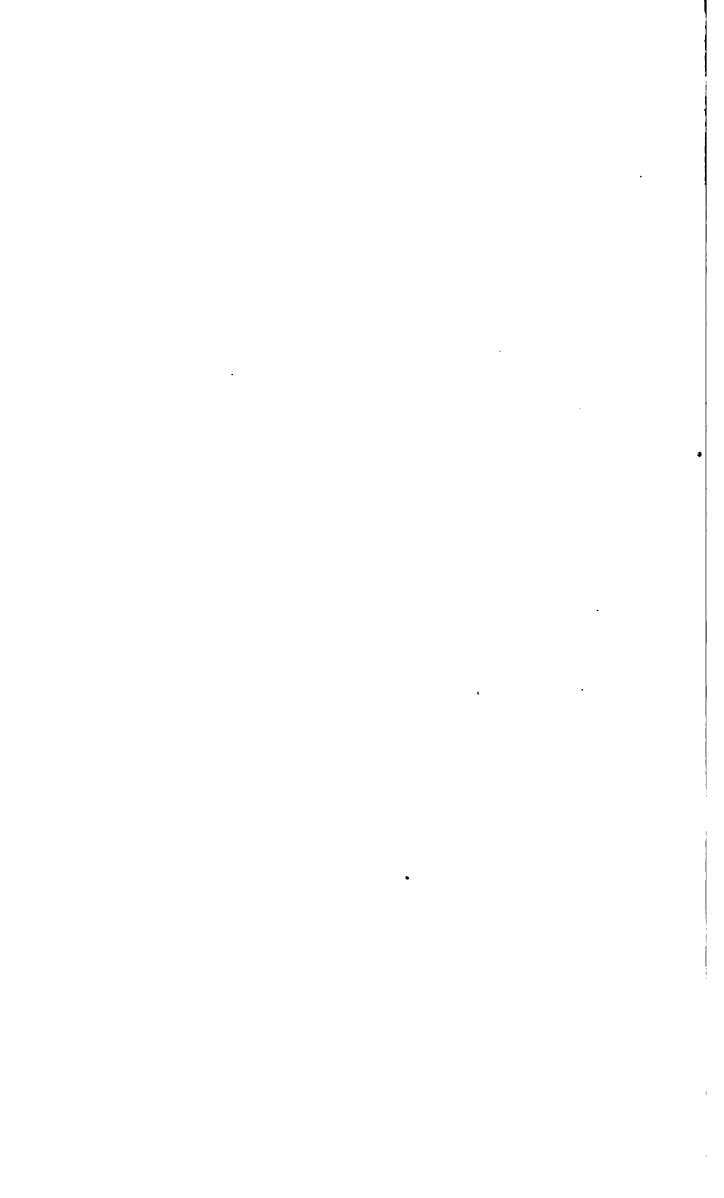
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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN^y

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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THE
THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ASTOLPHO pursues the harpies to the mouth of the infernal region, at the foot of a high mountain. He enters, and meets with the ghost of Lydia, daughter of the king of Lydia, who relates to him her story, and the cause of her punishment. He hears the names of several condemned to suffer there for crimes committed on earth. Astolpho attempts to penetrate further into that place of torment, but is obliged to return. He then flies to the top of the mountain, where he finds the terrestrial Paradise. Description of the place. He is welcomed by Saint John the Evangelist, the prophets Enoch and Elias. Saint John instructs Astolpho concerning the manner of restoring Orlando to his senses. He conveys the knight, in a chariot, to the region of the moon; the many wonders Astolpho saw there, and among the rest Orlando's wit, which the Evangelist permits him to take with him. St. John shows the knight the three fatal sisters spinning the thread of life.

THE
THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

INSATIATE harpies! foul detested band!
The scourge of justice on a sinful land,
The righteous punishment by Heaven assign'd
For Italy, with tenfold error blind!
Where harmless infants, tender mothers die 5
With meagre want; for while a vain supply
Each day prepares, they see their destin'd food
At once devour'd by this infernal brood.
Ill chance betide who first unclos'd the cave,
(Which years had shut) and thus a passage gave 10
Whence gluttony and all uncleanness spread
O'er Italy their venom'd bané have shed.

Ver. 1. *Insatiate harpies*!—] In general the Italian commentators make the harpies to signify Avarice. Others may imagine, and with some reason, that the poet rather means to satyryze the vice of gluttony, which perhaps might be prevalent in his age. Fornari says, of which opinion is likewise Sir John Harington, that Ariosto meant by harpies, the soldiers of the enemy, whose avarice and rapacity had plundered Italy.

Fair Virtue then was banish'd from mankind,
 And peace and temp'rance from the world disjoin'd;
 Whence pain, and poverty, and impious strife 15
 Have vex'd, and long shall vex the sweets of life,
 Till time shall come, when thus with 'wakening cries
 Our country bids her sons from Lethæ rise.

" Is there not one that dares the worth unfold
 " Which Calais and Zetes show'd of old; 20
 " To many a house his saving hand afford,
 " And free from filth and spoil the genial board;
 " As those could help to aged Phineas bring,
 " And since Astolpho to the Nubian king?"

With dreadful sound the Paladin had chas'd 25
 The brutal harpies through th' aërial waste,
 Till at a mountain's foot his flight he stay'd,
 Where in a gaping cavern's fearful shade
 The monsters enter'd—Hence with wondering ears
 Laments and groans the listening warrior hears, 30
 That reach'd through winding vaults the upper air;
 Sure sign of Hell and endless torments there.

Astolpho now resolves t' explore the way,
 And visit beings lost to cheerful day,
 To earth's deep centre undismay'd to go, 35
 And search the secrets of the world below.
 Why should I doubt to enter here (he cries)
 When such defence my trusty horn supplies,

Ver. 20.—*Calais and Zetes*—] Feigned by the poets to have been sons of the wind Boreas and Orithya, daughter of king Eritheus; they were born with wings and drove the harpies from the table of blind Phineas, king of Thrace, in the same manner as is here told of Astolpho. See *Ovid's Metam.*

Whose sound can Pluto's self and Satan quell,
And from his post the three-mouth'd dog repel? 40

He said; and lighting from his seat with speed,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree his feather'd steed,
Then grasp'd his horn, his every hope and aid,
And fearless plung'd amid the murky shade.

Ere far he reach'd, thick wreaths of noisome smoke 45
And steams of sulphur on his senses broke:

His sight and smell the stifling fumes confess'd,
Yet onward still th' embolden'd hero press'd;
But as he press'd, the darkness deeper spread,
And grosser vapours noxious poison shed. 50

When, lo! as if suspended from above,
He sees an object, scarce distinguish'd, move,
Move, as by winds some wretched corse is blown,
Long time expos'd to rains and parching sun;
So faint the straggling beams of wandering light 55
In these dire realms of smoke and dreary night.

In vain the duke explores with heedful care
What mocks his eyes, and seems to flit in air:
Then from the sheath his shining sword he drew,
And thrice he struck, when soon the warrior knew 60

Ver. 39. *Pluto, Satan, and Cerberus*,—] In like manner Tasso blends the Heathen fables with the Christian doctrines. See *Jerusalem Delivered*, Book iv. Spenser, in a description of Hell according to the Heathen mythology, after the mention of Tantalus, introduces the soul of Pilate washing his hands in the infernal river.

He look'd a little further and espy'd
Another wretch, whose carcass deep was drest
Within the river.....
The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting up his head him answer'd thus:
I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas! &c.

Fairy Queen, B. ii. C. 7. st. 64.

The seeming image but an empty shade,
 That like a cloud deceiv'd his mortal blade.
 Then thus he heard a female voice complain:
 Ah! come not here to work me further pain!
 Suffice—this smoke torments my wretched ghost, 65
 This smoke that rises from the burning coast.

The duke, with terror seiz'd, his step repress'd,
 And in these words the hapless shade address'd:
 So may high Heaven these stifling fumes repel,
 As thou shalt deign thy mournful state to tell; 70
 Thy tidings to our living world I bear,
 If this can aught avail to soothe thy care.

The ghost reply'd—To visit but in name
 The cheerful realms of light from which I came,
 So grateful seems, that gladly I disclose, 75
 For such reward, the story of my woes;
 Else should I now with lips unwilling tell
 My name, and earthly state from which I fell.

Once was I Lydia call'd, of royal strain,
 (Whose sire o'er Lydia held his wide domain) 80
 By God's eternal judgment here expos'd
 To endless pains, with poisonous smoke enclos'd;
 Who, while alive, such scorn and hatred show'd
 To one, whose heart with love's affection glow'd.
 Unnumber'd others fill this dreary gloom, 85
 Whom to like penance like offences doom.
 Here cruel Anaxarete in woe,

Ver. 87.—*Anaxarete*.] Anaxarete was a beautiful damsel of Cýprus, beloved by Iphis, a native of the same place, who, in desperation at not being able to move her to return his passion, was determined never to depart from her threshold: Venus, exasperated at the cruelty of Anaxarete, changed her into stone. See *Ovid Metam.*

Encompass'd round with denser fumes below
 Is deeper plac'd ; on earth her body turns
 To harden'd stone, while here her spirit mourns ; 90
 Unfeeling maid ! who view'd in shameful death
 Her pendant lover yield his wretched breath.
 Daphne is here, who now regrets the pace
 That held Apollo once so long in chace.
 'Twere hard to tell th' unbodied female train 95
 That here for black ingratitude remain ;
 Or speak the crimes of every dame or maid,
 Where countless numbers fill the mournful shade ;
 But harder still each man ingrate to name,
 Whose deeds on earth here equal vengeance claim, 100
 Where each in death severer judgment mourns,
 The vapour smokes him, and the furnace burns.
 Since dames are form'd more easy to believe,
 Man merits heavier pains who shall deceive
 Their weaker sex—this Jason has confest, 105
 This Theseus finds; and he *, the wandering guest,
 Whose arms the Latian's ancient realm oppress'd. }

* *Eneas.*

Ver. 93. *Daphne is here,*] Nothing can be wilder than this idea of Ariosto, who in a region of future punishment upon a Christian system, places Daphne for running away from Apollo.

Ver. 106.—*he, the wandering guest,*] I know not what the defenders of *Eneas* will say to Ariosto, for placing their hero in such company; but, upon the whole, I believe the ladies will not think themselves the less obliged to him. Surely, let every one frankly confess his feelings on the impartial perusal of the *Æneid*, and he will not declare his heart strongly affected in favour of a character, which it is supposed was meant by Virgil for a model of perfection. Who does not revolt at the great incident of the ivth book, and at the other incidents in the latter part of the poem, where a foreign prince comes to separate two lovers, apparently plighted to each other, and for whom I will venture to affirm, that every reader of

This well he knows, who could for Tamar's love
 His brother Absalom to hatred move.
 Here shades on shades lament their former lives, 110
 Their husbands some, and some betray'd their wives,
 Now of myself above the rest I tell,
 And show the crime that doom'd me here to dwell.

Great was my beauty when this deathless mind
 Was cloath'd in flesh, and though of womankind 115
 None match'd my form, I know not which was most,
 My person's charms, or pride those charms to boast.
 A knight there was in Thrace, whose noble name
 For martial prowess stood the first in fame,
 Who oft had heard from foreign tongues declare 120
 My blooming grace, the fairest of the fair:
 Fir'd with my praise, to me th' enamour'd youth
 Decreed the tender of his love and truth;
 Nor thought, such merit pleading on his side,
 To find his heart refus'd, his suit deny'd, 125
 To Lydia then he came, where when he view'd
 My every grace, he found his soul subdu'd.
 Awhile residing at my father's court
 Amidst the knights that thither made resort,
 His honours grew, and oft in fight so well 130
 His sword prevail'd; that now 'twere long to tell,
 What deeds he wrought for one whose thankless mind
 But ill deserv'd such matchless worth to find.
 By him my sire Cilicia's kingdom won,
 And Caria and Pamphilia's land o'er-run. 135

sensibility feels an interest? May it not, with the utmost deference to great authority, be observed, that this conduct seems wonderful in a writer of such consummate judgment as Virgil?

Without his counsel never would he show
 The martial troops array'd against a foe.
 The knight, who deem'd his service well might claim
 The royal favour, to the monarch came,
 And begg'd, for all his hard-earn'd glorious spoils, 140.
 My hand in marriage to reward his toils.
 His suit the king refus'd, who sought to join.
 His daughter to some prince's nobler line,
 Not to a knight, to whom the fates afford
 No wealth or power, save honour and his sword; 145.
 So much, alas! could gold my sire entice,
 Detested avarice! nurse of every vice!
 To worth or virtue he inclines his ears,
 As the dull ass the heavenly minstrel hears.

When now the knight (Alcestes was his name) 150.
 Found that withheld; to which he urg'd his claim.
 Of just desert, he left us with a threat
 The king hereafter should too late regret
 My hand deny'd: Armenia then he gain'd;
 Whose king with Lydia's king long strife maintain'd,
 And late with grief had seen more powerful grow 156;
 The hated empire of his deadly foe.
 Him soon Alcestes urges to prepare
 His bands, and on my sire renew the war:
 Himself, so fam'd in battle, at their head, 160;
 Against the Lydian realm the forces led.
 He vow'd to conquer in Armenia's right
 Whate'er he won, save only to requite
 His glorious service, he reserv'd my charms
 Of all the spoils that crown'd the victor's arms. 165.

Ver. 149. *As the dull ass—*] An old proverb—*Asinus ad lyram*.
 See *Erasmus*.

How shall I tell when my stern lover fought,
 What foes, what ruin on my sire he brought !
 His armies thrice he broke, and ere the sun
 One year had circled, all his towns he won ;
 All, save a castle, strongly built, that rose 170
 On hanging cliffs ; here from th' exulting foes
 The king retir'd, and here with fearful haste,
 His nearest friends and choicest treasure plac'd.
 But now so close the siege Alcestes press'd,
 That soon my wretched father, sore distress, 175
 Had gladly made me with a kingdom's dower
 His wife, the slave or vassal of his power,
 T' avert the greater ill—for well he knows
 This fort at length must yield before the foes,
 And he his life in cruel bondage close. 180 }

Now every means of safety to pursue
 In such extreme, he fix'd on me, who drew
 Such ruin down, to quit this last retreat,
 And in his camp incens'd Alcestes meet.
 To him, (so bade my sire) I took my way, 185
 My captive person at his feet to lay,
 And beg him at our prayer his wrath to cease,
 T' accept our proffer'd terms, and grant the peace.
 Alcestes when my near approach he heard,
 With eager haste to meet my steps appear'd : 190
 Pale in my sight the trembling lover stood,
 And less my victor than my prisoner show'd.
 I saw big passion struggling in his breast,
 And for new wiles my purpos'd speech suppress'd :
 Then took the fair occasion to reprove 195
 The dire effects of his disastrous love ;

I curs'd a love that thus oppress'd my sire,
 And sought by force t' accomplish its desire;
 That waited not till time with stealing pace
 (Ere many days) had crown'd with better grace 200
 His fondest wish, but sully'd thus the fame
 Which once with king and peers his deeds might claim.
 Though Lydia's sovereign might his suit deny,
 As one, whom nature fram'd not to comply
 With first demands, ill suited the pretence 205
 (I cry'd) to break his faith for such offence.
 Should still my father with determin'd mind
 Refuse my hand, my prayers a way might find
 To bend his will, or if they fail'd to bend,
 Who knew what next my bosom would intend? 210
 But since he sought far other means to prove,
 My soul was fix'd to spurn his hated love;
 And though I came, compell'd by cruel fate,
 In dear compassion for a parent's state,
 Yet little transport could attend those charms 215
 Which force, not choice, had yielded to his arms.
 Soon might this hand the purple current spill
 Of loathsome life, thus offer'd to fulfil
 The cruel wishes of un govern'd will. }

In words like these I spoke, for well I view'd 220
 His haughty spirit by my looks subdu'd.
 I saw his face with sudden grief o'er cast;
 So mourn sequester'd saints offences past:
 Low at my knees he bent, and humbly pray'd
 While from his side he drew the shining blade, 225
 The murderous weapon at his hand to take,
 And for his fault his life an offering make.

He thus dispos'd, I deem'd the conquest won,
And to complete the work so well begun,
I gave him fraudulent hopes he yet might prove 230
By future deeds deserving of my love ;
If, former guilt aton'd, his arm once more
Would to his ancient seat my sire restore,
And seek henceforth to win a mistress' charms
By gentle service, not by force of arms. 235
His faith now pledg'd, he to the fort again
Restor'd me free and guiltless of a stain ;
Nor ask'd one kiss his sufferings to requite—
Judge if he felt affection's burthen light !
Judge if for me love fill'd not all his heart ; 240
If love for me employ'd not every dart.
Armenia's king he sought, to whose domain
His lips had vow'd whate'er his sword might gain ;
And urg'd him close, with every bland address,
To let my sire again his realms possess, 245
To him resign each conquer'd Lydian town,
And bound his empire with Armenia's crown.
The king, whose cheek with wrath indignant burn'd,
To young Alcestes answer proud return'd ;
And vow'd no more his army to disband, 250
While yet my father held a foot of land ;
But since a worthless woman's word could turn
Alcestes' purpose, let Alcestes mourn
Such fickle change, 'twas not for him to lose,
At his request, a victor's glorious dues. 255
Again Alcestes urg'd, again he pray'd ;
Not prayer, nor reasons could the king persuade.
At length, incens'd, he swore in threatening strain
That force should win what mildness fail'd to gain,

Rage kindling rage with many a wrathful word, 260

Against the king Alcestes bar'd his sword,

And slew him, spite of each surrounding friend,

Who with drawn weapon would his prince defend.

That day th' Armenians fled before his hand,

And his brave followers aided with a band

Of Thracians and Cilicians by his pay maintain'd. 265 }

Nor fail'd the knight his fortune to pursue,

Yet from my sire no smallest stipend drew

T' assist the war; but in a month restor'd

The Lydian kingdom to its ancient lord. 270

For all the loss that Lydia's crown sustain'd,

Beside the riches which in battle gain'd

He gave my sire, he to his empire joins.

The lands subdu'd, and levies heavy fines

Through all Armenia, Cappadocia's reign, 275

And rude Hircania to the distant main.

Instead of triumph his return to greet

We fain with death the victor chief would meet,

But fear withheld us, since we knew full well

He, strong in friends, could every force repel: 280

Hence, feigning love, I gave him, day by day,

Such flattering hope as better might betray;

But, ere our nuptials, wish'd him for my sake

On other foes his proof of arms to make.

Now singly, now attended by a few, 285

I sent him strange adventures to pursue;

To seeming death I sent—but still I found

With glorious conquest all his labours crown'd.

Whene'er he went—the fight he victor wag'd;

Full oft with monsters front to front engag'd, 290

Giants and Lestrigons, whose savage band
 With brutal force infested Lydia's land.
 Not so Alkides, by his step-dame's wiles
 And fierce Eurystheus, was expos'd to toils,
 In Lerna's lake, in Thrace, Nemea's wood, 295
 Etolia's vallies, near Iberus' flood;
 In Erymanthus' groves, along the strand
 Of winding Tyber, or Numidia's sand;
 As this brave youth, on whom my art had wrought
 With feign'd endearments, while each murderous
 thought 300
 On every trial urg'd his dauntless might,
 To drive a hated lover from my sight.
 My aim deceiv'd—another scheme I try'd,
 From those he lov'd his friendship to divide.
 What shall I say? The empress of his soul, 305
 My word, my nod could every deed control:
 To me he sacrific'd each dearest name,
 The ties of amity and calls of fame;
 Till all my father's foes remov'd I view'd,
 And rash Alcestes by himself subdu'd. 310
 Lost were his friends—and what till then conceal'd
 I kept, now undisguis'd my tongue reveal'd.
 I own'd what hatred had my bosom fir'd,
 And own'd I every way his death desir'd.
 Yet pondering what I wish'd, too well I knew 315
 That public odium would the deed pursue
 Which reach'd his life; his worth to all display'd
 Would move their rage for service so repaid.
 Hence (all I could) I doom'd the hapless knight
 To live for ever banish'd from my sight: 320

To every plaint I turn'd a deafen'd ear,
Nor letters would receive, nor message hear.
Struck with my base ingratitude, he pin'd
With secret anguish, till his health declin'd
From bad to worse, and while in vain he strove 325
With many a prayer my stubborn heart to move,
On his sick bed in agonizing throes
He found a period to his life and woes.
Lo! here the judgment that my sin pursues
With stifling fumes, while tears my eyes suffuse; 330
And here in sorrow must I ever dwell,
Since no redemption can be found in Hell.

When wretched Lydia thus had ceas'd to speak
The fearless duke press'd on, resolv'd to seek
What other shades might there in pains reside; 335
But deeper darkness further pass deny'd.
The smoke whose wreaths th' offending ghosts enclose
In vaporous torment, dense and denser grows.
And now the warrior turn'd his eager feet
With backward tread, in safety to retreat, 340
Lest life, with vapours clogg'd, should quit her weary
seat;

Now with light step the dreary path he press'd;
The rock quick sounding as his speed increas'd,
Ascending still till shot from upper day
He sees through mournful night a trembling ray; 345
At length the realms of woe and pain he leaves,
And issuing to our world new light and life receives.

Against those ravenous fiends the pass to close,
And back to earth their fearful course oppose,
Huge stones he heaves, and with his trenchant blade
Hews many a tree of thick and odorous shade: 351

Then to the work his noble hands he bends,
And with strong fence the dreary mouth defends.
Where long, high-heap'd, the crags and trunks remain,
And Hell's dire harpies in their cave restrain. 355.
But while Astolpho in th' infernal womb
Remain'd in smoke and subterraneous gloom,
His burnish'd arms the pitchy fumes confess'd,
That, deep pervading, pierc'd the covering vest :
And now he seeks to cleanse each sully'd limb ; 360.
When issuing from a rock he finds a stream
That forms an ample lake, where plung'd he laves
From head to foot in limpid cleansing waves.
His courser then he mounts, and upward springs
To reach the mountain's top with daring wings ; 365.
And view those seats by fame reported near
The silver circle of the lunar sphere.
Such ardent wishes in his bosom glow,
He pants for Heaven and spurns the world below,
Ascending till with rapid steady flight 370.
He gains the mansion of supernal light.
Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of those celestial fields,
O'er whose glad face the balmy season pours
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers. 375.
He sees the meads one intermingled blaze,
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays
With endless tints : he mark'd the ruby's hue,

Ver. 365. *To reach the mountain's top—*] Ariosto here imitates Dante in describing this mountain, where he places the terrestrial paradise, and, after him, makes Astolpho purify himself with ablutions, from the smoke of the infernal regions, before he enters the seat of bliss.

The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.
 At once the trees with leaves unfading grow ; 380
 The fruits are ripen'd and the blossoms blow ;
 While frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
 Amidst the boughs in notes melodious sing.
 Still lakes and murmuring streams, with waters clear,
 Charm the fix'd eye and lull the listening ear. 385
 A softening genial air, that ever seems
 In even tenor, cools the solar beams
 With fanning breeze, while from th' enamell'd field
 Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield
 Of grateful smell, the stealing gales dispense 390
 The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.
 Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
 Like living flame, emits a streamy light,
 And wrapt in splendors of refulgent day,
 Outshines the strength of every mortal ray. 395
 Astolpho gently now directs his steed
 To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead
 In circuit wide, and views with raptur'd eyes
 Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.
 With this compar'd, he deems our world below 400
 A dreary desart and a seat of woe,
 By Heaven and Nature from their wrath bestow'd
 In evil hour for man's unblest abode.
 Near and more near the stately walls he drew
 In steadfast gaze, transported at the view : 405

Ver. 388.—*while from th' enamell'd field*] The following passage has much of the spirit of this description of Ariosto.

..... now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. *Parad. Lost, B. iv. v. 156.*

One gem entire they seem'd, of purer red
 Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed ;
 Such walls as no Dedalean art could raise,
 Stupendous work transcending mortal praise.
 No more let man the boasted seven proclaim, 410
 Those wonders of the world so chronicled by Fame !

Before the palace, at the shining gate
 A sage appears the duke's approach to wait,
 Whose aged limbs a vest and mantle hide,
 This milky hu'd, and that with crimson dy'd : 415
 Adown his breast a length of beard he wears
 All silvery white, and silvery white his hairs :
 His mien bespeaks th' elect of heavenly grace,
 And Paradise seems open'd in his face.

Then to the champion, who his seat forsook 420
 With reverend awe, he with benignant look
 These words address'd—O thou ! by God's high will
 Alone conducted to this holy hill ;
 While little yet thou seest the mighty cause
 That to this place thy mystic journey draws : 425
 Without a miracle thou could'st not steer
 So high above the Arctic hemisphere,
 Sent from afar, unconscious, to debate
 With me the welfare of the Christian state ;
 How Charles with needful succour to retrieve ; 430
 And from its foes our hallow'd faith relieve.

Ver. 411. *Those wonders of the world—*] The wonders of the world to which the poet alludes, were seven in number according to Pliny. I. The city of Babylon. II. The temple of Diana at Ephesus. III. The statue of Jupiter Olympus. IV. The colossus of Rhodes. V. The palace of Cyrus, built by Memnon. VI. The pyramids of Egypt. VII. The sepulchre of Mausolus, built by his wife Artemisia, queen of Caria.

Not to thy wisdom or superior might,
Hither, O son ! ascribe thy daring flight :
For know, if God's assisting hand had fail'd,
Nor horn, nor winged steed had aught avail'd. 435
Hereafter more at leisure shall we dwell
On themes so high ; then shalt thou hear me tell
What Heaven designs ; but first with due repast
Refresh thy strength, unnerv'd with length of fast.
So spoke the holy sire : the duke amaz'd 440
With heart-felt awe and mute attention gaz'd :
When now the Saint disclos'd his sacred name,
He, from whose pen th' eternal gospel came,
That holy John, who while on earth, possess'd
So dear a place in his Redeemer's breast ; 445
Of whom the fame among his brethren spread,
That time should ne'er consign him to the dead :
And thus we find in heavenly writ display'd,
The Son of God to Peter answer made :
" Why art thou troubled ? What if I decree 450
His tarriance here my last return to see ?"
Yet told he not this saint should never die,
Though what he told might well no less imply.

Ver. 44t. *That holy John,---*] The following lines allude to a passage in the New Testament, from which some of the early Christians have inferred that Saint John was exempted from death. The legend says, that having attained the age of one hundred years, he caused a tomb to be built, and shut himself therein alive ; but that a wonderful light soon surrounded the tomb, which blinded the eyes of the spectators: the light vanishing and search being made, the apostle was seen no more. Such a tradition joined to the text, was, for a poet like Ariosto, a sufficient foundation for a fiction, by no means the wildest in his poem, when we consider the innumerable legends of saints, the belief of which was in his time so prevalent throughout the Christian world.

Orlando, at his favour'd birth
 by Heaven above the sons of earth
 was and courage, gifted to sustain
 his unhurt each weapon aim'd in vain :
 such virtue Heaven's Supreme had lent 490
 his faith unstain'd ; as when he sent
 upon forth, to save with mighty hand
 from the fierce Philistine band :
 that same Orlando now afford
 turn to Heaven's Almighty lord ! 495
 when damsel's form could move
 his bosom to detested love,
 more than once he for her beauty's sake
 his faithful kinsman's life to take.
 now, in justice, God's high doom assign'd 500
 prove, an outcast of mankind ;
 he'd each sense, in wretched frenzy tost,
 his friends, to all remembrance lost.

Thy dear Orlando,--] In the poem of Aspramonte, after
 he had slain Donchiero, a famous knight with whom he
 had fought three days, we are told of the particular grace conferred on
 him by the Holy Trinity, that no enemy should ever withstand
 him in single combat above three days.

Questo tal caso non potea mancare
 Peroche Orlando quando alle bastie
 Affattato su el corpo d'alto affare
 quando che a lui venne li santi trie
 disse nessuno li' possa durare
 la bataglia più che il terzo die,
 per lasso di quei santi el lor desio
 torno o Gerardo

Aspramonte, c. xxxiii.

his faithful kinsman's life --] Rinaldo, with whom
 he fought for Angelica, as appears from Boyardo.

Lo ! hither was he borne, and here to share
With him in bliss, he found a heavenly pair : 455
Here ancient Enoch, here Elias dwell'd,
Who neither had the hour of death beheld,
Above our air, which noxious fumes annoy,
These happy three unfading spring enjoy,
Till the last notes th' Angelic trump shall sound, 460
And CHRIST in clouds appear with glory crown'd.

Each saint with welcome comes the knight to meet,
And courteous lead him to their blest retreat,
Where, near at hand, fair ample stalls retain
His flying courser, fed with generous grain. 465
Before the knight delicious fruits were plac'd ;
Fruits cull'd in Paradise, whose flavorful taste
He surely thought might some forgiveness win
For our first parent's disobedient sin.

When now th' adventurous duke was well supply'd
With every need such dwelling could provide ; 471
When nature's calls refresh'd ; when genial food,
And balmy slumber had his strength renew'd ;
Aurora rising, who with blushing charms
All night repos'd in old Tithonus' arms ; 475
He left his early couch, and near him stood
The sage disciple so belov'd of God,
Who grasp'd his hand, and in discourse reveal'd
High truths in converse long, though here conceal'd.

Then thus—Since leaving France thou may'st not tell
What to thy dear Orlando there befel ; 481
Learn that the chief whose valour once in fight
Maintain'd the truth, forsaking now the right,
Is scourg'd by God, who when his anger moves,
With heavier wrath afflicts whom most he loves. 485

Thy dear Orlando, at his favour'd birth
 Endow'd by Heaven above the sons of earth
 With nerves and courage, gifted to sustain
 With limbs unhurt each weapon aim'd in vain:
 To whom such virtue Heaven's Supreme had lent 490
 To guard his faith unstain'd; as when he sent
 Great Sampson forth, to save with mighty hand
 His Hebrews from the fierce Philistine band:
 Behold that same Orlando now afford
 An ill return to Heaven's Almighty lord! 495
 So far a Pagan damsel's form could move
 His hapless bosom to detested love,
 That, more than once he for her beauty's sake
 Prepar'd his faithful kinsman's life to take.
 Hence him, in justice, God's high doom assign'd 500
 Naked to rove, an outcast of mankind;
 Has quench'd each sense, in wretched frenzy tost,
 Lost to his friends, to all remembrance lost.

Ver. 486. *Thy dear Orlando,—*] In the poem of Aspramonte, after Orlando had slain Donchiero, a famous knight with whom he fought three days, we are told of the particular grace conferred on Orlando by the Holy Trinity, that no enemy should ever withstand his force in single combat above three days.

Questo tal caso non potea mancare
 Peroche Orlando quando alle bastie
 Affattato su el corpo d'alto affare
 Quando che a lui venneli santi trie
 Disse nessuno li' possa durare
 A la bataglia più che il terzo die,
 Hor lasso di quei santi el lor desio
 Torno o Gerardo

Aspramonte, c. xxxiii.

Ver. 499. — *his faithful kinsman's life —*] Rinaldo, with whom Orlando fought for Angelica, as appears from Boyardo.

So God, of old, in annals pure we read,
In penance for his heavy sins, decreed 505
A monarch seven long years to graze the plain,
And like the brutal ox his wretched life sustain.
But since the Paladin less guilt incurr'd,
Than he condemn'd to mingle with the herd
Three months alone, the sage decrees of Heaven 510
Th' allotted time to atone his fault have given.
Not for less cause to this celestial height,
Our dear Redeemer now permits thy flight;
Than from my lips such counsel to receive,
That lost Orlando may his wits retrieve. 515
But first this globe of earth and sea forsake,
And, led by me, a flight more daring take
To yonder moon, that in its orbit rolls
The nearest planet to our earthly poles.
Lo ! there is kept, what only can supply 520
Orlando's wisdom, once esteem'd so high ;
And when this night above our heads in view
She wheels her course, our journey we'll pursue.
Thus all the live-long day th' apostle mild
With sage discourse the flying hours beguil'd ; 525
But when the sun was sunk in ocean's stream,
And from her horns the moon her silver beam
Above them shed, a wond'rous car appear'd
That oft through those bright fields of ether steer'd :
The same that where Judean mountains rise, 530
Receiv'd Elias, rapt from mortal eyes.
Four coursers, red as flame, the hallow'd sage,
The blest historian of the sacred page,

Ver. 506. *A monarch seven long years —*] Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

Join'd to the yoke ; and now the reins he held ;
And, by Astolpho plac'd, the steeds impell'd 535
To rise aloft : soft rose the wondrous car,
The wheels smooth turning through the yielding air ;
The favour'd warrior and the guiding seer
Ascending till they reach'd the torrid sphere :
Here fire eternal burns, but while they pass'd, 540
No noxious heat the raging vapours cast.
Through all this elemental flame they soar'd,
And next the circle of the moon explor'd,
Whose spheric face in many a part outshin'd
The polish'd steel from spots and rust refin'd : 545
Its orb, increasing to their nearer eyes,
Swell'd like the earth, and seem'd an earth in size,
Like this huge globe, whose wide extended space
Vast oceans with circumfluent waves embrace.
Astolpho wondering view'd what to our sight 550
Appears a narrow round of silver light :
Nor could he thence but with a sharpen'd eye
And bending brow our lands and seas descry,
The land and seas he left, which, clad in shade
So far remote, to viewless forms decay'd. 555
Far other lakes than ours this region yields,
Far other rivers, and far other fields ;
Far other vallies, plains, and hills supplies,
Where stately cities, towns, and castles rise.
Here lonely woods large tracts of land embrace, 560
Where sylvan nymphs pursue the savage chase.

Ver. 552. *Nor could he thence—*] Very like this is the passage in Tasso, where the poet describes the vision of Godfrey, where the hero takes a view of the earth at an immense distance beneath him.

Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide,
 Where rose a mountain steep on either side.
 He came, and saw (a wonder to relate)
 Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state

565

Ver. 562. *Deep in a vale, conducted--*] Milton has translated a few lines of this passage :

His guide him brings
 Into a goodly valley, where he sees
 Things that on earth were lost or were abus'd, &c.

His account of the Limbo of Vanity is wonderfully in the spirit of Ariosto, and undoubtedly the idea was caught from the Italian poet. This line plainly alludes to Ariosto :

Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd.

Describing Satan on the outer convex of this planetary system, he thus proceeds :

..... the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
 Alone, for other creature in this place
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew,
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin,
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame.

 All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd.

 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
 First from the ancient world those giants came...

 Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A God, leapt fondly into Etna flames,

Here safely treasur'd : each neglected good ;
 Time squander'd, or occasion ill-bestow'd.
 Not only here are wealth and sceptres found,
 That, ever changing, shift th' unsteady round :
 But those possessions, while on earth we live, 570
 Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give.
 Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours
 Consume till time at length the whole devours.
 There vows and there unnumber'd prayers remain,
 Which oft to God the sinner makes in vain. 575
 The frequent tears that lovers' eyes suffuse ;
 The sighs they breathe : the days that gamesters lose.
 The leisure given which fools so oft neglect ;
 The weak designs that never take effect.
 Whate'er designs the mortal breast assail, 580
 In countless numbers fill th' encumber'd valé.
 For know whate'er is lost by human kind,
 Ascending here you treasur'd safe may find.
 The wondering Paladin the heaps admir'd,
 And now of these and now of those enquir'd. 585

Empedocles ; and he who to enjoy
 Plato's elysium, leapt into the sea,
 Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
 Embryos and ideots, eremites and friars,
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

.....
 all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
 Into a Limbo, large and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools.....

Parad. Lost, B. iii.

Mr. Addison has censured this passage as beneath the dignity of Milton's subject, but, what is very extraordinary, does not seem to know how closely he has followed Ariosto.

Of bladders huge a mountain he beheld,
That seem'd within by shouts and tumults swell'd,
And imag'd found by these the crowns of yore
Which Lydian and Assyrian monarchs wore,
Which Greeks and Persians own'd, once great in fame,
And scarcely now remember'd but in name. 591

Of gold and silver form'd, a heapy load
Of hooks he saw, and these were gifts bestow'd
By needy slaves, in hope of rich rewards,
On greedy princes, kings, and patron lords. 595

He saw in garlands many a snare conceal'd;
And flatteries base his guide in these reveal'd.
There forms of creaking grasshoppers he spy'd;
Smooth verses these to fawning praise apply'd.
There sparkling chains he found and knots of gold, 600

The spacious ties that ill-pair'd lovers hold.
There eagles' talons lay, which here below
Are power that lords on deputies bestow.

On every cliff were numerous billows cast,
Great princes' favours these that never last; 605

Given to their minions first in early prime,
And soon again resum'd with stealing time.
Cities he saw o'erturn'd, and towers destroy'd,
And endless treasures scatter'd through the void:
Of these he ask'd; and these (reply'd the sire) 610

Were treasons foul, and machinations dire.
He serpents then with female faces view'd,
Of coiners and of thieves the hateful brood.
Of broken vials many heaps there lay;
These were the services that courts repay. 615

He saw a steaming liquid scatter'd round
Of savoury food; and from his teacher found

That this was alms, which, while his last he breathes,
 A wretched sinner to the poor bequeaths.
 Then to a hill of vary'd flowers they went, 620
 That sweet before, now yields a fetid scent;
 This (let me dare to speak) that present show'd,
 Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd.
 Of bird-lime twigs he saw vast numbers there;
 And these, O gentle dames! your beauties were. 625
 Vain is th' attempt in story to comprize
 Whate'er Astolpho saw with wondering eyes:
 A thousand told, ten thousand would remain;
 Each toil, each loss, each chance that men sustain,

Ver. 623. *Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd.*] "By this gift is understood the city of Rome, which Constantine the Great gave Pope Sylvester, which he saith now stinketh, because of their sins."

Sir John Harington.

In the first edition of the poem the passage stood thus:

Ad un monte di rose e gigli passo,
 Ch'ebbe già buon odor, or putia forte;
 Ch'era corrotto: e da Giovanni intese
 Che fà un gran don' ch'un gran signor mal spese.

Where roses and where lilies grew he went,
 A hill once sweet, but now of fetid scent,
 Corrupt and foul!—and this his teacher show'd,
 A gift by mighty hands but ill bestow'd.

"It is very remarkable that the poet had the boldness to place among these imaginary treasures, the famous deed of gift of Constantine to Pope Sylvester. It may be observed in general, to the honour of the poets both ancient and modern, that they have ever been some of the first who have detected and opposed the false claims and mischievous usurpations of superstition and slavery. Nor can this be wondered at, since these two are the greatest enemies, not only to all true happiness, but to all true genius."

Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. p. 252. 4th edit.

See note to Book xvii. ver. 552, on the same subject.

Save Folly, which alone prevades them all; 630

For Folly never quits this earthly ball.

There his past time mispent, and deeds apply'd

To little good, Astolpho soon espy'd;

Yet these, though clear beheld, had ne'er been known

But that his guide explain'd them for his own. 635

At length they came to that whose want below

None e'er perceiv'd, or breath'd for this his vow;

That choicest gift of Heaven, by Wit exprest,

Of which each mortal deems himself possess.

Of this Astolpho view'd a wondrous store, 640

Surpassing all his eyes had view'd before.

It seem'd a fluid mass of subtlest kind,

Still apt to mount, if not with care confin'd:

But gather'd there he view'd it safely clos'd,

In many a vase of various size dispos'd. 645

Above the rest the vessel's bulk excell'd,

Whose womb Orlando's godlike reason held:

This well he knew, for on its side were writ

These words in letters fair, ORLANDO'S WIT.

Thus every vase in characters explain'd 650

The names of those whose wits the vase contain'd:

Much of his own the noble duke amaz'd

Amongst them view'd, but wondering more he gaz'd

Ver. 649. *Orlando's wit.*] This fiction of Ariosto is most wittily alluded to by Mr. Pope in his *Rape of the Lock*, accompanied with a fine stroke of satire: speaking of things lost in the moon, he says:

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.

Canto iv.

To see the wits of those, whom late he thought
Above their earthly peers with wisdom fraught. 655

But who can such a fleeting treasure boast,
From some new cause each hour, each moment lost?
One, while he loves; one, seeking fame to gain;
One, wealth pursuing through the stormy main;
One, trusting to the hopes which great men raise, 660
One, whom some scheme of magic guile betrays.
Some, from their wits for fond pursuit depart,
For jewels paintings, and the works of art.

Of poets' wits, in airy visions lost,
Great store he read; of those who to their cost 665
The wandering maze of sophistry pursu'd,
And those who vain presaging planets view'd.

The vase that held his own Astolpho took,
So will'd the writer of the mystic book *,
Beneath his nostril held, with quick ascent 670
Back to its place the wit returning went.
The duke (in holy Turpin's page is read)
Long time a life of sage discretion led,
Till one frail thought his brain again bereft
Of wit, and sent it to the place it left. 675

The amplest vessel fill'd above the rest
With that fam'd sense which once the earl possess'd,
Astolpho seiz'd, and found a heavier load
Than, plac'd amidst th' unnumber'd heap, it show'd.

Ere yet for earth they quit that sphere of light, 680
The sage Apostle leads the Christian knight
Within a stately dome, where, fast beside
A rapid river rolls its constant tide.

* The Apocalypse.

Here heap'd with many a fleece each room he views,
 And silk and wool unwrought of various hues, 685
 Some fair, some foul: a beldame these with skill
 Selects, and whirling round the rapid reel
 Draws the fine thread: so from the reptile swarms
 Whose industry the silken texture forms,
 The village maid untwines the moisten'd flue, 690
 When summer bids the pleasing task renew.
 A second beldame from the first receives
 Each finish'd work, while in its stead she leaves
 A fleece unspun: a third, with equal care
 Divides, when spun, th' ill-favour'd from the fair. 695
 What means this mystic show?—Astolpho cries
 To holy John—and thus the Saint replies.

In yonder aged dames the Parcæ know,
 Who weave the thread of human life below.
 Long as the fleeces last, so long extend 700
 The days of man, but with the fleece they end.
 With watchful eyes see Death and Nature wait,
 And mark the hour to close each mortal date.
 The beauteous threads selected from the rest,
 Are types of happy souls amid the blest; 705

Ver. 684. *Here heap'd with many a fleece --*] Ariosto takes the general idea of the Parcæ from the well-known heathen mythology, with a genius that never borrowed any circumstance from another without embellishing it with his own inventive fancy; he makes the fair fleeces the type of a good, and the foul of an ill life; in which he might probably have an eye to the following passage of Statius and Seneca.

Ergo dies aderat parcarum conditus albo
 Vellere.....

And Seneca, in the life of the tyrant Nero, prostitutes his praise in this line:

Aurea formose descendant pollice fila.

These form'd for Paradise: the bad are those
 Condemn'd for sin to never-ending woes.

Of all the fleeces by the beldame wrought,
 Of all the fleeces to the spindle brought,
 The living names were cast in many a mold 710
 Of iron, silver, and resplendent gold;
 These, heap'd together, form'd a mighty pile,
 And hence an aged sire, with ceaseless toil,
 Names after names within his mantle bore,
 And still, from time to time, return'd for more: 715
 So light he seem'd, so rapid in his pace,
 As from his birth inur'd to lead the race.

Whither he went, and why he cours'd so well,
 On what design, th' ensuing book shall tell;
 If, as you still were wont, with favouring ear 720
 You seem intent the pleasing tale to hear.

Ver. 713. *And hence an aged sire* —] The following passage is so beautifully imagined, and so diversified with circumstances, as to form perhaps one of the finest allegories in this or any other poem.

Of all the fictions of Ariosto, the flight of Astolpho to the moon must, for surprise and novelty of subject, take the strongest hold on the reader: we experience here the power of a great and eccentric genius, who without any restraint, gives a loose to the reins of his imagination, and with his adventurous knight on his own Ippogrifo, soars

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere!

Amidst the general wildness, and perhaps absurdity of particular parts in this book, we are hurried along by the strength and liveliness of the poet's descriptive powers, and have no leisure to attend to the cool phlegm of criticism!

END OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK.



THE
THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

DISCOURSE of Saint John with Astolpho. Allegory of Time. Eulogium on writers. Bradamant meets with Flordelis, and undertakes to deliver Brandimart from the hands of Rodomont. Her joust with the Pagan on the bridge. Bradamant arrives with Flordelis at the walls of Arli, and sends Flordelis with a challenge to Rogero. She unhorses, at three several encounters, Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau.

THE
THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AH! who, my fair, will wing his flight so high
To fetch my wandering wits from yonder sky;
My wits, still wasting, since the fatal dart
Came from those lovely eyes to pierce my heart?
Nor will I yet of banish'd sense complain, 5
Let me the little I've preserv'd retain:
But thus decreasing still, when all is flown
I in Orlando's fate may paint my own.
Yet, to retrieve my loss, I need not soar
So far from earth, or Paradise explore: 10
Or to the circle of the moon repair;
My waining wits are never treasur'd there.
No—in your eyes, your lovely face they stray,
Your ivory neck, your bosom's milky way;
Then let these lips your favouring grace obtain 15
To search those charms till I grow wise again.

When now the knight had seen the fatal wheel
Its scanty thread to wretched mortals deal,

From room to room through all the dome he stray'd,
 And every future life unspun survey'd. 20
 Amidst the rest a beauteous fleece he view'd;
 Not radiant gold such beamy lustre shew'd,
 Nor gems, if drawn to threads by wondrous art,
 Could reach in dazzling light its thousandth part.
 This fleece, that midst a countless store excell'd, 25
 With raptur'd gaze the wondering duke beheld;
 And much he long'd to know what age should claim
 This valu'd life, and whose the happy name.

To him the greatest Evangelist replies :
 This glorious star shall to your world arise, 30
 Ere yet, by twenty years, is mark'd on earth
 With M and D the word's Incarnate Birth.
 As through the mystic store, this fleece so fair
 Amid so many shines beyond compare,
 So shall the life, that issues thence, bestow 35
 Unequall'd blessings on mankind below.
 Since every grace of genius and of art,
 That nature gives, or learning can impart,
 Shall these unite to crown with boundless fame
 This happy mortal's unexampled claim. 40
 'Twixt either horn, where rolls through marshy lands
 The king of floods, an humble village stands :

Ver. 31. *Ere yet, by twenty years --*] The poet means the year 1480, in which Hippolito was born, twenty years before the year 1500, marked by the Roman numerals M. D. This conceit will appear strange in English versification, but it was thought right to preserve it. The idea of this expression seems from Dante, *Paradiso*, Cant. xix. ver. 129.

Vedrassi al Ciotto di Gerusalemme
 Segnata con un I. la sua bontate;
 Quando 'l contrario segnara un emme.

Before it flows the Po ; behind, a lake
 Turbid and deep collected waters make :
 This, now obscure, in future I foretel 45
 Shall every town in Italy excel,
 For walls, and stately domes, for every grace
 Of polish'd life, exalting human race :
 For thus has Heaven ordain'd the feat to raise
 Worthy his birth whose name employs my praise. 50
 So where the hind engrafts the tender fruit,
 He tends the plant that feeds the leafy shoot ;
 The skilful artist so the gold refines,
 In whose bright round a sparkling jewel shines.
 No other soul in your terrestrial reign 55
 A mortal body shall like this obtain ;
 How rarely from innumerable spirits here
 So fair a spirit quits this upper sphere,
 As that which Heaven's all-comprehensive mind
 Has from the great Hippolito design'd ! 60
 Hippolito of Este is he nam'd,
 By God's decree for countless virtues fam'd,
 Such virtues, as diffus'd, might well adorn
 Full many a mortal in your region born.

Ver. 55. *No other soul*.—] Ruscelli, the Italian commentator, here attempts to apologize for the liberty taken by Ariosto of introducing Saint John to give so hyperbolical a praise of Hippolito. But surely it is altogether unnecessary to observe, that not only with respect to the sentiment here put in the mouth of the apostle, but in many other passages of this most extraordinary poem, to attempt a serious defence of them, must be esteemed an extravagance little less than the fictions of the poet ; nor can our wonder be raised at this speech of St. John, after the prophecy delivered in the xxixth Book at the death of Isabella.

Goodness by him, by him each studious art 65
 Shall find support; but would I here impart
 His high deservings in as copious strain,
 Orlando might expect his wits in vain.

Where roll'd with mingled sand the troubled flood
 The hallow'd sage and noble warrior stood, 70
 To view that aged man who to the shore
 The sculptur'd names within his mantle bore.
 I know not if you still in memory hold
 What late of this mysterious sire I told,
 Of mien decrepid, but whose rapid pace 75
 Excell'd the fleetest of the stags in chace.
 With ceaseless labour from the heap he took
 The various names, and from his vesture shook,
 As oft as to the water's brink he came,
 Th' oblivious waters known by Lethe's name. 80
 What tablets sinking there, to rise no more,
 The rapid eddies to the bottom bore!
 Beside and o'er the stream a feather'd crew
 Of crows, of choughs, and ravenous vultures flew,
 And many a different bird that hover'd nigh 85
 With clattering pinions and discordant cry.
 These, as they saw the wayward sire display
 His treasure, hasten'd to partake the prey:
 One with his crooked talons, one with beak
 A tablet seiz'd, but found his strength too weak 90
 To bear it far, and when in air he try'd
 His daring flight, the weight his flight deny'd.

Ver. 80. — *Lethe's name.*] Ariosto has feigned Lethe to be in the moon, and Dante places it in purgatory.

So Lethe to eternal night must give
These honour'd names that well deserv'd to live.
Amidst the winged tribe two swans appear'd, 95
White as the banners by my patron rear'd,
That each recover'd from the stream at will
Some sinking medal in his sacred bill ;
And spite of him who with such fell intent
Innumerable titles from his mantle sent, 100
The pious birds a chosen few repriev'd :
Oblivion's whelming gulph the rest receiv'd.
Along the tide now swam the snow-white pair,
Now soar'd on fluttering wings through yielding air,
Till near the borders of the fatal flood 105
They reach'd a hill, on whose high summit stood
A temple built to never-dying Fame,
Whence, down the steep, a beauteous virgin came,
Of each fair cygnet on the banks to take
The names redeem'd from Lethe's silent lake. 110
These round the statue that sublimely plac'd
Upon a column's height the centre grac'd,
She hung aloft in honour of the fane,
And bade them there unchang'd for ages to remain.
What hoary sire was this, and why he gave, 115
The names engraven to the greedy wave ;
Much of the swans to know, the duke desir'd ;
Of that fair virgin and her hill enquir'd ;
And much he long'd to hear the sense reveal'd,
Beneath those visionary forms conceal'd. 120
All this to learn, he ask'd his gracious guide,
And thus the holy man of God reply'd.

Ver. 96. *White as the banners —*] The standard of the house of Este was a white swan.

Know first, that not a leaf on earth can move
But bears its correspondent type above.
On earth and here the same effects we find, 125
In semblance differing, but alike in kind:
The sire, whose beard adown his bosom flows,
Whose wondrous speed no mortal equal knows,
Here works the same effect in mystic show,
That time performs on changing things below. 130
When here the fatal thread of man is spun,
Of human life below the course is run.
While Fame is there, lo ! here her semblant sign,
And both alike were deathless, both divine;
But that yon sire here makes the names his prey, 135
And time below wastes all with slow decay:
This, as thou see'st, consigns to whelming tides,
And that for ever in oblivion hides.
Crows, vultures, choughs, and all the feather'd train,
Here strive to bear the sinking names in vain: 140
These are on earth the servile band and base,
Flatterers and parasites that courts disgrace;
Buffoons and slaves, with every vice indu'd,
But priz'd too oft above the wise and good.
All these are courtiers call'd, of sordid mind, 145
(Like the vile ass or swine's detested kind)
Who bred in feasts to waste the glutton hour
With greedy taste the savoury cates devour;
Who when the Parcae end their master's days,
When Bacchus or intemperate Venus slays, 150
Bear in their mouths awhile each patron theme,
Then drop the burthen in oblivion's stream.
But as the swans, with soft melodious strain
Convey the medals safe to yonder fane;

B. XXXV.	ORLANDO FURIOSO.	41
So virtue's deeds the poet's tuneful breath		155
Extends to latest times beyond the stroke of death.		
O ! happy princes ! train'd in learning's lore,		
Who tread the path by Cæsar * trod before,		
And while you list each writer to your side		
Fear not th' absorbing waves of Lethe's tide.	160	
Rare as these swans, so rare the poet's name,		
Such poets as the Muses' honours claim :		
For Heaven bestows but with a sparing hand		
Illustrious men to grace a favour'd land ;		
And oft the churlish lord without regard	165	
Leaves godlike genius pining for reward.		
The bad meet smiles ; the good oppression find ;		
And noble arts are banish'd from mankind.		
Sure Heaven deprives the great of inward light,		
To quench their souls in intellectual night,	170	
And makes them scorn the hard's mellifluous lays,		
That death may blot their name to future days.		
Would these but make one tuneful muse their friend,		
(Whate'er their crimes) their memory might extend		
In time's fair page, and savours sweet dispense	175	
As costly myrrh or odorous frankincense.		
Æneas' self was not so pious found,		
Nor Hector nor Achilles so renown'd		
For deeds of arms, but numbers might we tell		
Whose martial glories could those chiefs excel.	180	
The favour, by their rich descendents show'd,		
The princely gifts, the palaces bestow'd,		
Exalt their actions to the highest praise,		
That fiction paints or history can raise.		

Deem not Augustus' life so free from blame, 185
 As Virgil's trump delivers him to fame ;
 His skill in verse and love to bards display'd,
 The dire proscription veils in friendly shade.
 Not one might now on Nero's guilt exclaim ;
 Nor infamy perchance attend a name 190
 By Gods and men abhorr'd, had he ensur'd
 The pen of writers and the muse secur'd.
 On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows,
 And paints the Trojans vanquish'd by their foes ;
 Tells how Penelope amidst the train 195
 Of lawless suitors could her faith maintain :
 But would you see the truth no more conceal'd,
 Who knows but thus the tale might stand reveal'd,
 That Greece was routed, Troy the conquest gain'd,
 And that Penelope her nuptials stain'd ? 200

Ver. 185. *Deem not Augustus' life--*] " The Triumvir and Prosciber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him (Virgil) and Horace. Ariosto has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist, but whether they will pass for gospel now I cannot tell.

Non fà sì santo, ni benigno Augusto
 Come la tuba di Virgilio suona,
 L'aver avuto in poesia buon gusto,
 La proscrittione iniqua li perdona."

Dryden, Preface to Æneid.

Ver. 193. *On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows,*] Mr. Warton, in his history of poetry, tells us that Lydgate blames Homer, " notwithstanding all his rhetoric and sugred eloquence, as a prejudiced writer who favours the Greeks ;" a censure which flowed from the favourite and prevailing notion held by the western nations, of their descent from the Trojans. Dion of Prasa, an historian, took great pains to shew that Homer had falsified the truth, and that Achilles was slain by Hector, and the Greeks vanquished.

Here too what fate unhappy Dido found,
 Dido with truth and every virtue crown'd:
 But she, since Maro was her foe, has left
 A name of chastity and truth bereft.
 Be not surpris'd if on this theme I dwell, 205
 And warmly speak of what I feel so well.
 To writers every debt of love I owe,
 Myself a writer in your world below.
 Above my peers I gain'd such honour'd grace
 No death shall end it and no time deface, 210

Ver. 201. *Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found,*] Trogus Asconius, and Marcellus, as likewise Petrarch, affirm that Dido, whose proper name was Eliza, killed herself that she might not become the wife of Iarbas, king of Mauritania, to which union she was strongly pressed by her subjects. An old Greek epigram is extant, in which she is made to complain of the Muses for inciting Virgil to write against her chastity. It is a certain fact that she lived long before Æneas is said to have left Troy, which Petrarch sets forth in his *Triumph of Chastity*.

Peracchi.

E vegghio Dido

Ch'amor pio del suo sposo a morte spinso,
 Non quel d'Enea, com' è publico grido.

Dido, who loyal to her consort fell,
 Not for Æneas' love, as lying legends tell.

Mr. Hayley, in his instructive and entertaining notes to his poem on epic poetry, speaking of her story given by the Spanish poet *Ercilla*, says, "I must observe, that many bards of his country have considered it as a point of honour to defend the reputation of this injured lady, and to attack Virgil, with a kind of poetical Quixotism, for having slandered the chastity of so spotless a heroine." He afterwards gives us the words of *Ercilla* at the conclusion of his account of Dido. "This is the true and genuine story of the famous defamed Dido, whose most honoured memory has been belied by the inconsiderate Virgil; to embellish his poetical fictions." Notes to the Third Epistle.

And every grateful thought to him is ow'd,
 To holy CHRIST whose hand such gifts bestow'd.
 But wretched those, in hours of grief expos'd,
 On whom the gates of courtesy are clos'd;
 Who with pale want and famine on their cheek, 215
 By night or day in vain an entrance seek !
 And hence (th' unpleasing subject to pursue)

Few are the poets as the patrons few :
 Since savage beasts from that rude climate fly,
 Whose barren sands nor shade nor food supply. 220

So spoke, with kindling warmth, the blessed sire,
 While either eye-ball flash'd with heavenly fire,
 Till, turning to the duke, his speech he clos'd,
 And in a smile benign his looks compos'd.

Thus they: but let us now Astolpho leave 225
 With him from whom mankind redeem'd receive
 The gospel truth, while from the lunar steep
 To lower worlds I meditate a leap,
 A leap from Heaven to earth—nor can I more
 Self-pois'd aloft on weary pinions soar. 230

The strain to her I turn, whose gentle heart
 Was pierc'd by jealousy's envenom'd dart ;
 Whom late I left, when in succeeding joust
 Three kings, by turns, she humbled in the dust.
 At night a castle, on the way, reliev'd 235
 Her wandering course, where tidings she receiv'd
 That Agramant with all his numerous bands
 In camp was routed by her brother's hands ;
 That Arli's walls he sought, and well she knew
 That there Rogero with his king withdrew. 240

Ver. 231. *The strain to her I turn,—*] He resumes the narrative of Astolpho, Book xxxviii. ver. 180.

Soon as the first grey light in Heaven appear'd,
To rich Provence the dame her journey steer'd ;
For thither (spread the fame) his conquering crew
King Charles had led the vanquish'd to pursue.

Now near the camp a lonely fair she met ; 245
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with tears were wet :
Noble her mien—lo ! this was she who won
The manly heart of Monodantes' son ;
Who from the bridge beheld her lover's fall,
And left him Rodomont's unhappy thrall : 250
A knight she sought whose dauntless soul could brave
The narrow pass above, below the rapid wave.

Soon as Rogero's valiant maid distress'd
Beheld a dame no less by grief oppress'd,
With courteous greeting she besought to know 255
What secret cause had wrought the stranger's woe.
Her Flordelis beheld, and at the sight
Believ'd in her she found the wish'd-for knight ;
And now describ'd the dangerous bridge and flood
Where Algiers' king against all strangers stood : 260
How from his seat her hapless lord he threw ;
Not that th' insulting Pagan better knew
The use of arms, but that with craft apply'd,
He to his 'vantage us'd the bridge and tide.

If thou, O warrior ! (said the weeping fair) 265
Art brave and courteous as thy looks declare,
For Heaven's dear sake on him thy valour turn,
Through whom I thus my lord, my champion mourn.
Or teach me in what near or distant land
To meet with one yon Pagan to withstand ; 270
A knight whose courage can my foe assail,
That little shall his bridge and stream avail.

Not only shalt thou act as suits the right
Of chivalry and fits a wandering knight;
But more—thy valour shall the cause maintain 275
Of one, the truest of Love's faithful train.

How shall I all his other virtues tell,
Such numerous virtues that his sex excel?
Who own not these, must breasts unfeeling prove
Which neither faith can touch, nor worth can move. 280

The generous maid, whose mind so little weighs
Whate'er may lead to fame and martial praise,
Heart broken with her grief, in anguish dares
Danger and death, and for th' attempt prepares.
She thinks no fortune to her arms can give 285
Her dear Rogero back, and loaths to live.

Fair love-lorn stranger (Bradamant replies)
Such as I am, this arm thy foe defies.
Thou speak'st thy lover loyal to his vows,
When truth to few so high a praise allows; 290
'Till now I deem'd who dar'd in man to trust,
Would find in love all perjur'd and unjust.

Thus she; and as the latter words she spoke,
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.
Lead on—she cry'd; and with th' ensuing day 295
They view'd the fatal stream and dangerous way;
There soon discover'd by the watch, who stood
To warn his lord what strangers reach'd the flood.
The horn is blown; the Pagan, arm'd with speed,
Stands on the shore oppos'd with spear and steed: 300
He guards the pass, and when the dame he spies,
Denounces instant death with threatening cries,
Unless she yields, t' avert her threaten'd doom,
Her horse and armour offer'd at the tomb.

But Bradamant, before instructed well, 305
 Who heard fair Flordelis th' adventure tell,
 How by his fury Isabella dy'd,
 Thus to the haughty Saracen reply'd.

Why, wretch! should those who ne'er partook thy
 guilt,

Be punish'd for the blood thy rage has spilt? 310
 By thee she fell—thy life should here atone
 That impious deed through every region known.

Thy life were here a better victim paid

In just oblation to her virgin shade:

More grateful far than all the trophies won 315

From luckless knights that on this bridge have run:

Her ghost would prize the vengeance best, that came

From one, who bears like her, a woman's name:

A woman see—but ere in joust we meet,

On equal terms together let us treat: 320

Shouldst thou in fight prevail, my fate with those

Already taken at thy will dispose.

But (as I deem) on me should conquest light,

Thy horse, thy armour, shall be mine of right:

My hand shall yonder arms and mail displace, 325

And, in their stead, shall thine the marble grace:

Thy prisoners shall be mine—'Tis just (reply'd

Stern Rodomont) nor is thy claim deny'd.

But shouldst thou win, I shall not yet restore

The knights, my captives late in yonder tower, 330

Since these are sent to Afric's distant shore.

But here I swear, shouldst thou thy seat retain

By some strange chance, and I unhors'd remain,

Each captive shall be freed, by our command

Dispatch'd in message swift to Afric's land. 335

But shouldst thou fall when we in fight contend,
(As surely thus the contest soon must end)
Thou shalt not leave thy arms, nor shall thy name
Grav'd on the marble thy defeat proclaim :
To that fair face, bright locks, and sparkling eyes 340
Already vanquish'd I resign my prize.

Thine be the day—so may'st thou but remove
Each angry thought, and change thy hate to love :
Such is my strength, my courage, known to all,
Thou need'st not deem it shame by me to fall. 345

The virgin smil'd, but sternly smiling show'd
A generous wrath that in her features glow'd,
Nor to the Pagan aught reply'd again,
But turning to the bridge her courser's rein,
Urg'd all his speed, while in her hand she bore 350
The lance of gold to charge the furious Moor.

Pierce Rodomont prepar'd the joust to meet,
Rapid he came : beneath their coursers' feet
The tough bridge shook, while many an ear around
At distance trembled with the deafening sound. 355

The golden lance its wonted virtue held,
And he, whose arm so oft his foes had quell'd,
Prone on the bridge was tumbled from his seat,
His head laid low, high rais'd his quivering feet.
Scarce could the virgin, as the warrior lay, 360

Speed o'er the narrow pass her courser's way :
Great was her risk ; a step but swerv'd aside
Had plung'd her headlong in the subject tide.
But Rabican so light, so steady came,
(That wondrous courser bred of air and flame) 365

Along th' extremest verge he sped so fast,
That on a sword's sharp edge his feet had safely past.

Then to the Pagan king, supinely spread,
 She turn'd, and thus in sportive humour said:
 Behold who now has lost—see whither tends 370
 Thy empty boast, and how the contest ends!

Foild by a woman's hand, without reply
 Depriv'd of sense the Pagan seem'd to lie,
 Till slowly rising, with dejected look,
 A few short steps with silent gaze he took, 375
 Then sudden from his limbs the armour drew,
 And fill'd with rage against the marble threw:
 Alone, on foot, he hasten'd from the place
 (The scene detested of his foul disgrace)
 But ere he went, he gave a squire in charge 380
 (As late he vow'd) to set the knights at large
 To Afric sent: No more of him we tell,
 Save that departing thence he turn'd to dwell
 From living haunts in some sequester'd cell. }

Meantime against the monumental stone, 385
 The Pagan's mail, by law of arms her own,
 Aloft the virgin hung, but thence remov'd
 Each Christian's armour that the joust had prov'd,
 (Known by their names inscrib'd) that left the train
 Of Charles's court; the rest she let remain 390
 Her trophies plac'd to adorn the virgin-fane. }
 Beside the arms of Monodantes' son,
 With Sansonetto's, Olivero's shone;
 Who, while Aglante's noble prince they sought,
 Their path pursuing, to the bridge were brought, 395

Ver. 384. *From living haunts—*] Rodomont appears no more till
 Book xlv. ver. 794.

And, here made captive by the Pagan's hand,
 In hapless exile sent to Afric's land :
 Their arms, which now the lofty structure bore,
 The dame remov'd and plac'd within the tower.
 All other harness won, the conquer'd spoil 400
 From Pagan knights, she left to deck the pile.
 There hung the monarch's arms who sought in vain,
 With length of peril, Frontalet to gain ;
 Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch wore,
 Who wandering many a plain and mountain o'er, 405
 By evil chance to lose his steed arriv'd,
 And travell'd thence of horse and arms depriv'd.
 Thus every warrior of the Pagan crew
 Dismiss'd, with freedom from the pass withdrew :
 But shame forbade Circassia's king's return, 410
 To risk amid the camp opprobrious scorn,
 For honour sully'd, arms and courser lost,
 Disgrace ill-suited to his frequent boast.
 And now desire rekindled in his breast
 To seek the damsel, who his soul possess'd, 415
 Who (fame had told) her native country sought :
 Hence, as the power of fond affection wrought,
 While he pursues with speed the flying fair,
 To Amon's daughter let the Muse repair.
 Each Christian name eras'd, the martial maid 420
 In words new graven on the tomb display'd

Ver. 404. *Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch wore,*] The last time we heard of Sacripant was in Book xxvii. ver. 837, where he was said to pursue Rodomont, in order to recover from him his horse Frontaletto (or Frontino) and where the poet mentioned his being afterwards made prisoner by Rodomont.

Ver. 419. *To Amon's daughter—*] We hear no more of Sacripant in the course of the poem.

To every passing eye her glorious deed,
The knight dismounted and the passage freed ;
Then turn'd to Flordelis, whose heart was fill'd
With tender grief, whose eyes big tears distill'd, 425
And ask'd her purpos'd way: 'The dame replies:
To Arli, where the Pagan army lies:
Companions there I seek, there hope to find
A bark for Afric with a favouring wind:
Ne'er will I rest till to these arms restor'd, 430
These eyes behold my husband and my lord:
Nor shall he long in cruel prison live,
Though treacherous Rodomont should falsely give
His promise to deceive thyself and me:
All shall be try'd to set my consort free. 435

Béhold me ready (said the martial fair)
With thee each peril of the way to share
Till Arli we behold, where, for my sake,
Within her walls thy entrance shalt thou make ;
There seek Rogero, fam'd through every land 440
Lov'd of his king o'er all the martial band :
Thy gift on him this courser must bestow,
From which I late o'erthrew our haughty foe :
Then shalt thou say—" The knight from whom I came
" Dares to the world thy breach of faith proclaim ; 445
" To thee this steed he sends, and bids thee brace
" Thy arms, his force on yonder plain to face."
Here end thy speech ; but should he further try
To learn my name, be this thy sole reply :
" Unknown to me the knight whose words I bear." 450
Thus she, and thus return'd the grateful fair :
What danger (generous warrior !) for thy sake
Shall I decline, what toil refuse to take ?

My life is thine—Not less than life she owes
 To thee, who could for her thy own expose— 455
 Good Bradamant returns in courteous strain,
 And to her hand commits Frontino's rein.

Along the margin of the winding flood
 These beauteous dames their eager way pursu'd,
 Till Arli they beheld, and heard the roar 460
 Of billows breaking on the neighbouring shore.
 Here Bradamant her courser check'd, to wait
 Herself at distance from the city's gate,
 Till Flordelis to Arli should repair,
 And to the noble youth his courser bear. 465
 The barrier now attain'd, the gentle dame
 The draw-bridge pass'd and to the portal came:
 The knight she found, perform'd her task enjoin'd,
 And good Frontino to his hand consign'd.
 Her message done, no longer would she stay, 470
 But to the port pursu'd her eager way.

Perplex'd Rogero stood, his mind confus'd,
 On this, on that, in vain alternate mus'd:
 What knight could such mysterious challenge send,
 With gifts to court him, and with arms offend? 475
 He knows not who the combat thus may claim,
 Or dare for wrong sustain'd attaint his name:
 Yet no suspicion ere could raise a thought
 That Bradamant such charge against him brought.
 Sometimes he deem'd of all the warrior crew 480
 The knight was Rodomont, nor yet he knew
 What cause on him the Sarzan's anger drew.

Ver. 471. *But to the port pursu'd—*] He returns to Flordelis, Book XXXIX. ver. 299.

Yet, him except, through all the world remain'd
No single chief with whom he strife maintain'd.

Meanwhile Dordona's dame, in generous scorn, 485
To claim the combat blows her sounding horn.

Now Agramant, and now Marsilius heard
That near the walls some champion strange appear'd.
With these, as chance befel, a gallant knight,
Call'd Serpentino, stood, who for the fight 490

Requested leave to arm, and vow'd to bring
That bold unknown in bonds before the king.
Soon spreading rumour to the ramparts drew
Each sex and every age the field to view:
Not feeble years, nor childhood stay'd, but all 495
Alike impatient throng'd to line the wall.

With radiant arms and rich embroider'd vest,
King Serpentino of the star address'd
His dauntless course, and entering on the joust,
The first encounter stretch'd him in the dust. 500

The courteous dame pursu'd, and by the reins
Secur'd his steed that startled fled the plains;
Him to the Saracen her hand restor'd:
Resume thy seat (she cry'd) and bid thy lord
Select another warrior from his band 505

Who better may in arms my force withstand.

The king of Afric saw with wide survey,
Amidst his train, the fortune of the day:
Behold (th' enraptur'd prince exclaim'd aloud,
In accents heard by all the Pagan crow'd) 510

Yon gallant chief a victor's right forego,
And from the plain dismiss his vanquish'd foe!
He said; when Serpentino present stands,
And, in her name, a braver knight demands.

Grandonio of Volterra next appears, 515

No lord of Spain his crest so proudly rears ;

With leave obtain'd the second course to try,

He issues forth the stranger to defy.

Then he—thy courtesy avails thee nought,

When thou in bonds before our sovereign brought 520

Shalt wait his nod, or by my weapon slain

Here stretch thy length on this contested plain.

'Think not my soul (the noble maid reply'd

Shall quit her purpose for the threats of pride :

I warn thee to retire, ere prostrate here 525

Thy batter'd limbs confess my stronger spear:

Return, return—and to thy king declare,

'Tis not for such as thee these arms I bear :

But hither am I come to meet in fight

Some warrior that deserves a warrior's might. 530

These bitter words, in taunting vein address,

With burning wrath inflam'd the Pagan's breast:

He nought reply'd, but reining round his steed

Against the virgin urg'd his fiery speed ;

Prepar'd to joust, her golden lance she held, 535

And Rabican to meet his rage impell'd ;

When scarce the fatal spear had touch'd his shield

With spurning heels aloft he press'd the field.

The noble championess his courser stay'd:

Confess that justly I foretold (she said) 540

Thy tongue might better far my message bear,

Than in the list thy arm my weapon dare.

Go then—and in my name thy king entreat

To choose a knight that may my challenge meet

On better terms ; nor let me toil in vain 545

With those that knightly fame so ill sustain.

The gazers from the walls, who wish'd to tell
What brave unknown had kept the scat so well,
Recall'd to mind each chief, that oft in field
Midst summer's heat their blood with fear congeal'd.
To Brandimart some gave the champion's claim, 551
But to Rinaldo more ascrib'd his fame :

Orlando most had deem'd, but well they knew
His state, that tears from every hearer drew.

The third in turn, Lanfusa's son*, apply'd 555
To run the course ; with little hope (he cry'd)
To win the palm, but, falling, that his shame
Might with his friends unhors'd partake the blame.
And furnish'd now with all that warriors need
In listed fight, he mounts a fiery steed, 560

Led from a thousand which his stalls contain,
For swiftness priz'd and steady to the rein.
He issues forth, but ere in joust he meets,
The virgin him, and he the virgin greets :
Then she—If this thou seek'st not to conceal, 565
To me in courtesy thy name reveal.

To her request Ferrau in full reply'd,
Who seldom sought himself or deeds to hide.
Thy proffer'd joust I take (rejoin'd the dame)
Though here to prove another knight I came. 570
What knight? return'd Ferrau—to whom the maid
Rogerio cry'd—and scarce the word she said,
When o'er her face the mantling colour flew
And dy'd her lovely cheeks to crimson hue.

She thus pursu'd—That warrior's fame in arms 575
My beating breast with emulation warms :

* Ferrau.

Eager I burn with him in field to wage
 The single fight and face to face engage.
 Simply she spoke, what some malicious mind
 May turn far other than the maid design'd. 580

To her Ferrau—Be first our conflict try'd,
 The prize of strength between us first decide:
 Then, should I fall, as fell my peers before;
 To heal the chance of this disastrous hour,
 That gentle knight shall enter next the course, 585
 With whom thou long'st at tilt to prove thy force.]

As thus they parlying stood, her helm unclos'd
 Her visage to the wondering gaze expos'd;
 And while Ferrau those angel features view'd,
 His heart confess'd him more than half subdu'd. 590
 Then to himself—A form I sure behold
 From Paradise, not bred of mortal mould;
 And should I fail in joust the lance to meet,
 Those conquering eyes have wrought my sure defeat.

Each measur'd now the ground; when, like the rest,
 Ferrau o'erthrown the earth indignant press'd. 596
 For him his courser Bradamant detain'd:
 Return (she cry'd) and be my wish explain'd
 To yonder knight. Ferrau abash'd withdrew,
 And sought Rogero 'midst the courtly crew; 600
 Before king Agramant the message told,
 That him to joust defy'd the champion bold,
 Rogero, while as yet he little thought
 What unknown knight with him the combat sought,

Ver. 579. *Simply she spoke,—*] An instance, amongst many others, of those ludicrous turns interspersed through the poem, for which Lavezuola, the Italian critic, in his comment on this place, in general condemns the author.

B. XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 57

As sure of conquest, with a fearless air 605

Bade all his armour for the field prepare :

Still glow'd his courage, though so late he view'd

Three warriors by a single spear subdu'd.

But how he arm'd, how issu'd to the fight,

And what ensu'd, hereafter I recite. 610

END OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK.



THE
THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Rogero is preparing to leave the walls of Arli to answer the challenge of Bradamant, Marphisa meets her, and is unhorsed. Distress of Rogero. Skirmish between the Christian and Pagan forces. Rogero entreats a parly with Bradamant, and both the lovers retire from the field of battle into a grove. Marphisa, impatient to revenge her fall on Bradamant, pursues them. Battle between Bradamant and Marphisa. Rogero attempts to part them, and is attacked by Marphisa. Their combat is broken off by a supernatural event, followed by an unexpected discovery.

THE
THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

A NOBLE heart by noble deeds is known,
Sway'd by no change, no dictates but its own;
In every lore of courtesy refin'd,
Where habit stamps, what virtue had enjoin'd.
Not less the heart, which vice polluting stains, 5
At every turn its wretched bent maintains,
Where nature warp'd an evil habit takes,
And favour'd he such habit who forsakes.

Ver. 1. *A noble heart by noble deeds is known,*] Spenser, the great admirer and imitator of our author, borrows this sentiment in his *Fairy Queen* :

True is, that whilom that good poet said,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known:
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners; in which plain is shewn
Of what degree and what race he is grown.

Book vi. c. iiii. st. 1.

Again,
Like as a gentle heart itself bewrays
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight.

Book vi. c. vii. st. 1.

The times of old supply'd a martial race,
 Not less indu'd with every gentle grace: 10
 Few boasts the modern page; since there we find
 Each outrage that debases human kind.
 As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine
 With conquer'd ensigns deck'd each hollow'd shrine,
 That arm, which from the port their gallies bore 15
 With spoils encumber'd to thy native shore:
 O! then what dreadful scenes of carnage spread,
 As where to deeds of savage fury bred, }
 Moors, Turks, and Tartars round them heap the dead! }
 Yet think not Venice could partake the guilt 20
 Of hireling bands, and blood unjustly spilt.
 I speak not here of flames, whose torments pour'd
 From street to street, whole sumptuous piles devour'd:
 Though such a savage vengeance must proclaim
 The worst of insults to thy better fame: 25
 For when proud Padua's turrets shook with fear,
 And, join'd with Cæsar, flam'd thy dreadful spear,

Ver. 13. *As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine*] In the Notes on the third Book an account was given of this victory gained over the Venetians in the Po, in which Cardinal Hippolito took seventy ensigns from the enemy, which he afterwards caused to be fixed up in the great church of Ferrara. *Porcacchi*.

Ver. 26. *For when proud Padua's turrets—*] Andrea Gritti, after he was doge, recovered Padua from the hands of the emperor Maximilian; who, disturbed at the loss of so important a place, came from Germany with an army to retake it; and arriving in Italy, he was joined by the Franks, Spaniards, and the forces of the Pope, so that when he encamped at Padua, he found himself at the head of a vast army: among others who came to his assistance was Cardinal Hippolito de Este, who seeing the wanton cruelty of the Imperialists, with difficulty restrained them from committing many acts of violence, and particularly prevented the destruction of many neighbouring towns, and of the edifices at Padua. *Porcacchi*.

Thy voice humane forbade the fires to rise,
 And stopp'd the blaze when bursting to the skies,
 While towns and cities by thy pity spar'd, 30
 Thy inborn worth to either host declar'd.
 Yet these, nor all their savage fury wrought,
 Deeds never harbour'd in the courteous thought,
 So touch'd my breast as one heart-rending woe,
 Which rocks might weep, could rocks compassion know ;
 When you, great prince, your noble offspring sent 36
 To where the foes, in guarded fortress pent,
 Fled from their ships, and where in dread they lay
 To wait th' event of that ill-omen'd day,
 As dauntless Hector and Æneas strode 40
 To burn the Grecian ships that brav'd the flood :
 Like Hercules and Alexander go
 The friendly pair, their hearts too boldly glow, }
 They leap the trench, and rush amidst the foe.. }
 Too far advanc'd, the second scarce regain'd 45
 His social band ; the foe the first detain'd.
 Feruffin 'scap'd, behind Cantelmo stay'd—
 O Sora's duke ! what pangs must then invade
 Thy wretched breast, when from thy generous son
 His helm unlac'd, a thousand swords on one, 50
 Thou to the vessel saw'st thy darling led,
 And sever'd from the trunk his beauteous head ?

Ver. 36. *When you, great prince,—*] In this war, amongst many gallant warriors with the Cardinal were Hercules Cantelmo, son of the duke of Sora, and Alexander Feruffino : these two rashly attacking the enemy, Hercules was made prisoner, and condemned by the Venetians to lose his head, as one who, being in their service, had attached himself to the Ferrarese : the sentence passed on him was executed in the presence of his father. Feruffino seeing Cantelmo taken, made his escape with difficulty to his own people. *Eugenico.*

Why, when the cruel edge his blood could spill,
 Did not such sight the wretched father kill?
 Say, curs'd Sclavonian, from what savage bands 55
 Brought'st thou the trade of war? Did Scythia's hands
 E'er shed a captive's blood, who freely gave
 His yielded arms his forfeit life to save?
 Was this thy plea to murder him who shone
 His country's brave support? O powerful sun! 60
 Withdraw thy beams from this remorseless age,
 Where all like Atreus, like Thyestes rage.
 Thy savage soul, barbarian! could destroy
 The soldier's early hope, the nation's joy!
 Whose fame no chief from pole to pole outshines, 65
 From Indian shores to where the day declines.
 Not those who make the flesh of man their food,
 Not eyeless Polypheme's inhuman brood,
 But touch'd with pity had that grace confess'd,
 That grace and youth to melt an iron breast: 70
 Thou, only thou, could'st harm that angel face,
 Than Lestrigons more fell, or Cyclops' hideous race.
 Not such example ancient times can show,
 Each vanquish'd chief then met a generous foe;
 Each warrior then was train'd in courteous lore, 75
 The battle ended, slaughter rag'd no more.

Unconquer'd Bradamant, who smote the shield
 Of each brave knight, and stretch'd them on the field,
 From her fall'n foe withheld her bloody sword,
 And every courser to his lord restor'd, 80
 This warlike virgin (as we sung before)
 To earth the gallant Serpentino bore,
 Knight of the star; next by her noble hand
 Grandonio of Volterna press'd the land;

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And last Ferrau : then rising from his fall, 85
Each rein'd his steed, and turn'd to Arli's wall :
The third her challenge bore, and call'd the knight
Rogero once belov'd, to mortal fight ;
As midst the peers he stood, where all deceiv'd
By outward deeds, the maid a knight believ'd. 90

Rogero, who the bold defiance hears,
Demands his arms, while in his look appears
A noble warmth : in sight of Afric's lord,
While thus he arms, the chiefs, with one accord,
Again enquir'd what warrior could so well 95
With rested spear in single fight excel ;
And ask'd Ferrau, who with him lately drew
To near discourse, if he the stranger knew.
Securely rest (Lanfusa's son rejoin'd) .
No tongue has yet this pride of Mars divin'd. 100
To me he seem'd, as first his face I view'd,
Amon's young hope ; but when the joust ensu'd,
And show'd his prowess in the manly course,
Not such I knew was Richardetto's force :
His sister hence yon knight unknown I deem, 105
Whose semblant features Richardetto seem.
Brave as Rinaldo lives her fair report,
Brave as each Paladin of Gallia's court ;
But sure, by this day's proof, her arm in fight
Transcends her brethren's and her kinsmen's might. 110
When this Rogero heard : the deepening red
Of morning blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread ;
A sudden tremor seiz'd his beating heart,
Swift through his vitals flew the amorous dart :
He glows—he burns—and now as fear assails, 115
Through all his bones an icy cold prevails :

He dreads some new-born anger has suppress'd
 The love that once her gentle soul possess'd;
 Divided thoughts by turns his bosom sway,
 He doubts to go, nor yet resolves to stay. 120

Meantime Marphisa, breathing martial fires,
 There present stands, and to the joust aspires;
 All clad in steel; for seldom day or night
 She stood without her mail and corslet bright.
 She sees Rogero arm, and fears to yield 125
 To him the foremost honours of the field;
 Should first the warrior issue to the plain,
 And with preventive speed the palm obtain.
 Her steed she takes, and vaulting in the seat,
 Impatient spurs th' expecting fair to meet, 130
 Who waits with beating heart Rogero's sight,
 In hopes to hold in bonds her faithless knight;
 While oft she ponders where the lance to bend,
 That least in combat might the youth offend.

Now from the portal fierce Marphisa press'd, 135
 The phoenix towering on her radiant crest,
 To prove that she, above each martial name,
 Shone the sole phoenix in the field of fame;
 Or boast her chaste design to lead a life
 Estrang'd from love and all the joys of wife. 140
 On her brave Amon's daughter bent her view;
 But when no semblance of her knight she knew,
 Her name she sought; her name disclos'd the maid
 With whom Rogero had his faith betray'd;

Ver. 136. *The phoenix towering—*] In Boyardo the crest of Marphisa is a dragon.

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Or rather her, whom, by report deceiv'd, 143

She now the partner of his heart believ'd :

Her whom she loath'd, on whom she burn'd to prove

The vengeance due to wrongs of slighted love.

Her steed she turn'd, again with fury wheel'd,

Nor sought to hurl Marphisa on the field, 150

But through her breast to drive the thrilling spear,

And free her own from every jealous fear.

Compell'd Marphisa from her seat was thrown,

To try if flinty rock or yielding down

Receiv'd her fall ; at such a chance unthought, 155

What rage her fiery soul to madness wrought !

Scarce rising from the ground, her sword she drew,

And for revenge against her victor flew ;

When Amon's daughter with indignant pride—

Thou art my prisoner ! yield thy arms (she cry'd) 160

Think not on thee, Marphisa, I'll bestow

The grace I lately show'd each vanquish'd foe :

On thee, whose deeds thy vicious soul proclaim,

Reproach and scandal to the female name !

At this Marphisa foam'd, as mid the waves 165

Around some rock the wind indignant raves :

She strives to speak ; but rage her voice confounds,

And her lips mutter undistinguish'd sounds.

She whirls her sword ; and while she aims to strike,

On steed and rider aims her strokes alike. 170

But Bradamant her courser by the rein

Swift wheeling round, with wrath and fell disdain

Again her spear impell'd—her spear anew

Marphisa backward on the sand o'erthrew.

Once more from earth arose the wrathful maid, 175

Once more for vengeance grasp'd her beamy blade,

Again her weapon Bradamant extends,
Again Marphisa to the ground she sends.
Yet deem not, though her fame so high was held,
Her strength so far Marphisa's strength excell'd, 180
That every stroke had thus the maid o'erthrown,
But that the lance retain'd a spell unknown.

Meantime some warriors from our army, near
Encamp'd to where with brandish'd sword and spear
These heroines rag'd, beheld with wondering sight 185
Th' exalted prowess of their country knight:
Nor other, by his mien and arms they knew,
But for some warrior of the Christian crew.
When now Troyano's generous son survey'd
The Christians bending tow'rds th' extended shade 190
Of Arli's walls; still cautious to provide
For every ill or chance that might betide;
Without the gates he bids a squadron go,
And arm'd attend the motions of the foe.

With these Rogero came, who late prepar'd 195
To meet the tilt which first Marphisa dar'd.
Th' enamour'd youth beheld with earnest look
The virgins meet, his heart with terror shook;
He shook with terror for his soul's delight,
Since well he knew Marphisa's force in fight. 200
Such were his fears when first with lance oppos'd
Each dame on each with mutual fury clos'd;
But when the issue of the joust he view'd,
All motionless in wonder rapt he stood.
Their wrath, as if the strife was then begun, 205
Rag'd on each side; nor here suffic'd to run
A single course, as when the virgin's hand
First stretch'd the three bold Pagans on the sand.

Rogero gaz'd, and gaz'd with anxious heart,
His doubts, his hopes engag'd on either part : 210
Both dear he held : this love's fierce passion fir'd ;
And that mild friendship's gentler flame inspir'd.
Fain would he see the hated conflict cease,
But honour's laws forbade to enforce the peace :
Not so his comrades thought, who when they spy'd 215
The scale of conquest on the Christian side,
Resolv'd to part the fray ; and sudden wheel'd
Their eager squadron to dispute the field :
The knights of Charles their nearer course oppose,
And soon in general fight the warriors close. 220
" To arms, to arms !" is heard on every hand,
Such cries as daily rous'd each martial band.
These mount their coursers ; those their armour take
The rattling trumpets to the battle wake
The trampling horse ; while drums and timbrels join
To fire the foot, and form each deepening line. 226
Fierce and more fierce the skirmish'd troops engage
With mutual slaughter and with mutual rage.
Dordona's valiant dame *, who hop'd in vain
To see Marphisa by her weapon slain, 230
With wrath beholds her eager vengeance crost
And from her hand her hated victim lost.
Now here, now there with quick exploring eyes
She seeks Rogero, for whose sake she sighs ;
And soon she knows him by his targe reveal'd, 235
The silver eagle on an azure field ;
And now with every tender thought imprest,
She marks his well turn'd limbs, his manly breast,

Each grace, each action of the youthful knight,
On which she oft had gaz'd with fond delight. 240

But when her fears suggest these nameless charms
Decreed to bless a happy rival's arms,
Furious she cries—Am I deny'd the bliss,
When other lips those balmy lips may kiss?
Ah! never sure another's shalt thou prove, 245
And, scorning mine, return a rival's love!

Rather than singly by thy hate expire,
This hand, inhuman, shall thy life require;
If here I lose thee—death at least shall join
Our hearts once more, and make thee ever mine. 250
If by thy sword I fall, thou sure must go
A willing victim to the shades below:

For human laws, and laws divine ordain,
Who slays another, shall himself be slain.
Nor canst thou murmur here, nor seek to fly 255
That fate thou justly meet'st, unjustly I;
I kill but him who seek'st my life to take,
Thou, cruel, her, who lives but for thy sake.

Rouze, coward hand, and with a righteous blow
Lay bare the bosom of thy treacherous foe, 260
Whose looks, in love's dissembled smiles array'd,
Have wounded oft to death a helpless maid!
Who now can bid my life's sad period close
Without one pang in pity to my woes!

Then from his impious breast with generous ire 265
Exact that death, thy thousand deaths require.

She said; and to her steed the spurs apply'd;
Perjur'd Rogero! guard thy heart! (she cry'd)
Think not unquestion'd victor hence to hear
The glorious trophies of a maid's despair! 270

Soon as these accents reach Rogero's ears,
In these his consort's well-known voice he hears,
That voice so deeply on his mind imprest,
That tongue amidst a thousand tongues confest.
He thinks her words conceal'd reproach imply 275
For some imputed crime of deeper dye
Than late his promise fail'd; and hence his hand
He wav'd a friendly audience to demand,
And plead his cause—but she with beaver clos'd,
Her spear already in the rest dispos'd, 280
And threatening rush'd to hurl him from his seat
Where no soft turf perchance his limbs might greet.

When now he saw the furious virgin near,
Collected in his arms, his ponderous spear
He plac'd in rest, but rais'd the point in air 285
Through doubt to wound the lov'd but cruel fair.
The dame who with unpitying rage inflam'd
Against the knight her fiercest vengeance aim'd;
Now feels some sudden power her wrath disarm,
Nor dares unhorse him, nor the warrior harm. 290
Thus guiltless of a stroke the weapons prove,
Both turn'd aside: not so the lance of love,
This in the joust he drove with matchless art,
And fix'd the amorous point in either's heart.
The dame on others from Rogero turn'd 295
The rage that in her jealous bosom burn'd,
And midst the tumult of the mingled fight,
Such deeds perform'd as ne'er shall set in night.

Soon with her golden lance to earth she threw
Three hundred warriors of the Moorish crew; 300
Her single arm that day the ranks defac'd,
Her force that day the flying Pagans chas'd.

Now here, now there, Rogero cours'd the plain,
And oft he sought to accost the fair in vain,
At length they met—And O! I die (he cry'd) 305
Yet hear—nor be my sole request deny'd:
Grant me to speak—alas! what crime is mine?
Why dost thou thus my speech, my sight decline?
As when the balmy southern wind prevails,
And o'er the ocean sweeps with tepid gales, 310
Long-frozen streams dissolve, and mingling flow
With rocks of ice and hills of crusted snow:
So when Rinaldo's valiant sister hears
These few short words, and sees her lover's tears,
Her melting heart relents, and seems no more 315
That heart which wrath to marble chang'd before.

The virgin to Rogero nought reply'd,
But gor'd with iron heel her courser's side;
And swiftly turning from the warring band,
She made a signal with her beck'ning hand. 320
Far from the throng she reach'd a vale where stood
Amidst a verdant plain a cypress wood;
Whose sable boughs extended o'er the glade
The solemn honours of coeval shade.
In this sequester'd place, this awful gloom, 325
Of purest marble rose a stately tomb;
Where to th' enquiring eye was seen disclos'd
In sculptur'd verse what body there repos'd:

Ver. 305. *At length they met—*] Tasso has a similar passage, when he describes the casual meeting of Tancred and Clorinda in the third book, when in like manner he makes Tancred solicit a parley with Clorinda.

But Bradamant, arriv'd, with heedless gaze,
 Alike the sculpture and the stone surveys. 330
 Rogero spurr'd his steed and swiftly came,
 In this retreat to join his virgin-dame.

To brave Marphisa let us turn the strain,
 Who now recovering press'd her steed again,
 And sought the warlike maid, whose potent thrust 335
 Had thrice her length extended on the dust;
 Whom parting from the fight afar she view'd,
 And saw Rogero, who her course pursu'd;
 Nor deem'd that love impell'd the youthful knight,
 But eager warmth to end th' unfinish'd fight. 340
 With sharpen'd spur her fiery steed she drove,
 And join'd the lovers, as they reach'd the grove:
 How grateful to the pair her sight must prove,
 Those best may tell whom equal passions move.
 But Bradamant was fir'd with rage to view 345
 A rival, whence in thought her woes she drew;
 What from her soul this firm belief can shake,
 She thither came for her Rogero's sake?

O false Rogero (once again she cries)
 Perfidious man! and could it not suffice, 350
 Fame speaks thee base; but thou in fell despite
 Must bring yon hated gorgon to my sight!
 I see thy wish, to drive me from thy soul,
 Nor will I more thy cruel wish control:
 Farewell to light!—but ere I yield my breath, 355
 She first shall die, by whom I meet my death.

Furious she spoke; and on Marphisa press'd
 With more than viper's venom in her breast;
 Soon as her spear had touch'd the rival-shield,
 Back fell Marphisa helpless on the field; 360

Even while aware, t' oppose the stroke she tries,
 With heels retorted to the radiant skies,
 And helm half sunk in earth the haughty virgin lies.

But Amon's daughter, who, in frantic mood,
 Resolv'd to die or shed Marphisa's blood, 365

No more with spear the conflict would renew,
 But from her hand th' enchanted weapon threw,
 And leaping from her steed her falchion drew.

Furious she rush'd to lop with trenchant blade
 Her head, half-buried, from the struggling maid : 370

But ere she came, Marphisa on the plain
 Recover'd stood to wage the fight again,
 Enrag'd to find once more in equal joust,
 Her former glories humbled to the dust :
 With grief Rogero views the growing fight ; 375

In vain with earnest prayers the gentle knight
 Would calm their souls ; all peace the dames refuse,
 While each alike her mad revenge pursues.

Now, at half sword, these female warriors close,
 Near and more near they press, each bosom glows 380
 With tenfold pride ; and now together join'd

Each round her foe a powerful arm has twin'd :
 They let their falchions useless fall to ground,

And with their daggers aim a fatal wound.
 To both by turns Rogero bends his prayer, 385

But all his words are lost in empty air.

Entreaties vain, and every milder art,
 The youth resolves by force their strife to part :
 He wrests the dagger from each struggling maid,
 And hurls the weapon in the cypress shade. 390

Their hands disarm'd, he steps between their rage
 With threats to move them, or with prayers assuage ;

In vain—his prayers and threats alike prevail,
 Still burns their wrath, and when their weapons fail,
 They gripe, they squeeze, they strike with spurning
 heel, 395

And with their gauntlets clench'd the tempest deal:
 Oft by her hand or arm the gentle knight
 Each virgin draws to interrupt the fight;
 'Till stern Marphisa could no more control
 The fury kindling in her haughty soul, 400
 That haughty soul which all the world despis'd,
 As little now Rogero's friendship priz'd:
 But, leaving Bradamant, her sword she shook,
 Rush'd on Rogero and indignant spoke.

O! insolent of mind, discourteous knight, 405
 Uncall'd to mingle in another's fight!
 But know this hand thy folly shall chastise,
 This hand whose single weapon both defies!

Thus she: with balm of soothing words address
 Rogero still would touch Marphisa's breast: 410
 But such her rage, no soothing can control
 The stubborn purpose of her fiery soul:
 At length, his cheek with kindling anger dy'd,
 The knight unsheaths the falchion from his side.
 Not Rome or Athens, once with riches crown'd, 415
 Nor wealthier city, through the world renown'd,

Ver. 395. — *they strike with spurning heel,*] Perhaps it may be thought by some, that the poet in this passage, as in some others, has rather done violence to his female characters: it must perhaps be acknowledged that the idea is not pleasing; but, after all, human nature is the same in every rank of life, and there are situations when extreme passion levels all distinction; which truth the reader must often have learnt from that great master of human manners, Shakespeare.

Could on the gazer such delight bestow
With dazzling splendors of some public show,
As now, to jealous Bradamant, the sight
Of deadly strife between the dame and knight; 420
A sight that to her grief sure medicine prov'd,
And every pang of cruel doubt remov'd.
She snatch'd her sword, that on the herbage lay,
And stood a glad spectatress of the fray:
Rogero in his force, his martial air, 425
And matchless skill she deem'd the God of war:
But while like Mars he seem'd, with vengeance fell
Marphisa look'd a fiend from deepest hell:
For still the generous warrior would restrain
His wonted nerve, nor give his wrath the rein. 430
Too well the virtue of his blade he knew,
That oft, in battle prov'd, such numbers slew;
That cut its bloody way through toughest arms,
Through temper'd steel, or steel secur'd with charms,
And hence his wary hand declin'd alike 435
With thrilling point to thrust, with edge to strike.
At length the virgin aim'd a dreadful blow,
That rous'd the vengeance of her gentle foe:
To cleave his head the thundering steel she drove,
Against the weapon, hissing from above, 440
Rogero rais'd his eagle-painted shield
And stay'd the fury on its azure field:
His eagle held secure by magic charm,
But the dire blow benumb'd the warrior's arm,
And had not Hector's mail the falchion stay'd, 445
Through shield and mail had driven the trenchant blade,
Thence on his head had fall'n with swift descent,
Nor miss'd the mark the raging virgin meant.

Rogero scarce can lift his arm with pain,
 And scarce his eagle's ponderous orb sustain. 450
 All pity fled, his bosom glow'd with ire,
 And either eye-ball flash'd vindictive fire!
 Then at full force he whirl'd the pointed steel,
 Ill chance had met her, such dire stroke to feel.
 Some guardian power was near to save the maid, 455
 And in a cypress trunk the erring blade
 Stood deep infix'd, where thickly planted stood
 Of mournful trees the venerable wood.
 Sudden a fearful earthquake rock'd the ground;
 The meadow shook, the mountain trembled round: 460
 When from the tomb in central silence rear'd,
 A sound, exceeding mortal sounds, was heard.
 Then thus the voice of horror—O! forbear
 This impious strife, this most unnatural war,
 Where brother's hands a sister seek to kill, 465
 Where sister's hands a brother's blood would spill.
 O lov'd Rogero! lov'd Marphisa, hear!
 For both are mine—O lend a heedful ear!
 One womb conceiv'd you both, one happy birth
 Produc'd you both, the future boasts of earth. 470
 Your sire, Rogero, second of the name
 Lov'd Galacella, who return'd his flame:

Ver. 461. *When from the tomb—*] So Virgil, *Æneid* III.

..... gemitus lachrymabilis imo
 Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auras.

..... from the tomb I hear
 A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.

Pitt, ver. 50.

Ver. 471. *Your sire, Rogero, --*] For Bayardo's account of the birth of Rogero and Marphisa, see note to Book ii. ver. 217. Take

But him, alas ! her cruel brothers gave
 An early victim to th' untimely grave ;
 And mindless of the dear, the precious load 475
 Your mother bore, unheeded kindred blood.
 Her in a slender bark these fiends consign'd
 To threatening death amid the seas and wind.
 But Fortune that decreed you, yet unborn,
 With glorious deeds your country to adorn, 480
 Your vessel to a realm unpeopled bore,
 And safely landed on the Syrtes' shore.
 Eas'd of her birth, to death your parent bends,
 Her spotless soul to Paradise ascends.
 Such was your fate, so will'd some favouring power, 485
 Myself was present at the needful hour :
 Then (as the place allow'd) this friendly hand
 Interr'd your mother on the lonely strand :

this further account of Rogero of Risa and Galacella, the father and mother of Ariosto's hero.

When Almontes left the dominions of his father Agolant to revenge the death of king Garnier on the Christians, he took with him his sister Galacella, a female warrior of great courage, but his brother Troyano remained behind with his father. Almontes and Galacella alternately fought with Rogero of Risa, without victory to any party. Galacella turned Christian, and married Rogero ; but Beltram, elder natural brother to Rogero, having conceived a passion for his sister-in-law, but unable to corrupt her chastity, he in revenge betrayed the town of Risa to Almontes, who entering by night, put all to the sword. Rogero and his father Rampallo were killed : but Almontes afterwards repenting of the part which he had acted, caused Beltram to be put to death. Galacella, then big with child, was put on board a vessel with eight attendants, whom she afterwards killed, and landing at a castle, was delivered of two children and died.

Aspramonte, c. iv. vi. ix. and seq.

The latter part of this story is differently told by Boyardo and Ariosto, who relate that she was exposed alone in an open boat by her brothers, and cast on the coast of Africa.

Wrapt in my vest your tender limbs I laid,
 And to Carena's towering height convey'd. 490
 I caus'd a gentle lioness to come,
 Her whelps deserting, from the woodland gloom ;
 Who twice ten months (her nature's rage subdu'd)
 From savage teat supply'd your milky food.
 But roving o'er the fields one fatal day, 495
 As distant from my home I chanc'd to stray,
 On you a band of Arab spoilers fell,
 (Your memory may supply the tale I tell)
 Marphisa, thee they seiz'd ; with feet more light
 By better chance Rogero 'scap'd by flight. 500
 Return'd, your cruel loss I long deplore,
 But guard my sole remaining hope the more.
 Thou know'st, Rogero, well my ceaseless care,
 While sad Atlantes breath'd this vital air.
 I saw, from boding stars, thy life decreed 505
 In Christian lands by treacherous guile to bleed ;
 For this I strove to keep thee thence afar
 T' evade the influence of each threatening star :
 But when thy ardour all my hopes oppos'd,
 My wretched days with grief and sickness clos'd. 510
 Yet ere I dy'd, where my prophetic sight
 Here with Marphisa long foretold thy fight,
 I call'd the demons from Tartarean gloom
 With marbles heap'd to raise this stately tomb ;
 And with loud cries to Charon thus I pray'd : 515
 " Awhile forbear to claim my mournful shade !
 " Though freed from life, permit my ghost to stray
 " In this drear grove till that predestin'd day,
 " When my Rogero in this lone retreat,
 " In single combat shall a sister meet." 520

Impatient here I chid the lingering hour
 That stay'd thy coming to this cypress bower :
 O Bradamant, by our Rogero lov'd,
 Henceforth be every jealous thought remov'd !—
 But now, farewell ! farewell to chearful light, 525
 I sink for ever in eternal night !

Here ceas'd the voice ; and ceasing left impress'd
 Fear, wonder, love, in every hearer's breast.
 The knight Marphisa for his sister knew :
 She, in Rogero, with enraptur'd view 530
 Her brother own'd ; and both with pious haste
 Advancing in each other's arms embrac'd :
 While she, whose soul no more with doubts was mov'd,
 Shar'd in their meeting and their joy approv'd :
 Now recollection, waking many a thought, 535
 The time long past to their remembrance brought,
 The sports in which their childish years they led,
 Confirming all Atlantes' spirit said.
 Rogero to his sister now reveal'd
 What love his heart for Bradamant conceal'd ; 540
 And, with affection's warmest glow, display'd
 The ties that bound him to the generous maid :

Ver. 527. *Here ceas'd the voice ;*] There is scarce a passage in this, or perhaps it may be allowed in any poem, more noble, poetical, and affecting than this discovery of Rogero and Marphisa to each other: the several workings of rage, love, and jealousy are inimitably painted, and the attention of the reader wonderfully suspended, till the whole mystery is unravelled by the sublime machine of the ghost of Atlantes, which may be truly called *dignus vindice nodus*. The sudden transition of scene from the hurry and tumult of a field of battle to a sequestered grove and sepulchre, and the terrible voice that issues from the vault, are circumstances of a strong imagination. Indeed the many natural, sublime, and beautifully wild strokes of this book would not have been unworthy of a Shakespeare himself!

Meantime fell discord, late a cruel guest,
 Was banish'd far from either virgin's breast,
 And both, to peace and amity dispos'd, 545
 Their friendly arms around each other clos'd.

Marphisa now impatient burns t' enquire
 The state and birth of their illustrious sire ;
 By whom he fell, and how the chief was slain
 In single fight, or on th' embattled plain: 550
 What impious hands their hapless mother gave
 A guiltless victim to the greedy wave :
 If e'er the tale had reach'd her infant ears,
 The trace was scarce retain'd in lapse of years.

Rogero then began : From Ilium's coast, 555
 Through Hector's mighty line our race we boast.
 When young Astyanax had fled the hands
 Of Grecian foes, and 'scap'd Ulysses' hands,
 He left behind him in his native place
 A youth of semblant stature, mien, and face : 560
 Long wandering o'er the spacious seas he gain'd
 Sicilia's isle, and in Messina reign'd.
 His progeny at length by Faro dwell'd,
 And in Calabria's realms dominion held ;
 'Till sons succeeding sons, th' illustrious town 565
 Of Mars * they reach'd, where chiefs of high renown
 Sprung from their line, whom mighty Rome obey'd,
 Who regal or imperial sceptres sway'd ;
 Whose blood to Constantine from Constans run,
 And thence to Charles imperial Pepin's son. 570
 Midst these Rogero (first that bore the name).
 Buòvo, Gambaron, Rambaldo came :

* Rome.

Rogero last, the second, he who led,
 As old Atlantes from yon marble said,
 Our honour'd mother to the nuptial bed.
 Your eye may clear in story'd annals trace
 The glorious actions of our generous race.

575

Rogero then declar'd, from Afric's shore
 How Agolant his double offspring bore
 Almontes and Troyano; how he brought
 A daughter, who in arms so bravely fought,
 That many a Paladin to earth she threw;
 Till of their sire the fair enamour'd grew:
 That for his sake her father she forsook,
 And how, baptiz'd, his hand in marriage took.
 He told the traitor Beltram's impious flame,
 Who burnt incestuous for the beauteous dame:
 Whom to possess all nature's ties he broke,
 And basely yielded to a foreign yoke
 Sire, brethren, country—Risa's town betray'd
 To foes whose fury scenes of death display'd.
 How Agolant and his dire sons combin'd,
 (When billows dash'd, when howl'd the raging wind)
 Unhappy Galacella's death to doom,
 Six moons beholding then her growing womb:
 And how her feeble skiff without a guide
 They launch'd at mercy of the roaring tide.

580

585

590

595

While thus her brother his discourse pursu'd
 In mute attention rapt Marphisa stood,
 With joy exulting from such spring to trace
 The shining streams of her illustrious race:
 Mongrana thence and Clarmont thence she knew
 (The double progeny) their lineage drew;

600

Names that through earth had pass'd unrival'd long,
 Fame's darling chiefs, and themes of future song. 605
 But when at length she heard the cruel brood
 Of Agramant had shed Rogero's blood
 By treacherous guile, and doom'd his blameless wife
 On surgy tides to end her wretched life ;
 No more the sister could her wrath disguise, 610
 But thus abrupt—O brother lov'd ! (she cries)
 Forgive me, if I gently must complain
 That you, a son, could filial warmth restrain,
 And unreveng'd behold a father slain !
 What though Almontes and Troyano fled 615
 From mortal state, are shelter'd with the dead,
 Thy justice may the son of life deprive—
 Thou liv'st—and yet, shall Agramant survive ?
 What foul dishonour must thy courage blot,
 Thy parents' wrongs neglected and forgot ! 620
 Not only from this king thy sword abstains,
 But thee, his soldier, Afric's court retains :
 By CHRIST, the God henceforth I will adore,
 That God to whom my father bow'd before,
 I swear this armour never to forsake 625
 'Till for my parents' wrongs revenge I take.
 Griev'd I behold, and ever shall behold
 Rogero's force with Agramant enroll'd,
 Or mix'd with Moors, unless with sword in hand
 To scatter slaughter through their hated band. 630
 While from Marphisa's lips these accents flow'd,
 The heart of Bradamant with rapture glow'd,
 And oft she urg'd her lover to pursue
 The path Marphisa pointed out to view,

And seeking Charles, assert his lineal claim 635
 To honours due; for long his father's fame
 Had Charles confess'd, and deem'd no living knight
 Eclips'd his valour in the field of fight.

To them Rogero courteous thus reply'd;
 He long ere this had left the Pagan's side, 640
 Had all been known, or known been duly weigh'd:
 But since from Agramant the martial blade
 Now grac'd his thigh, on him that sword to raise
 With treason's guilt would stain his former praise;
 To shed his blood whom for his lord he chose 645
 And pledg'd the faith of knight to guard him from his
 foes.

Yet, as engag'd to Bradamant he stood,
 So to his martial sister now he vow'd
 The first fair hour occasion gave to take,
 The Moorish camp with honour to forsake. 650
 This had he sought before, but left in fight
 To death near wounded by the Tartar knight
 Long time he lay, which numbers could attest,
 (As late the muse has told) but o'er the rest
 Marphisa knew, who every day beside 655
 His languid couch her friendly cares supply'd.

He said; the word each noble virgin took,
 And all by turns their pleaded reasons spoke;
 At length they fix'd, Rogero should repair
 To Agramant, whose standards fann'd the air 660
 At Arli's town, and with his lord remain
 Till he some just occasion might obtain
 To seek imperial Charles, and join the Christian train. }

Marphisa then the enamour'd maid address'd:
 Permit his absence, nor alarm thy breast: 665.

Few days shall see him to your sight restor'd,
Nor longer Agramant be call'd his lord.
Thus pleasing she ; while yet her doubtful mind
Had scarce revolv'd the purpose she design'd.
Rogero bids adieu, and turns the rein 670
To seek his king encamp'd on Arli's plain.
When sudden from the neighbouring vales they hear
The sounds of sorrow breaking on their ear ;
And female plaints they seem'd—but here we close
The pleasing book to seek a short repose ; 675
Yet nobler deeds th' ensuing page displays,
If still you deign to mark your poet's lays.

END OF THE THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK.



THE
THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO, Bradamant, and Marphisa, find three damsels cruelly treated, and undertake to revenge their cause. They arrive with them at a town where they are acquainted with the shameful law made by Marganor against women. Tale of Marganor and his sons. Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, attack the castle of Marganor, and take him prisoner. Marphisa institutes a new law. Death of Marganor.

THE
THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IF every dame, who day and night applies
To acquire those gifts which Nature oft denies,
The fruit of anxious toil!—If such can raise
A name in future times deserving praise,
Would but the sex those paths of learning take, 5
Which mortal virtues can immortal make,
And thus themselves to distant ages tell
The deeds in which the female race excel,
Without the poet or historian's aid,
Who oft by malice or by envy sway'd, 10

Ver. 10. *Who oft by malice—*] Spenser in like manner complains of the jealousy and injustice of writers.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find
That in their proper praise so partial be,
And not indifferent be to woman-kind,
To whom no share in arms or chivalry
They do impart, ne maken memory,
Of their brave gests, and prowess martial :

Whate'er of good they knew have kept conceal'd,
 And, blaz'd abroad, each little fault reveal'd;
 Then might such honours crown the lovely kind,
 To leave the lessening fame of men behind.
 With equal ardour man to man repays 15
 The mutual tribute of reflected praise;
 Nor this alone, but labours to proclaim
 Each blemish that may blot the woman's name;
 As if he fear'd their merits fair display'd
 Would sink his own, like suns that set in shade. 20
 But not a tongue or hand, though bent in spite
 With voice to utter, or with pen to write,
 With every fraud of jealousy indu'd,
 The bad to heighten and obscure the good,
 Can so prevail the gentle sex to stain 25
 But still their glory shall in part remain,
 Though far beneath what their deserts might claim,
 If candid truth allow'd their genuine fame.

Not fam'd Harpalice, on Scythia's shore;
 Not Thomyris, who brav'd the Persian power; 30
 In Troy or Latium, not each warrior maid*,
 Who gave to Turnus or to Hector aid;
 Not she † who fled with Tyre and Sidon's train,
 Through length of seas to fix her Lybian reign:
 Not great Zenobia; not the queen ‡ whose hand 35
 Subdu'd Assyria, Ind, and Persia's land:

* Penthesilea and Camilla. † Dido. ‡ Semiramis.

Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
 Room in their writs; yet the same writing small
 Does all their deeds deface, and shame their glories all.

Fairy Queen, Book iii. c. ii. st. 1.

Ver. 35. *Not great Zenobia*;—] Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who, when her husband Odenates was taken prisoner by Sapo- res, king

Not these alone and some selected few,
 Demand the fame to mighty actions due :
 Not those alone in Greece and Rome display'd,
 For virtues bred beneath their fostering shade, 40
 But dames as wise, as faithful, just, and brave,
 Have liv'd from Indus to th' Hesperian wave ;
 Whose praise, whose honours are for ever flown,
 And scarce, amidst a thousand, one is known ;
 Since partial writers, in an envious age, 45
 With cruel falsehood have debas'd their page.
 Yet, O ye noble dames ! who pant to gain
 The wreaths of virtue, virtue's track maintain,
 Nor let despair of future time's regard
 Your venturous steps from high attempts retard : 50
 For learn this truth, by just experience found,
 Nor good, nor ill has one eternal round.
 If writers oft your praises have deny'd,
 The present time has well that want supply'd.
 Your wondrous worth Marullus late has shown ; 55
 Pontanus, and the Strozzi, sire and son :

of Persia, raised a great army, set her husband at liberty, and afterwards conquered the east. At the death of Odenatus she had the courage to make war upon the emperor Aurelian ; who, having taken her prisoner, caused her to be led in triumph, and when he was reproached by some for triumphing over a woman, he replied, that her courage and power had been superior to any man.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 55. --Marullus--

Pontanus, and the Strozzi,--] Marullus Tarchoniata, a Greek, no less skilled in arms than letters : he served in Italy, and married Florentina, daughter of Bartholomea Seala, a lady of erudition. He lost his life by a fall into a deep pit, and died the same day that Ludovico Sforza fell into the power of the French. Pontanus was born at a castle belonging to the duke of Spoleto ; his father being killed in an insurrection of the people, he fled when a

Capello, Bembo, plead your sex's cause ;
 And he * whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws,
 And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws. }
 There Alamanni : here th' immortal pair 60
 Lov'd by the Muses and the God of war,

* Castiglione.

youth to Naples in great poverty, and was received by Antonio Panchernita, secretary to Alphonso of Arragon ; he succeeded Panchernita in his office, and married a rich Neapolitan lady : he wrote well in prose and verse, and died at seventy-seven years of age at Naples.

Tito Vespasiano Strozzi and Hercules his son. Tito wrote many things, but was excelled by his son Hercules, who was also a great improver of the theatre : he was much addicted to women, which passion at last ended in his death. They both lived at Mantua. Hercules wrote in praise of Isabella, wife to the duke of Mantua.

Fornari.

Ver. 57. *Capello, Bembo,--]* Capello, a Venetian gentleman and an excellent Tuscan poet. Bembo, afterwards cardinal ; he wrote in prose and verse, and excelled on amorous subjects, which was objected to him when Paul III. raised him to the cardinalship.

Fornari.

Ver. 58. *And he whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws,
 And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws.]*

Count Bandassar Castiglione, who excelled in all the qualities of an accomplished courtier : he wrote a treatise entitled *Il Cortegiano* (The Courtier) in which he introduces many praises of women : it is said by Ariosto, that in describing a perfect courtier he drew his own picture.

Fornari.

Ver. 60. — *Alamanni : ---]* Luigi Alamanni, an excellent poet : he lived some time in banishment in France, like another Ovid, where he wrote many things, particularly his *Girone il Cortese* (Girone the Courteous) a poetical romance.

Ver. 60. — *th' immortal pair]* Two of the name of Luigi ; Gonzaga of Castel Ginfredi, cousin to the duke of Mantua, and Gonzaga called of Gazalo, for his intrepidity surnamed Rodomont, who afterwards married Isabella.

Fornari.

Sprung from the race that rul'd the favour'd ground,
 Which Mincius' stream divides and lakes surround.
 Of these, while one by nature still inclin'd
 To pay due homage to your beauteous kind, 65
 Bids Cynthus and Parnassus sound his lays,
 And high to Heaven extend your swelling praise;
 The love, with truth and constancy unmov'd,
 So well by him in Isabella prov'd,
 Exalts your sex so far, your fair renown 70
 From Envy's shafts he guards above his own;
 Nor lives, throughout the world, so brave a knight
 Who less shall fear in virtue's cause to fight:
 His deeds to other bards a theme can give,
 His pen can bid another's glories live: 75
 Worthy a dame so wealthy, who (endow'd
 With every gift by bounteous Heaven allow'd
 The female name) through every chance could prove
 A steady column of connubial love.
 He worthy her, she worthy him to bless; 80
 No worthier two each other to possess.

Ver. 69. -- *in Isabella prov'd,*] This Isabella was daughter of Vespasian Gonzaga, and being promised to signor Luigi of the same family, Pope Clement, exasperated with Luigi for being in arms with the Imperialists at the sack of Rome, endeavoured by every means to make her marry another, but she, neither by threats or promises, would be ever induced to break the faith that she had plighted.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 76. -- *a dame so wealthy,* --] Rodomont received with her a dowry of twenty thousand ducats.

Fornari.

Ver. 79. *A steady column of connubial love.*] Alluding to her name, *Colonna*, the ancient race of the Colonese.

New trophies see he rears on Oglio's shore,
 Amidst the din of arms and cannon's roar;
 So rich a work his polish'd genius gave
 That envy seem'd to swell the neighbouring wave. 85
 Hercules Bentivoglio pours along,
 And paints your triumph in triumphant song;
 Trivultio follows; then in equal lays
 My own Guidetto your desert displays;
 And Molza, nam'd by Phœbus to record your praise. }
 See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke appears, 91
 Son of my patron duke—his wings he rears

Ver. 82. —*Oglio's shore*.] The castle of this lord of Gualdo was situated not far from the river Oglio; by the neighbouring wave he means Mincius, and thus seems in some sort to equal him to Virgil.

Fornari.

Ver. 84. *So rich a work* —] Luigi Gonzaga Rodomont, not only excelled in military talents, but was an accomplished writer. As a proof of his easy vein in poetry, we may refer to the stanzas printed with his name at the end of the *Furioso*, in most of the editions of the work.

Ver. 86. *Hercules Bentivoglio* --] Son of Annibale: he wrote eclogues and comedies, and likewise excelled in music: he lived at Ferrara.

Fornari.

Ver. 88. *Trivultio* —

Guidetto —] Rinato Trivultio of Milan; he composed in octave stanzas on amorous subjects. Francesco Guidetto, a Florentine, a good writer in Tuscan verse.

Fornari.

Ver. 89. —*Molza* —] Maria Molza da Madonna from her earliest life shewed a genius for poetry. She excelled in Latin and Tuscan verse, and was patronized by every Mæcenat of the age. Her life was licentious, being like another Sappho, addicted to a multiplicity of lovers, and died at last of disease, a victim to her incontinence.

Fornari.

Ver. 91. *See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke* —] Hercules II. then only duke of Carnuti, afterwards duke of Ferrara.

Like the sweet swan, and singing as he flies,
 Bears your lov'd name resounding to the skies.
 See Vasto's lord (whose virtues might inspire 95
 Full many a Roman and Athenian lyre)
 Exalts your deeds, while numbers more that live,
 In this our age your honour'd praises give.
 Behold your sex their female labours leave,
 Forget to turn the reel, the web to weave, 100
 And guide the pen on learning's sacred theme;
 Who quench their thirst at Aganippe's stream,
 And, thence return'd, such honours you bestow,
 Man owes you much—to man you little owe.
 Should here the muse recount the splendid names 105
 And mighty worth of these distinguish'd dames,
 How would the subject shine from page to page,
 What other story could the verse engage?
 What course is left!—shall I the whole reject,
 Or, midst the train a single name select? 110
 One I'll select; in whom such gifts combine
 Not Envy's self shall at the choice repine.
 She not alone, with sweet mellifluous lays
 Preserves her name to far succeeding days,
 But calls the slumbering worthy from the tomb, 115
 And bids his fame reviv'd eternal bloom.
 As Phœbus on his sister seems to throw
 More vivid light, than on the stars that glow

Ver. 95. — *Vasto's lord* —]. Alphonse, marquis of Vasto, who enriched poetry with many elegant amorous compositions.

Fornari.

Ver. 97. — *numbers more* —.] Ludovico Dominichi was among the most celebrated: he composed an entire volume to the honour of women.

Fornari.

Around his orb; so he her breast inspires,
 Whose praise I sing, with more exalted fires : 120
 Gives every word with energy to flow,
 And bids her shine a second sun below.
 Victoria is she call'd—and well the name
 Befits her, born to triumph and to fame;
 With every trophy deck'd of laurell'd pride, 125
 And victory attendant at her side.
 Like Artemisia she, the queen who prais'd
 For nuptial duty, to Mausolus rais'd
 The stately pile: but more to her is due,
 Who from the sepulchre her consort drew, 130 }
 And bade his buried honours rise anew.
 If Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife,
 Evadne and Argia, fled from life:

Ver. 123. *Victoria is she call'd—*] Victoria Colonna, a marchioness of Pescara, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, a commander of great courage and conduct: she was wife to Francisco Davolo, marquis of Pescara: she was a lady of consummate genius and piety, and composed many elegant poems in praise of her husband, and other works on religious subjects.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 127. *Like Artemisia—*] Artemisia, queen of Caria, who built a most magnificent tomb for her husband Mausolus, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world; but not satisfied with this proof of her affection, and deeming no other monument so worthy as her own breast to contain the remains of her husband, she caused the body to be consumed to ashes, and having mixed these with a precious liquid, she drank the potion so prepared.

Ver. 132. *Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife,*] Laodamia, wife to Protesilaüs, who went to the siege of Troy: he was the first who

Ver. 133. *Evadne and Argia,—*] Evadne, wife of Capaneus, who went to the siege of Thebes: her husband being dead, she threw herself on the funeral pile, and was consumed with him.

Argia, daughter to Adrastus, king of Argos, and wife to Polynices. Polynices and his brother Eteocles being dead by the hands

And numbers more, in story'd annals bloom,
 Who sought their breathless husbands in the tomb: 135
 Still fair Victoria yields a nobler theme,
 Who could from Lethe and the turbid stream
 That nine times round the bloodless spectres flows,
 Her husband free, though death and fate oppose.

landed, and fell by the hand of Hector: his dead body being sent home to Laodamia, she expired upon it.

Arria, wife to Pætus, who was condemned to death for being privy to a conspiracy against the emperor Claudius. Arria, with great intrepidity, drew a dagger, and plunging it into her bosom, presented it to her husband with this expression, "that she died without pain, but that the agony she felt was for the death which he must suffer." On this incident Martial made the following celebrated epigram.

Casta sno gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quam de visceribus traxerat illa suis,
 Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

When Arria chaste to Pætus gave the blade,
 When from her breast she drew the crimson steel,
 'Tis not (she cry'd) the wound my hand has made,
 But what, O Pætus! thine must make, I feel.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, hearing of the defeat and death of Brutus, put an end to her own life by swallowing burning coals.

Ver. 137. *Who could from Lethe—*] Ariosto poetically intimates that Victoria, by the excellence of her compositions, preserving the memory of her deceased husband, recalled him to life. See note to ver. 123.

of each other, Creon forbade them to be buried, but Argia, accompanied by her sister Antigone, went in the night to the field of battle, and finding the body of her husband, gave it burial; on which the tyrant commanded Argia and Antigone to be put to death.

If stern Achilles once could envy raise 140
 In Macedonia's king for Homer's lays ;
 What would the monarch, living, feel to hear
 Thy name, Pescara, sound in every ear ;
 For whom thy chaste thy much-lov'd consort sings
 Eternal honours on the tuneful strings ? 145
 If all her great deserts the muse would tell,
 The muse for ever on the theme might dwell ;
 And leave, what late I promis'd to unfold,
 A pleasing story in the midst untold,
 Of fierce Marphisa, and the gentle pair, 150
 Which in this book I purpos'd to declare.
 Since gracious now you stand prepar'd to hear
 These fair adventures with attentive ear,
 For better leisure I reserve the lays
 That mean to trace Victoria's boundless praise. 155
 Not that my verse can make those virtues bright
 Which shine unrivall'd by their native light,
 But fain my soul would those desires obey
 Which prompt all honours at her feet to lay.
 Thus then, ye fair, I deem in every age 160
 Your sex might claim a place in story'd page,
 But canker'd envy in the writer's breast,
 Has after death each generous name suppress'd.
 That time is past—since now yourselves can give
 Your virtues blaz'd through latest days to live. 165
 Could those two kindred dames like you excel
 In arts of eloquence, as warring well,

Ver. 140. *If stern Achilles—*] Alexander the Great paying a visit to the tomb of Achilles, is said to have expressed his regret that he had no such poet as Homer to record his actions.

What gallant deeds had now been brought to light,
 Which envy long has kept obscur'd in night!
 Of these a tenth the muse can scarce declare ; 170
 Of fierce Marphisa, Bradamant the fair,
 I speak, and wish each glory to display,
 Since virtuous deeds should shine in open day ;
 Your slave am I, and burn with zeal to show
 To you what truth and loyalty I owe. 175

In act to part, I said, Rogero stood,
 His sword recover'd from the yielding wood,
 When from the neighbouring vale was heard the groan
 Of female plaints and undistinguish'd moan.
 He paus'd ; but soon, with either warlike maid, 180
 He bent his course to give the mourners aid :
 All spur their steeds, and now approaching near,
 With louder cries distincter words they hear.
 At length they find in wretched plight distress,
 Three dames with weeping eyes and sobbing breast, 185
 Whose vesture clipt above each lovely waist
 By impious hands, to stranger's gaze disgrac'd
 Those secret charms, which each low seated tries
 To hide from sight, and fears again to rise.
 As Vulcan's offspring, born from dust of earth, 190
 Whom Pallas took, and gave the monstrous birth

Ver. 190. *As Vulcan's offspring.*—] Erichonius, the son of Vulcan, was born with the feet of a dragon, and was given by Pallas, shut up in a chest to be kept by the three daughters of Cecrops, king of Athens, Pandroso, Erse, and Aglauros, with strict orders not to look therein ; but Aglauros, through curiosity, opened the chest, and discovered the infant, on which they were all three punished. Erichonius, when he was grown up, invented the use of the chariot, in order, when he rode therein, to conceal his deformity.

With charge severe to rash Aglauros' hand,
 Who dar'd to disobey her high command;
 As he, of old his serpent feet enclos'd
 Within the car, which first his art compos'd; 195
 So crouch'd the virgins, fearful to reveal
 Those charms that modesty would fain conceal.

This object fir'd in either noble dame
 The kindling blushes of a maiden shame:
 In each fair cheek the deepening crimson glows, 200
 As blooms in Pæstan groves the fragrant rose.
 Indignant Bradamant, with wondering eyes,
 Amidst these weeping dames Ulania spies,
 Her, whom at Tristram's lodge she met erewhile,
 The lovely envoy from Perduta's isle: 205
 Nor less the damsels her attention drew,
 Whom late companions of the fair she knew.
 But to Ulania, honour'd o'er the rest,
 The noble maid her courteous speech address'd;
 And ask'd what wretch of unrelenting mind, 210
 Foe to the gentlest ties of human kind,
 Could to a stranger's eyes those charms reveal
 Which modest Nature labours to conceal.

At that known voice Ulania rais'd her eyes,
 Suffus'd with flowing tears, and now describes 215
 The vest and arms of that victorious dame,
 Who late the northern champions overcame.

Then thus--Not distant far a castle stands
 Where wretches dwell, who with inhuman hands,

Ver. 201. *As blooms in Pæstan groves --*] Pæstum, an ancient city, the gardens of which abounded with roses, which were reported to blow twice a year: Thus Virgil,

Biferi rosaria Pæsti.

R. XXXVII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 161

Have clipt our garments thus above the waist, 220
With blows oppress us, and with taunts disgrac'd.
Nought can I speak of that resplendent shield ;
Of those three kings, who long o'er hill and field
My steps pursu'd, no tidings can I tell,
Nor know if death or bondage these befel. 225
And, though it irks us such a length of way
To trace on foot, we purpose to display
Before the court of Charles our wrongs and shame,
And every justice from the monarch claim.

She said : her words each noble dame inspir'd 230
With generous wrath, not less Rogero fir'd :
With grief they heard the maid her tale relate,
But more they griev'd to view her wretched state.
All other thoughts forgot, each virtuous breast
Self prompted glow'd to aid the three distress'd, 235
While with one mind the martial three prepar'd
T' avenge the wrong, but first their armour bar'd
Of vest and scarf, and cloth'd with tender care
The naked charms of every blushing fair.

But Bradamant, whom much it griev'd to view 240
Urania thus on foot her way pursue,
The weeping virgin on her crupper plac'd ;
Whose gentle friends with equal shame disgrac'd,
Marphisa bold and good Rogero took ;
Then all the six the lonely vale forsook. 245

To Bradamant Urania pointing show'd
The nearest path to where the castle stood :
Her Bradamant consol'd, and for her sake
Vow'd on her foes a just revenge to take.
To right and left, by turns, their course they bent, 250
And slowly gain'd a rugged hill's ascent ;

Nor stay'd to rest, till deep in ocean's bed
 The setting sun had veil'd his golden head.
 An humble village on the hill's steep side
 Their lodging fair, and good repast supply'd, 255 }
 Such as the rustic hamlet could provide.
 They gaz'd around, and wondering gaz'd to find
 Each part, each dwelling fill'd with woman-kind,
 Some young, some old ; but not a single face
 Of man was mingled with the female race. 260
 Not more surprise of old brave Jason knew,
 Not more the rest of Argo's valiant crew,
 To see no males on Lemnos' fatal shore,
 But savage females drench'd in kindred gore ;
 Than now Rogero and each martial dame, 265
 When to this town at evening close they came.
 Here Bradamant and here Marphisa's care
 For sad Ulanis, and her damsels fair,
 Three vests procur'd, not wrought with female pride,
 But such as well their present need supply'd. 270
 Meanwhile Rogero call'd a dame from those
 Residing there, and will'd her to disclose
 What place conceal'd the males, since yet his eyes
 No male beheld—to which she thus replies,
 While you perchance with looks of wonder view 275
 Without a man our numerous female crew,

Ver. 261. *Not more surprise—*] The women of the island of Lemnos being jealous that their husbands meant to forsake them for other wives, formed a conspiracy against the men, and at their return massacred them all in one night: Hypermnestra only saved the life of her old father king Thöas, and sent him in safety from the island. Jason afterwards arriving thither, found with surprise the kingdom only held by women. See *Ovid's Ep. Hypsipile to Jason*.

Think what we feel in banishment to live
 From all that once could life's fond solace give:
 To fill the measure of our doom severe,
 Sires, sons, and husbands, names for ever dear, 280
 From our lov'd sight a long divorce constrains,
 As our inhuman tyrant's will ordains.
 Chas'd from the confines of the neighbouring earth,
 Where we, unhappy! drew our wretched birth,
 Our cruel lord has here our sex confin'd 285
 With wrongs ill-suited to our gentle kind;
 Denouncing pains and death to us, to all
 Our tender mates; should these at love's soft call
 Hither repair our sorrows to relieve,
 Or we with welcome our lov'd mates receive. 290
 To woman's name he bears such deadly hate,
 He lets no female near his presence wait,
 But drives us thence, as if our harmless breath
 Could taint the air with pestilence and death.

Now twice the trees their verdant leaves have shed,
 And twice renew'd their annual honours spread, 296
 Since to such height the tyrant's fury rose,
 And none have dar'd his impious deeds oppose;
 Such fear prevails!—for to his brutal mind,
 As if in fell despite, has nature join'd 300 }
 A strength beyond the strength of human kind.
 His body, towering to gigantic size,
 A hundred warriors in the field defies.
 Nor we alone his hapless subjects mourn,
 But strangers feel his rage more fiercely burn. 305
 He from his sight disgrac'd each female drives,
 That by ill fortune at his walls arrives.

O ! if you prize your freedom, life, or fame,
Or dearly hold each fair and gentle dame,
This way forsake, which leads to yonder tower 310
Where dwells the tyrant, whose detested power
Maintains the law, invented to disgrace
Damsels and knights that reach the fatal place.
His hand he chief in female blood imbrues ;
Not so the wolf the tender lamb pursues. 315
Not Nero, fam'd for every cruel deed,
Nor wretch more cruel can the wretch exceed
Whose fury thus assails each hapless dame
With impious force, and Marganor his name.
Thus she: Rogero with attentive ear, 320
And each brave virgin stood the tale to hear,
And fair besought the matron to disclose
How first his hatred of the sex arose.
Yon castle's lord (the dame her speech renew'd)
Was ever cruel and averse to good, 325
But for a time his nature's vice suppress,
Lay deedless, buried in his impious breast.
Two sons his offspring were, of virtuous kind,
Ah ! how unlike their sire's degenerate mind !
All base and cruel deeds they strove to shun, 330
And every stranger their affection won.
With these, awhile, mild love and fair report
And courteous manners grac'd their father's court ;
For though deep avarice could himself restrain,
Parental fondness gave his sons the rein. 335
Each knight and dame that rov'd the country round,
Alighting there such friendly welcome found,
That parting thence each grateful tongue confess'd
The honours paid to every coming guest

B. XXXVII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 105

By both the brethren :—each by solemn rite, 340
Invested with the sacred name of knight.

Cilandro this, Tanacro that was nam'd,
Alike for princely mien and courage fam'd.

Their worth was prais'd of all, and still had prov'd
Fair knighthood's boast, of every breast belov'd; 345

But ah ! they fell to cruel love a prey,
That led them soon from virtue's path astray,
To tread the maze of error's winding way. }

Their honour now, by fatal passion crost,
In one unhappy deed was stain'd and lost. 350

It chanc'd that from the Grecian court there came
A gentle warrior, with his wedded dame,
Of soft demeanour and of blooming charms,
Worthy to fill the noblest lover's arms.

Cilandro saw, and kindling at the view 355
Such draughts of love from her fair features drew,

He fear'd the hour that saw the dame depart
Would see life's latest pulse forsake his heart :
Too well he saw that gentle suit were vain,
And hence resolv'd by force the prize to gain. 360

He arm'd, and near the castle ambush'd lay,
When well he knew the pair would pass the way.
His wonted courage and his love combin'd
To urge him headlong to the deed design'd :

Soon as he found th' approaching warrior near, 365
He rush'd against him with his lifted spear,

With certain hope of victory he came,
T' unhorse the champion, and to win the dame.
Vain hope !—the knight in field was stronger found,
And pierc'd his corslet with a mortal wound. 370

The fatal tidings reach'd his parent's ear,
 Who wept his breathless offspring on the bier,
 And bade his mourning friends the corse convey,
 Where long entomb'd his dead forefathers lay.

Yet still were hospitable rites employ'd, 375
 And friendly welcome every guest enjoy'd :
 Not less Tanacro than his brother strove
 In every act of courtesy and love.

On this ill-omen'd year a baron came
 From distant regions with his gentle dame ; 380

He, first of men for hardy feats of arms,
 She, first of all her sex for female charms ;
 She, blest with truth as with a blooming face,
 He, sprung from ancestry of noble race :
 And well it seem'd a knight of worth so rare 385

Should match with one so virtuous and so fair :
 Olindro he, of Longavilla fam'd ;

His blameless consort fair Drusilla nam'd.

Alike his dame Tanacro's love inspir'd,
 As late the first his wretched brother fir'd : 390

Th' unjust desire that on his vitals fed,

The youth devoted to destruction led :

He, like Cilandro, honour's voice forsook,

The ties of hospitality he broke ;

And dar'd each evil, rather than endure 395

The rankling wound that death alone could cure.

His brother's end still present to his eyes,

He bent his thoughts to win the lovely prize

By surer means, and such as might afford

No hope of vengeance to her injur'd lord. 400

Ah ! hapless youth ! whose impious love suppress'd

The last faint tracks of honour in his breast,

And quench'd in guilt each spark of virtue's fire,
Plung'd in the gulph that whelm'd his cruel sire.

One night, far distant from the castle gate, 405
He points a force well arm'd in caves to wait
The knight's approach : in ambush close they stand,
And twice ten warriors swell the deathful band
To close Olindro's way on every hand. }

In vain his valour dar'd th' unequal strife, 410
Subdu'd at length he lost his spouse, and life.

Olindro slain, Tanacro seiz'd the fair,
Frantic with grief, abandon'd to despair :
And oft she begg'd his falchion would bestow
The sole relief in pity to her woe : 415

Now rushing to a river's winding side,
Furious she plung'd amid the dashing tide ;
But cruel fate the wish'd-for death deny'd. }

Wounded and bruis'd the near assistants bore
The senseless victim groaning from the shore. 420

Her on a bier Tanacro thence convey'd,
And anxious call'd on medicine's sons in aid,
To save his lovely prey : while these employ
Their healing arts, he dreams of future joy.

The name of mistress his fond heart disdains ; 425
So fair, so chaste a dame in nuptial chains
He means to bind ; these thoughts his bosom sway,
By night pursue him, and possess by day.

Ver. 412. *Olindro slain, Tanacro seiz'd the fair.*] This story of Olindro and Drusilla is taken from Plutarch, from whom Castiglione has translated it word for word in his *Cortegiano*. It is likewise told with many circumstances by Apuleius in his *Golden Ass* : but Ariosto has altered and improved the story. *Laocassala*.

He owns his guilt and large amends he vows ;
The more he soothes, her hatred stronger grows ; 430
The more the traitor pleads his suit abhorr'd,
The more she thirsts t' avenge her murder'd lord.
But well she' knew deceit and art must join
The deep plaun'd scheme to further her design ;
She veil'd her former love with pious wiles, 435
And heard his tale with well-dissembled smiles.
Peace, gentle peace, her placid looks impart,
But deep revenge is brooding at her heart :
A thousand schemes her busy mind revolves,
By turns she weighs, and doubts, by turns resolves : 440
At length she finds her life alone can buy
Her wish'd revenge, and now prepares to die :
For how so happy can she close her breath,
As in her own t' avenge her consort's death ?
All joy she seems, and feigns a soft desire 445
Once more to light the torch at Hymen's fire :
She decks her charms with every grace of art,
As her first lord was banish'd from her heart.
One only boon she begs, to join their hands
With all the rites her country's law demands : 450
Not that such nuptial rites, as now she claim'd,
Her country us'd, but this device she fram'd
In hopes her dear revenge on him to view,
Whose guileful force her lov'd Olindro slew ;
And hence with virtuous guile the dame describes 455
The well-feign'd custom of her native tribes.

Each dame (she cries) who quits her widow'd state
Must, ere she yields to take a second mate,
With masses sung and all due rituals paid,
Appease her angry lord's departed shade ; 460

And in the temple, where his bones remain,
Absolve his soul from past polluting stain.
These rites perform'd, the bridegroom then may bring
And to his bride present the spousal ring.
Meantime the holy priest with ready prayer 465

The consecrated chalice must prepare;
Then from the chalice pour the hallow'd wine
And to the new-espous'd the cup consign;
But first he to the bride the potion gives,
And first her lip the hallow'd draught receives. 470

Tanacro gladly yields, at her demand,
T' adopt each usage of her native land,
He bids her crown with love his faithful vows,
And at her pleasure all the rites dispose.
Ah! wretch! he little deem'd Drusilla's mind 475
This snare t' avenge Olindro's death design'd;
So deep one object all his thoughts possess'd,
That only one found entrance in his breast.

Drusilla near her person long retain'd
An ancient dame, that with her yet remain'd, 480
A sister captive: her aside she took
And thus with low and secret voice bespoke.
A speedy poison in a vase prepare,
And to my hand the deadly mixture bear:
The day arrives my vengeance to fulfil, 485
And Marganor's detested son to kill.

Some other time shall tell—but trust my art
That thou and I in safety will depart.
The beldame goes; the venom'd bowl prepares,
And this, returning, to the palace bears: 490
The potent drugs she blends with Candian wine,
And gives the dame; the dame with dire design

Preserves it for th' approaching nuptial day,
To which th' impatient youth forbids delay.

The day appointed to the temple came 495
With gold and jewels deck'd the lovely dame;
Where late with pomp of funeral splendor grac'd,
On columns rais'd her husband's tomb she plac'd.
There hymns were sung in solemn notes and loud,
And round of either sex a mingled crowd 500
Attentive stood: stern Marganor was there,
With him his son, both with exulting air,
And many a friend to hail the wedded pair. }

At length the nuptial ceremony o'er,
Behold th' instructed priest is seen to pour 505
The wine and poison blest; to her he gives
The golden cup, the bride the cup receives
With steady hand; she to the brink applies
Her cheerful lip, and drinks what may suffice
For decency and death; then with a face 510
To smiles compos'd, resigns the fatal vase
To her new lord,—with unsuspecting soul
He takes the gift, and drains the deadly bowl.

The cup return'd, he flies with open arms 515
Eager to clasp his lov'd Drusilla's charms,
When lo! each soft, each female grace is fled,
And kindling furies o'er her features spread!
She thrusts him back, his loath'd embraces flies,
While lightening flashes from her fiery eyes,
Then with a dreadful voice and faltering tone, 520
Traitor! (she cries) infernal fiend, be gone!
Shalt thou a life of love and solace know,
And give my days to pass in tears and woe?

O no—this hand its just revenge obtains
And sheds destructive poison in thy veins. 525
Thou dy'st—but ah! it grieves my soul to view
So mild a punishment thy crime pursue!
I only grieve that these unhappy eyes
See in thy death so poor a sacrifice.
'Tis all I can—since more the fates deny, 530
Another world may every wish supply:
There shalt thou, wretch, in ever-during chains
Lament, while present I enjoy thy pains!
Then to the skies she rais'd a dying look,
Half cheer'd to smiles, and thus with tears she spoke.
Yet thou accept, O ever honour'd most, 536
This vengeance paid to thy offended ghost.
Olindro, take for thy lamented life
This victim offer'd by thy widow'd wife:
And, O! for me the king of Heaven entreat 540
This day with thee in Paradise a seat:
If none without desert inhabit there,
To Heaven's high king my spotless truth declare:
Tell him, I dare approach his hallow'd reign
Rich with the triumph of yon monster slain: 546
What greater virtue lives than hers whose hand
From such fell plagues can free a groaning land!
She ceas'd; and ceasing, life forsook her breast,
While her pale looks a seeming joy express'd
To see the traitor thus resign his breath, 550
Whose guile had wrought her lov'd Olindro's death.
'Tis doubtful whether first her spirit fled,
Or first Tanacro mingled with the dead:
Yet sure on him th' effect more speedy wrought
Whose throat so largely drain'd th' envenom'd draught.

When wretched Marganor his falling son 556
 Caught in his arms and saw that life was gone,
 Such rage of grief o'er all his senses spread,
 His soul seem'd fleeting with his offspring dead:
 Two sons were his, and childless now he stood, 560
 And each his wretched end to woman ow'd :
 Grief, pity, love, despair, and wild desire
 Of fell revenge, inflam'd the wretched sire;
 Conflicting passions now by turns prevail'd;
 So foam the seas by boisterous winds assail'd. 565
 He seeks Drusilla, but the hand of death
 Ere yet he came had stopt her balmy breath :
 As with his teeth the snake attempts to wound
 The pointed spear that nails him to the ground ;
 As the gaunt mastiff rushes on the stone, 570
 By passing travellers in fury thrown ;
 So he, more fell than snake or mastiff, flies
 T' attack the corse, that pale and speechless lies.
 When long in vain his savage wrath has fed
 With impious outrage on the sacred dead : 575
 Against the dames that fill'd the hallow'd fane
 He turns his arm ; when we (a helpless train)
 The havoc of his murdering weapon feel,
 As falls the grass before the mower's steel.

Ver. 570. *As the gaunt mastiff*—] Tasso has the like simile.

Quasi mastin, ch'el sasso, ond' a lui porto
 Fà duro colpo, infellonito afferra. *Cant. ix. st. 88.*

So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar,
 The mastiff wages unavailing war.

And after both our Spenser :

Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
 The stone which passed stranger at him threw,

Fairy Queen, Book iv. c. viii. st. 36.

Full thirty dames the bloody pavement spread; 580
 A hundred wounded from the temple fled.
 Such was his people's fear, none durst withstand
 The mad destruction of his slaughtering hand.
 Swift fled the dames, and all the vulgar crew
 With equal terror from the fane withdrew: 585
 At length his grieving friends with gentle force
 And mild entreaties stopp'd his desperate course,
 And led reluctant to the castle's height,
 While all below was tumult, grief, and fright.

Still burns his rage; but since his people's prayer 590
 His friend's advice had urg'd him now to spare
 Our wretched lives, he bent his ruthless mind
 To banish thence the race of woman-kind.
 That fatal day he publish'd his command,
 That every female should forsake the land, 595
 And here confines our sex to this retreat,
 Forbid, with heavy threats, t' approach his seat.
 Thus wives divided from their husbands mourn,
 Thus weeping mothers from their sons are torn;
 When some too bold have dar'd to seek us here, 600
 The tidings carry'd to the tyrant's ear,
 On these his rage inflicts severest pains,
 And those to death without remorse ordains.
 Then, at the fort, he bids a law proclaim;
 None more severe ere stain'd a ruler's name: 605
 The law decrees each dame or damsel led
 By evil destiny yon vale to tread,
 Shall feel the smart of many a galling wound
 From cruel stripes: then from the tyrant's ground
 Be exil'd far: her garments clipt away 610
 By impious hands shall to the sight display
 What modest virtue blushes to betray.

Should one arrive whom some brave knight defends,
On her unpity'd certain death attends.

All those who come with knights (their martial guard)
Are led by him, whose iron breast is barr'd 616

To pity's touch, to meet their cruel doom,
Slain by his weapon on his children's tomb.

Each champion's arms and courser he detains,
Himself condemns to groan in servile chains. 620

Such is his power, that near him night and day
A thousand warriors his commands obey.

Yet more—should any hence dismissal find,
By every solemn tie that holds mankind
He these adjures, unshaken to proclaim 625
Eternal hatred to the female name.

If these fair damsels little claim your care,
If for yourselves no anxious thought you bear,
In yonder fortress, where the tyrant dwells,
Prove if his cruelty or strength excels. 630

The matron thus her moving tale address'd,
Till pity melted every warlike breast;
And had not night restrain'd their eager course,
That hour had seen them with resistless force
The castle storm—but here compell'd to stay 635
Till early morn reveal'd her saffron ray,
In gentle sleep the knight and virgins lay.

Soon as Aurora, with her blushing light,
Announc'd the sun, and put the stars to flight,
The fearless three their limbs in armour brac'd, 640
And each fair damsel on their coursers plac'd;
When sudden from behind they heard the sound
Of horses trampling on the neighbouring ground:

They turn'd, and gazing on the vale below,
Far as an arrow parted from the bow, 645
Full twenty warriors, horse and foot, they view'd,
That through a narrow pass their way pursu'd :
With these a hapless pinion'd female came,
Aged in looks, and such as might proclaim
A wretch decreed by fire, or cord, or chains, 650
To bear the sentence law for guilt ordains.
Though distant yet, the banish'd female crew
By face and vest in her th' attendant knew
Of fair Drusilla, she, who with her dame
Seiz'd by Tanacro to the castle came, 655
His wretched thrall ! to whom the dreadful care
Was given th' envenom'd chalice to prepare.

When on the nuptial day the female train
In eager numbers throng'd the sacred fane,
She, fearing what might chance, remain'd behind, 660
Then fled the town some sure retreat to find.
Ere long to Marganor the news was brought,
That in Osterica she refuge sought ;
And every means he sought, that could secure
Her person, and his vow'd revenge ensure : 665
Large gifts he proffer'd sordid souls to bow,
And wealth immense, till faithless to his vow
A lord, who gave her shelter in his land,
Betray'd her to the cruel tyrant's hand.
As the rich wares of merchants are dispos'd, 670
On camels laid in ample chests enclos'd ;
So to Constanza captive was she sent ;
Where from their chief this troop with fell intent

Ver. 663.—*Osterica*—] Dutchy of Austria.Ver. 672.—*Constanza*—] A city of the Switzers.

Receiv'd the victim, destin'd to assuage
The impious Marganor's unbounded rage. 675
As the strong tide that from the hills descends
Of Vesulus, and to the ocean bends,
When Lambra and Ticeno swell the course,
And Ada joins it with auxiliar force,
More deeply foams, with widen'd bed appears 680
Swell'd by fresh waves : So when Rogero hears
Of Marganor, he feels new wrath inflame
His generous breast ; nor less each martial dame
With fury glows ; and all with one accord
Resolve t' assail the castle's impious lord, 685
And, fearless of his guard's surrounding band,
Exact the punishment his deeds demand.
Yet sudden death they deem'd too mild a fate,
Resolv'd that torments should his crimes await.

But first their arms must free the wretched dame 690
Who with the troop to death devoted came :
They give the bridle to the fiery steed,
And urge through nearest ways his rapid speed ;
And never yet th' assail'd receiv'd before
Assault more fierce from such determin'd power : 695
Each flies, compell'd before the storm to yield.
And leaves the captive dame, his arms and shield.
As when a hungry wolf, surcharg'd with prey,
Takes to the den secure his eager way,

Ver. 676. *As the strong tide--*] The Po that breaks out from mount Vesulus, and discharges itself by seven mouths into the Adriatic sea, being increased by the confux of many rivers from the Alps and Apennines.

B. XXXVII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 117

If chance the train of men and dogs oppose, 700

**He quits his course, aside his load he throws,
And where he least the beaten track espies,
Through thorny brakes with nimble feet he flies:
So from the field the routed band withdrew,
So swift on these the generous warriors flew. 705**

**With terror struck, their wretched lives to save,
Some leap the rock, some seek the mountain cave;
With arms and prisoner, many leave behind
Their steeds forgotten, to the foes resign'd:
From these Rogero and the joyful pair 710
Of martial dames, selected three to bear
These three fair virgins, whom so late before
The coursers gall'd with double burthen bore.**

**Now to the tower of infamy they bend,
And will the matron should their way attend, 715
To see on Marganor each wrong repaid
With full atonement to Drusilla's shade.
But, fearing ill, the beldame this deny'd;
Her, while in vain she wept, and trembling cry'd,
'Rogero in his nervous grasp compell'd, 720
And on Frontino plac'd reluctant held.**

**At length they came where from a neighbouring
height**

**A town below lay stretch'd before their sight
Of wide extent, on every side expos'd,
Nor fenc'd with ramparts nor with fosse enclos'd. 725
Full in the midst a rock high-towering show'd
A lofty fort that on its summit stood.
To this with joy their eager course they held,
Where Marganor (detested tyrant) dwell'd.**

The town they enter'd, when the watchful guard 730
Before, behind, their further passage barr'd.

Now Marganor, encompass'd with a crew
Of foot and horsemen, from the castle drew,
And in short speech, with haughty phrase, explain'd
The cruel law that in his castle reign'd. 735

Marphisa then (for so the fiery maid
With Bradamant and with Rogero laid
The first assault) in answer spurr'd her steed,
And onward rush'd with equal strength and speed :
Nor sword, nor lance she grasp'd, but many a blow
With gauntlet arm'd she dealt and laid him low 741 }
With batter'd helmet on his saddle-bow.

Marphisa thus—not less the Dordan dame
Her courser urg'd: with these Rogero came ;
So fierce his onset, six at once he slew 745
Ere from its rest his potent spear he drew.

That, through his paunch the thrilling steel impress'd,
These, through the neck, the head, or panting breast.
Within the sixth, who fled, the weapon broke ;
But first through spine and pap resistless took 750
Its bloody way—All stretch'd on earth behold
Where Amon's daughter aim'd her lance of gold.

So from the burning skies is seen to fall
The dreadful bolt that rends and scatters all.
The people fly—some seek the mountain's height ; 755
Some to the plain precipitate their flight :
Some in their dwellings, some in temples hide,
And every fence against assault provide.

None save the dead remain—meantime in hands
Behind his back the wretched tyrant's hands 760

Marphisa ty'd; and to the dame consign'd;
 That ancient dame, who bent her vengeful mind
 A torment worthy of his deeds to find.

Marphisa threats to wrap the town in flame,
 Unless they now their errors past disclaim, 765
 Unless they now the tyrant's law forsake,
 And, in its stead, another statute make.

All yield to her, for all with equal fear
 Her wrath denounc'd for disobedience hear;
 Lest the stern virgin with vindictive ire 770
 Should shed their blood and waste their domes with fire.

They hate fierce Marganor, nor less they hate
 The cruel impious law enforc'd so late;
 But such their power who rule with tyrant sway,
 Whom most they loath the people most obey; 775

For mutual want of confidence ensures
 A tyrant's safety and his reign secures.
 Hence exile, murder, patient they behold,
 Their honours tainted and purloin'd their gold.
 But grief, though mute, to Heaven's high throne will
 cry, 780

And draw down tardy vengeance from the sky,
 When each delay the saints shall recompense
 With punishment for every past offence.
 By wrath and hatred urg'd the vulgar crew
 With deeds and words their wild revenge pursue: 785
 Each shares the woodland spoil (the proverb cries)
 When rent by winds a tree uprooted lies.

Let kings from Marganor this truth believe,
 Who deals in wrong, shall just return receive.
 All ranks, and all degrees, exulting view'd 790
 The righteous sufferings that his crimes pursu'd.

Many, who wept some mother, child, or wife,
 Some sister, by his rage depriv'd of life,
 No more by fear withheld, impatient stood
 With their own hand to shed the tyrant's blood; 795
 Scarce now defended by th' united care
 Of brave Rogero and the noble pair
 Of martial dames, who doom'd him to sustain
 A wretched death of slow-consuming pain.

To her who seem'd with hatred keen to glow, 800
 As woman's heart can bear her deadliest foe,
 They gave him bound—a hind that stood beside
 A rustic weapon for her rage supply'd,
 A pointed goad he brought, with which she drew
 From every limb the streams of sanguine hue. 805
 Not less Ulania and her friends combin'd,
 (The dire disgrace still rankling in their mind)
 To work his pain; nor idle long they stood,
 But with the matron their revenge pursu'd.
 Yet such their wish t' offend, their sex but ill 810
 With feeble nerve supplies their stronger will:
 With stones, with needles, puny war they wage,
 And every instrument of female rage.
 As when a river swell'd with melting snows
 And sounding rains a mighty torrent grows, 815
 Down the steep hills it bears with sweepy sway
 Trees, cots, and stones, and labouring hinds away:
 At length, by slow degrees, with lessening pride
 In narrow channels rolls the shrinking tide,

Ver. 812. *With stones, with needles,--*] In this and some other instances of the kind, Ariosto seems to depart from the female character, at the same time that the expressions are such as must have a ludicrous effect in any language.

Till boys and females can the current brave, 820
 And dry-shod pass the late tremendous wave.
 Thus far'd it with the tyrant's ruin'd power,
 Once dreadful prov'd, but dreadful prov'd no more !
 Behold his crest so fall'n, his courage broke,
 His strength so crush'd beneath a stronger yoke, 825
 That infants scorn the tyrant whom they fear'd,
 And rend his locks or pluck his bristly beard.

The knight and virgins thence their way pursu'd
 Where on the steepy rock the castle stood :
 By none oppos'd, their hands the treasures gain'd, 830
 Whate'er of wealth or stores the walls contain'd.
 Of these they gave Ulania part to share
 With those, the late sad partners of her care ;
 And part destroy'd : the shield of gold they found,
 And here the northern kings in fetters bound ; 835
 Th' ill-fated three, who from their coursers cast
 By Bradamant, unarm'd, on foot had past
 With that fair dame, who from a distant shore
 The radiant shield and high commission bore.
 Nor know I yet but happier prov'd her chance, 840
 That these nor grasp'd the targe nor held the lance :
 Arms might she wish, could arms her cause maintain,
 But better left untry'd, than try'd in vain.
 One fate had then involv'd the wretched dame
 With those who thither led by warriors came : 845
 Like those conducted to receive her doom
 A wretched victim, at the brethren's tomb.

Unhappy females ! fated to disclose
 Those charms which virtue shudders to expose !
 But more unhappy she, who sadly dies, 850
 In bloom of life a spotless sacrifice !

Since all disgrace, by force compell'd, may find
Some kindly balm to soothe th' afflicted mind.

Ere these undaunted three the land forsake,
A solemn oath they bid the people take, 855

That every husband shall his wife obey
And yield to her the sovereignty of sway,
With threats that he who dares this mandate scorn,
Too late in sorrow shall his folly mourn.

While men in other climes the rule maintain, 860
They here, revers'd, must own the female reign.

Next were they bound what strangers thither came,
Or knights or squires, of high or lowly name,
To chase them thence, unless they solemn swore
By Heaven, by Saints—or aught that binds us more,
The cause of women ever to defend, 866

Foe to their foes, and to their friends a friend.

Should any then in nuptial bonds be ty'd,
Or soon or later woo the blushing bride,
To her must each his vow'd allegiance pay, 870
And give her empire undisputed sway.

Marphisa vows (ere months in circling round
Have clos'd the year, or leaves bestrow'd the ground)
Once more to seek the land, and should she find
Her law neglected by their faithless kind, 875

To give their buildings to devouring fire
And see at once their name and race expire.

Ere yet they went, the knight and either maid
With pious care Drusilla's corse convey'd
From ground impure, and in a tomb enclos'd 880
With her dear lord in lasting sleep æpos'd.

The crone on Marganor revenge pursu'd,
And all his limbs with purple gore bedew'd,

While still she mourn'd that Heaven deny'd her strength
To draw his sufferings out to endless length. 885

The warrior-virgins near a temple spy

A stately column pointing to the sky,

On this engrav'd, by his command, they saw

The tyrant's impious and insensate law.

Those arms that Marganor was wont to wield 890

Were here dispos'd, his cuirass, helm and shield;

In trophy wise—and near they bade to place

Their new decree to bind the future race.

So long they tarried, till the column bore

Marphisa's law, far other than before, 895

When the dire sentence doom'd each wretched dame

To timeless death or heart-corroding shame.

The three departing thence, Islanda's fair

Remain'd behind rich vestments to prepare,

With all the state befitting one who came 900

To Charles' high court, and such as might proclaim

An envoy from a mighty sovereign dame.

Fell Marganor was to Ulania's power

Consign'd; but lest some unpropitious hour

With new device should free him from her chain, 905

And he return t' afflict the female train,

She made the wretch a tower's steep height ascend,

And with one leap his crimes and sufferings end.

Of these the vary'd story speaks no more,

But follows those that bend to Arli's shore. 910

That day and half the next the three pursu'd

Their friendly journey, till at length they view'd

Two different tracks (and well was either known)

One to the camp, one led to Arli's town.

Embracing oft, while words sad lingering fell 915
From either's lips, the lovers bade farewell:
At length they part: the knight to Arli goes;
The damsels reach the camp: and here my tale I close.

END OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT and Marphisa arrive at the Christian camp, where Marphisa is introduced to the emperor Charlemain, and afterwards baptized in the Christian faith. St. John dismisses Astolpho from Paradise with Orlando's wit. The knight returns to Nubia, where he restores Senapus to sight, who raises a vast army to enable him to lay siege to Biserta. His march into the dominions of Agramant. The wind secured in a bag. The transformation of stones to horses. Agramant calls a counsel at Arli on the state of his affairs. Speeches of Marsilius and Sobrino. By the advice of the latter, Agramant sends an embassy to Charles, with proposals to determine the war by a single combat. Charles accepts the conditions. Rogero is chosen on the side of the Pagans, and Rinaldo on the side of the Christians. Affliction of Bradamant. Preparations for the list, and ceremonies previous to the combat.

THE
THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

YE courteous fair! with gracious ear inclin'd
T' attend my story, from your looks I find
That much by you Rogero stands reprov'd
For such desertion of his best belov'd:
You share in anguish with his faithful dame, 5
And think he little feels love's potent flame.
Had any other cause allur'd the knight
Against her will t' absent him from her sight,
Though hopes of greater wealth might fire his breast,
Than Cræsus join'd with Crassus once possess'd, 10
Yet should I deem with you that Cupid's dart
Had feebly struck, but fail'd to pierce his heart;
Since love's dear raptures never can be sold
For mines of silver, or for heaps of gold.

Ver. 10. *Than Cræsus join'd with Crassus* —] Cræsus a king of Lydia celebrated for his great riches. Crassus, called by the Romans, Marcus Crassus, is said to have been the most wealthy, and at the same time the most avaricious of men. His wealth was reputed to have been so immense, that he could have maintained the whole Roman army for one year without any apparent diminution of his possessions.

Not only full excuse, but he who weighs 15
 What honour dictates, merits lasting praise,
 Who shuns each action that may taint his name:
 Had Bradamant, regardless of his fame,
 Detain'd Rogero, such restraint might prove
 A female weakness more than virtuous love; 20
 And argue motives of a baser kind
 'That suit a generous and enlighten'd mind.
 If lovers like their own, or ev'n above
 Their own should prize the lives of those they love,
 Beyond self-pleasure, held by each so dear, 25
 Should all the honour of their friends revere:
 Honour, more worth than life; though life we find
 Preferr'd to every good that courts mankind,
 Though fierce Almontes had his father slain,
 The guilt on Agramant leaves not a stain; 30
 While many a kindness to the youth exprest,
 With grateful feeling warm'd Rogero's breast;
 And urg'd him still unshaken to pursue
 His master's steps: nor less the praises due
 To one, who while her power could well detain 35
 A parting lover would that power restrain.
 What though he left her thus, some future hour
 Might heal the seeming wrong, and love restore
 To all his dues—but one small wound we feel
 From honour's lapse not years on years can heal. 40
 Rogero now to Arli's walls return'd,
 Where Agramant his shatter'd forces mourn'd;
 While Bradamant and brave Marphisa ty'd
 In friendship's bond, and soon to stand ally'd

Ver. 43. *While Bradamant—*] The poet returns to Rogero in this book, ver. 519.

B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO: 129

By nearer claims, pursu'd the way that led 45
 To where king Charles his conquering banners spread,
 And strain'd each nerve against the Pagan foe,
 By war's whole force to lay their glory low,
 And free at length the Christian's fair domain
 From Afric's inroad and the force of Spain. 50

Soon as th' approach of Bradamant was heard,
 A sudden joy through all the camp appear'd.
 Still as she pass'd, on either hand the crowd
 Declin'd with reverence, while to each she bow'd:
 Her coming known, to meet the glorious maid 55
 Rinaldo hasten'd; nor Richardo stay'd;
 Brave Richardetto, all the numerous race
 Of noble Amon, mov'd with eager pace
 To bid the virgin welcome to the place. }

But when the tidings spread, that with her came 60
 Marphisa bold, in arms so great a name,
 Who from Cathay, with warlike laurels crown'd,
 Had bent her course to Spain's extremest bound,
 Nor rich nor poor within the tents remain'd,
 Such fond desire each bosom entertain'd 65
 T' enjoy the sight; deep thronging round they drew,
 Together such a glorious pair to view.

To Charles they came, and she who ne'er before
 Inclin'd her knee to any earthly power,
 Here first (as Turpin writes) that homage paid 70
 To him, whose hand th' imperial sceptre sway'd,
 To Pepin's mighty son, to whom alone,
 Of every king through earth's wide regions known,
 She deem'd such honour due; nor held a name,
 Christian or Saracen, of equal claim, 75
 Howe'er esteem'd for virtue, wealth, or fame. }

His tent forsaking, Charles advanc'd to meet
 The fearless maid, and on his regal seat
 Close at his side in rank resplendent plac'd,
 Above the kings, and lords, and barons grac'd. 80
 There due regard to noblest worth was shown :
 There Paladins and princes of renown
 Remain'd within, a fair selected few,
 The rest are kept without, a nameless vulgar crew.

Marphisa then her grateful speech address'd ; 85
 O glorious king ! o'er every sovereign blest !
 In arms unconquer'd—who from India's waves
 To where in Gades' straits old ocean raves,
 From Scythian snows to Æthiop's burning sand,
 Hast made thy cross rever'd in every land ! 90
 Wisest and best !—whose name all praise transcends,
 And draws me now from earth's remotest ends :
 Here let me own that first, as envy wrought,
 Fell war and enmity with thee I sought ;
 And came resolv'd such mighty power to wrest 95
 From him, whose soul a different faith profess'd :
 For this I dy'd the fields with Christian blood :
 For this, thy ruthless foe, prepar'd I stood
 To work thy further harms—but stronger fate
 To sudden friendship chang'd my former hate. 100
 While to thy loss I plann'd the future blow,
 I found (but how some better time shall show)
 Rogero, nam'd of Risa, was my sire !
 'Gainst whom a brother's treason durst conspire.
 Me, in her womb, my luckless mother bore 105
 Far o'er the seas, where at my natal hour

A sage magician bent his care to rear
 My infant life,—the seventh revolving year
 Arabian spoilers snatch'd me from his hands
 And sold to Persia, where in slavish bands 110
 My person grew, till urg'd by lawless flame
 The king my lord assail'd my virgin fame.
 Then him, and with him all his court I slew,
 Distory'd his kindred, and his realm o'erthrew:
 The crown I seiz'd—and scarce my age had told 115
 The eighteenth sun in annual progress roll'd,
 Seven realms subdu'd beneath my arms I won,
 When envying, as I said, thy high renown,
 I bent my thoughts to lay thy trophies low,
 With what success succeeding time would show. 120
 But now my will by stronger power deprest,
 To milder purpose vails its haughty crest,
 Ere since I learn'd my honour'd birth to trace
 In lineage near thy own illustrious race.
 Thus, like my sire, a double tie I own, 125
 Child of thy blood, and subject of thy throne.
 That hate, that envy, which so late before
 My bosom sway'd, I cherish there no more,
 Or bend on Agramant the vengeful tide,
 All to his sire or grandsire's name ally'd, 130
 The foul, detested race by whom my parents dy'd.

Thus she; and claim'd the hallow'd baptist rite,
 Resolv'd when first her sword had slain in fight

Ver. 132. *Thus she ;—*] Gregorio Calaprese, an Italian, published a book entitled "A Lecture on the Oration of Marphisa to Charlemain;" being a long and tedious eulogium on this speech, and on the speech of Armida to Godfrey in the ivth book of the Jerusalem of Tasso.

The Turkish prince, by Charles dismiss'd to go
 And on her eastern realms the faith bestow; 135
 Then turn on those her arm's resistless power,
 That Trevigant and Mahomet adore,
 With promise all her victor-sword might gain,
 Should own the cause of CHRIST and strengthen Charles's
 reign.

The emperor, no less eloquent, than skill'd 140
 In sage debate and valiant in the field,
 Much prais'd the generous maid, and much he prais'd
 Her sire, her lineage, high in honour rais'd.
 To all her words he fram'd a fair reply,
 Intrepid courage beaming from his eye, 145
 Then clos'd his speech, her proffer'd love to take,
 And her his daughter by adoption make.

Again he rose: he clasp'd her to his breast,
 And with a father's kiss her forehead press'd,
 With welcome joy advanc'd on either hand 150
 The chiefs of Clarmont and Mograna's band.
 'Twere long to tell how good Rinaldo paid
 Distinguish'd honours to the glorious maid;
 Her deeds he witness'd, when the numerous powers
 Begirt Albracca's close beleaguerr'd towers: 155
 'Twere long to tell what joy in Guido's breast
 Her presence wrought: what equal joy impress'd
 Brave Sansonetto's soul; nor less delight
 Had sable Aquilant, or Gryphon white;

Ver. 154. — *when the numerous powers*] Alluding to Boyardo's story.

Ver. 158. — *Sansonetto* —] This is undoubtedly a slip of the poet's memory. In the xxxvth Book, Sansonetto, who had been made prisoner by Rodomont at the bridge, is said to have been

B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 133

Who late with her that cruel city * view'd 160

Where murderous females held their rule in blood.

With these good Malagigi, Vivian came

And Richardetto, who the generous dame

Had seen in fight, what time with theirs she join'd

Her conquering arms against the treacherous kind 165

Of foul Maganza, and Lanfusa's train,

Who met to sell their kin for sordid gain.

Imperial Charles himself with zealous care

Bids for th' ensuing day the pomp prepare,

When in the list before the public sight, 170

Marphisa might receive the hallow'd rite.

Bishops and reverend Clerks, to whom is given

T' explain the Christian laws prescrib'd by Heaven,

He next conven'd, that these by truth inspir'd

Might teach Marphisa what our faith requir'd. 175

Th' archbishop, in his pontiff's weeds array'd,

Good Turpin, then baptiz'd the kneeling maid,

While pious Charles ministrant seem'd to stand,

And gently rais'd her with his regal hand.

But time requires me now for him whose sense 180

Had left his brain the medicine to dispense,

* City of the Amazons.

sent by him to Africa, and was not released at the time Marphisa came to the Christian camp; for in the xxxixth Book the ship arrives with him and the rest of Rodomont's prisoners on the coast of Africa, where he meets with Astolpho, and first recovers his liberty.

Ver. 180. *But time requires.*—] He returns to Bradamant, ver. 535. of this book. Astolpho was last mentioned in book xxxv. ver. 225.

Which to our earth from yon bright orb afar,
 Astolpho brings in great Elijah's car.
 And now descending from the lunar height,
 In Paradise the saint and warrior light; 185
 The sacred vase they bring whose wonderous power
 Must the great master of the war restore.
 Then holy John to Good Astolpho show'd
 A potent herb, with virtues rare endow'd;
 With this, return'd to earth, he will'd the knight 190
 To touch the Nubian king and heal his sight.
 Then should the grateful prince, for eyes restor'd,
 And hungry harpies banish'd from his board,
 T' assail Biserta's walls his aid afford. }
 He taught him how to arm the troops unskill'd 195
 In martial toil, and train them to the field;
 And how unhurt to tread the burning way,
 Where blinding sands in circling eddies play.
 He bade him now remount the steed that late
 Had borne Rogero and Atlantes' weight. 200
 Reluctant then his leave Astolpho took,
 The hallow'd saint and blissful seats forsook:
 Above the Nile he wheel'd his rapid flight,
 'Till Nubia's nearer realm appear'd in sight:
 Then in the city's walls with swift descent 205
 Alighting to Senapus' presence went.

Great was the joy the knight returning brought
 To Nubia's king, who oft in grateful thought
 Confess'd that aid, which from the ravenous power
 Of famish'd harpies freed his genial hour. 210
 But when the champion now had purg'd away
 The cloudy film that veil'd his visual ray,

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Th' enraptur'd monarch, for his sight restor'd,
 His great deliverer as a God ador'd ;
 Nor only granted at his first demands, 215
 T' invade Biserta's walls, auxiliar bands,
 But rais'd a host, to which the mightiest yield,
 Twice fifty thousand marshall'd for the field ;
 And proffer'd these to head—the groaning plain
 Could scarce the ranks of trampling foot sustain, 220
 On foot they march'd, for rare the race of steeds
 In Nubia nurtur'd, while in troops she breeds
 The camel, patient long of parching toil,
 And elephant, that shakes the groaning soil.
 The night preceding, ere the numerous bands 225
 Prepar'd to tread th' inhospitable sands,
 The Paladin his winged steed bestrides,
 Then to the south his rapid pinion guides,
 And gains at length the cave, where issuing forth
 The southern wind first breathes against the north: 230
 The champion (as his sage instructor taught)
 With him prepar'd a bag capacious brought,
 And while fatigu'd within the cavern deep,
 Th' outrageous blast lay hush'd in quiet sleep,
 This at the entrance close, with silent care 235
 Unknown to him, who little dreamt the snare
 Astolpho held ; and when with rapid force
 At morn the wind essay'd its wonted course,
 The closing bag, the rushing plague repell'd,
 And in its womb the struggling captive held. 240

Ver. 240. *And in its womb*—] This fiction is borrowed from Homer, where Eolus makes a present to Ulysses of the winds in a leathern bag.

Odys. B. x.

The knight o'erjoy'd at such a valu'd prey
 To Nubia turn'd; and now began his way
 With all his sable host, while plenteous stores
 Were borne behind to feed the numerous powers.
 With these the duke his glorious march pursu'd 245
 Safe in th' imprison'd wind, while round he view'd
 Th' unstable sands, 'till from a mountain's height
 The plain and distant shore appear'd in sight.
 His army here he stays, and here the best
 In discipline he singles from the rest, 250
 And where the mountain bounds the spacious plain,
 Encamp'd in legions leaves his martial train;
 Himself, as one who seem'd by looks intent
 On some great purpose, gain'd the hill's ascent;
 There first the ground with knee devoutly press'd, 255
 Then to his patron saint his prayer address'd.
 Secure that Heaven would listen to his vows,
 From scattering hands a stony shower he throws;
 O! wondrous deeds of those who CHRIST believe!
 The falling stones a sudden change receive; 260
 Each takes new shape and grows a living beast,
 With well-turn'd hoof, arch'd neck, and nervous chest;
 To neighings shrill the winding crags resound:
 The new-form'd race in many a sprightly bound
 Rush to the subject vale with eager speed, 265
 Where every stone is now a generous steed.
 They snort, they foam, they leap in sportive play,
 Of various colour, dappled, roan, or bay.

.....at length for parting mov'd,
 The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd:
 The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
 Compress'd each force, and lock'd each struggling blast.

Pope's Odys. Book x. ver. 17.

The squadrons, that beneath in order stand,
These soon behold ; as soon with ready hand **270**
Secure, and mounting pour along the plain ;
For each was form'd with saddle, bit, and rein.

Thus in one day Astolpho chang'd the force
Of fourscore thousand men from foot to horse ;
With these in waste the country round he laid, **275**
And wealthy plunder gain'd and prisoners made.

When Agramant had pass'd to Gallia's strand,
Three kings he left to guard his Afric land ;
The king of Ferza, Algazieri's king,
And king Branzardo—these their numbers bring **280**
T' oppose the duke, but first with sails or oars
A rapid bark they send to Europe's shores,
That Agramant might learn what ills arose
From such incursion of the Nubian foes.

Through surging tides the vessel night and day, **285**
To Arli's port pursues her ready way,
There finds the king with various woes distressed,
And near by Charles' advancing power oppress.

King Agramant who heard his own domain
Endanger'd thus, while Pepin's realm to gain **290**
He crost the seas, conven'd to deep debate
The chiefs and princes of the Pagan state.
There once or twice his careful eyes he cast
Where king Marsilius and Sobrino plac'd,
The council join'd ; of all the honour'd train **295**
Wisest and eldest—when he thus began.

Though ill it fits a leader's name to own,
He ne'er divin'd what future time made known ;
Yet will I say should such misfortune light,
As mock'd the prescience of a mortal sight, **300**

Error were venial then—that Afric's lands
Were left disarm'd expos'd to Nubia's hands
The fault was mine—but who save Heaven (whose eye
Can every deep event of time descry)
Could e'er have thought from realms remov'd afar, 305
So huge a host would wage in Afric war;
Whose clime beyond the burning desert lies,
Where clouds of sand in dusty whirlwind rise?
Yet to Biserta's wall the siege is laid,
Our Afric pillag'd and her sons dismay'd. 310
Declare, O chiefs! if spent with fruitless toil
Our baffled troops shall quit this hostile soil:
Or urge the conflict on, till hence we bear
Yon Christian Charles a prisoner of the war:
But how to guard at once my regal seat 315
And leave this empire crush'd with great defeat;
Let each disclose the thought that sways his breast,
While we from various counsels chuse the best.

Here ended Agramant; and as he spoke
On Spain's imperial lord, who next him took 320
His honour'd place, and fix'd an earnest eye,
As from his lips awaiting a reply.
He, rising slow, awhile in silence stood
Before his chief, and first with reverence bow'd,
Resuming then his place, in words prepar'd, 325
He thus the purport of his mind declar'd.

When Fame, O monarch! good or evil tells,
Evil or good beyond the truth she swells.
I little trust in tales that idly bred,
From tongue to tongue with lying rumours spread. 330
Less can I credit that which sure will find
No credit from a cool considerate mind.

Who can believe that, with such numerous bands,
A king, who holds the sway o'er distant lands,
Should bend his march to Afric's peaceful soil 335
Through parching sands, where shrunk with heat and
toil

Cambyzes once had led, in evil hour,
With wretched omens his devoted power?
Perchance from native hills th' Arabian train
May make incursion on the neighbouring plain 340
And while no force oppos'd, destruction make,
And sack and kill, and many a captive take:
Meanwhile Branzardo, to whose trusted hand
Thou gav'st the rule (thy viceroy in the land)
For every ten a thousand writes, that blame 345
For such defeat may less attend his name.

Grant that the Nubians are by wondrous power
Sent like some storm or heaven-directed shower,
Grant that they seem from clouds on earth to light,
Their march conceal'd from every mortal sight, 350
Weak were indeed thy soldiers' hearts to show
Inglorious fear at such a dastard foe.
Yet from thy ships dispatch a chosen few,
And let thy standards but appear in view:

Ver 337. *Cambyzes once had led* —] Cambyzes, king of Media, undertook two expeditions, one against the Amonites, the worshippers of Jupiter Amon, and the other against the Macrobian, a people of Ethiopia, that inhabited the country near the Southern ocean. He divided his army into two parts, with one he marched himself into Ethiopia, and the other he sent against the Amonites; but their provisions failing, and finding no supplies in the barren soil through which they passed, they were reduced to the most dreadful extremities, and at last constrained to return with great loss: the other army, in attempting to pass over the deserts, was buried under the mountains of sand.

Nubians and naked Arabs all shall fly, 355
 And in their wonted confines trembling lie :
 Though unexpected now those spoilers dare
 Disturb thy kingdom with invasive war,
 While distant here thy banded powers remain,
 And seas divide thee from thy native reign. 360
 But thou on Charles with double ardour press,
 His kinsman's absence must ensure success ;
 Orlando lost, of all yon Christian foes
 Not one shall more your rising fates oppose,
 Unless yourself neglect the glorious crown, 365
 That waits to bind your temples with renown ;
 Till time from thee his favouring lock shall turn,
 And we too late our shame and ruin mourn.

With words like these, in reason's garb address,
 Spain's mighty lord the peers assembled press'd, 370
 And urg'd to keep in France the martial bands
 Till Charles was exil'd from his native lands.

Then king Sobrino spoke, whose judgment view'd
 That king Marsilius less in speech pursu'd
 The general cause, then labour'd to conceal 375
 His private aims with show of public zeal.

He thus—When peace I counsell'd, would to Heaven
 Th' event had shown that ill th' advice was given !
 Or that thou then hadst deign'd, O king ! to hear
 Thy old Sobrino with a willing ear ; 380
 Nor then in Rodomont confided most,
 In Marlabusto and Alzirdo's boast,
 With Martisino—would that each I name
 Were present now !—but chief that son of fame,
 Stern Rodomont, who vow'd in every chance 385
 Thy fate to follow with his single lance,
 And crush beneath his arm the brittle power of France : }

So might my tongue reproach the recreant knight
Who lives in sloth, a truant from the fight;
While I who durst ungracious truths declare, 390
(Then deem'd a coward) still thy fortune share,
And yet will share, while life informs my breast,
That life, which now with weight of years opprest,
I stand prepar'd for each event to yield
To every Frank that dares us in the field. 395
Nor is there one shall tax Sobrino's name,
Of all, who boast their deeds eclipse my fame.
Thus far I speak, that what with fervent zeal
I once declar'd, and what I now reveal,
May no effect of fear or weakness prove, 400
But marks of loyal truth and faithful love.
Hear then, O king! my counsel to retreat,
And turn with speed to thy paternal seat.
Unwise the man, whose fruitless aim pursues
The good another holds, his own to lose! 405
What is our gain thou knowst—from Afric's shore
Full thirty kings, the vassals of thy power,
We crost the seas—now count the remnant train,
And scarce a wretched third alive remain!
Forbid it Heaven, or more must yet be lost! 410
Shouldst thou, O monarch! follow to our cost
Th' improsperous war, soon death may level all,
And chiefs and people share one common fall!

Ver. 389. *Who lives in sloth, —*] Rodomont, since he had been defeated by Bradamant on the bridge at the tomb of Isabella, was retired from the field, and lived a recluse, as was the custom of chivalry, to expiate the disgrace which he had brought on the profession of knighthood.

Orlando's absence yields but little aid
To force like ours with every day decay'd : 415
To ruin hence remov'd—though ruthless fate
Some little space prolongs our wretched date.
Behold Rinaldo, fam'd in many a fight,
And scarcely yielding to Orlando's might.
Behold his brethren, kinsmen, all the train 420
Of Paladins, whose deathless arms maintain
The Christian cause; whose deeds the world reveres,
And every Saracen with terror hears!
With these another Mars exacts the praise
Which to a foe my tongue reluctant pays; 425
The valiant Brandimart, whose fearless breast,
(Like his Orlando) danger ne'er depress'd :
Part have I heard, and part by trial known
His deeds to others' cost in battle shown.
And since Orlando to their arms was lost, 430
Less good than evil has befall'n our host.
To sufferings now endur'd my boding mind
Foretels, alas! more sufferings yet behind.
Lo! Mandricardo pale in death is laid,
And stern Gradasso has withdrawn his aid, 435
With Algier's king—yet would the last as well
But prove his duty, as his arms excel,
Gradasso's absence might be held more light,
Nor should we so regret the Tartar knight.
While these we lose, while breathless on the plain 440
Thousands by thousands lie our warriors slain,
While all our troops are drawn from Afric's shore,
Nor can supplies our drooping hopes restore,
Four knights have join'd with Charles, whose martial
name
Equals Orlando's or Rinaldo's fame; 445

Since from these realms to where cold Bactros flows,
No chiefs in field can four such chiefs oppose:
Perchance to thee is savage Guido known,
With Sansonetto, and each generous son
Of Olivero born*—these more I fear 450
Than many a knight, than many a valiant peer,
That Germany and various regions send
Against our force their empire to defend;
Though each new aid that swells their hostile bands
From us new courage, new allies demands. 455
Whene'er we dare the field, the field we lose,
And infamy with rout our arms pursues.
If Spain and Afric oft with loss engag'd,
When, two to one oppos'd, the fight they wag'd,
What chance is ours, where Franks and Scots combine,
Where English, Germans, and Italians join, 461
Where every six of ours twelve Christians meet,
What hope of aught but shame and foul defeat?
In time retire—and with thy kingdom save
Our few survivors from a foreign grave. 465
Marsilius left, the world perchance may blame
Thy breach of faith, but to preserve thy name
From all reproach, such terms thou may'st ensure
As shall, with thine, Marsilius' peace secure.
Yet with thy fame if ill it seems to stand, 470
That thou, first injur'd, should'st a truce demand;
If still untir'd on war thy thoughts are bent,
(With what success thou see'st by sad event)
One only way remains to turn the tide
Of wavering conquest from the Christian side: 475

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

Hear but my counsel—to some valorous knight
 Entrust our kingdom's cause in single fight
 And be Rogero nam'd the champion of thy right. }
 We know Rogero arm'd with sword and shield,
 Can equal prowess in the listed field 480
 With great Orlando or Rinaldo boast,
 Or any leader of the Christian host.
 But if thou still pursu'st a general war,
 Though more than human deeds his worth declare,
 He stands but one amidst innumerable foes, 485
 Where warriors like himself their strength compose.
 If thou my words approve, a message send
 To Christian Charles, that mutual strife may end:
 He for the list shall name his boldest knight,
 Who dares encounter thine in equal fight 490
 Till one shall fall—that king shall tribute pay,
 Whose Champion slain or vanquish'd yields the day.
 Nor Charles I trust (whate'er his arms have won)
 Will proffer'd peace on such conditions shun:
 In brave Rogero firmly I confide 495
 That certain conquest must his force betide:
 So just our cause, that all to him shall yield,
 Though Mars himself oppos'd him in the field.
 With these persuasive words Sobrino mov'd
 Th' assembled peers; the peers th' advice approv'd. 500
 That day th' important embassy they frame,
 That day to Charles the chosen envoys came:
 When Charles, who knew what warriors of renown
 Maintain'd his quarrel; deem'd the prize his own,
 Then to Rinaldo he the combat gave, 505
 Whom next Orlando, bravest of the brave,

He trusted most—Meantime, on either hand,
 The truce was welcom'd by each martial band :
 With labours spent, with anxious care oppress,
 They hail the hour that promis'd future rest : 510
 And curs'd that discord (bane of human good)
 That urg'd their souls to hate, their hands to blood.

Rinaldo thus with honour'd preference grac'd
 Above his peers, in whom his sovereign plac'd
 The charge his empire and his fame to guard, 515
 Exulting for the glorious list prepar'd ;
 Nor fear'd Rogero's arm might his excel,
 Though by that arm stern Mandricardo fell.

But good Rogero, while his soul confess'd
 His monarch's favour, singled from the rest ; 520
 From Afric's lords by Agramant decreed
 In such a cause to conquer or to bleed,
 Yet look'd with downcast eyes of heavy cheer,
 Though, unappall'd, his bosom knew not fear.
 Rinaldo had he scorn'd, and with him join'd 525
 Orlando's self, but, ah ! his troubled mind
 View'd in his foe a warrior near ally'd
 To noble Bradamant, his future bride ;
 His best-belov'd, who oft with anguish mov'd
 In tender lines his breach of faith reprov'd : 530
 And should he thus her future hopes requite,
 To meet her brother now in mortal fight,
 Such change to hatred must her bosom feel,
 As all his cares could ne'er suffice to heal.

If to himself Rogero mourns in vain 535
 The part that Heaven has call'd him to sustain,
 Soon as the flying news his fair-one hears,
 Sighs follow sighs, her eyes are fill'd with tears :

She strikes her lovely breast, her golden hairs
 She rends away, her bloodless cheek she tears: 540
 She calls Rogero perjur'd and ingrate,
 And loud lamenting, weeps her cruel fate.
 Whate'er event should chance on either side,
 To her, in every chance, must woe betide:
 She dares not think the day may fatal prove 545
 To him, the object of her dearest love:
 But should high Heaven his righteous doom dispense
 To punish France for some remote offence,
 Beside a brother's loss, more thrilling pains
 Must rend her soul, a deeper curse remains: 550
 She durst not then, but to her foul disgrace,
 And hate incurr'd from all her angry race,
 Again her dear, her plighted lord review,
 And in the face of all those vows renew,
 Those vows, which ever present to her mind, 555
 By night, by day, her anxious thoughts design'd
 To see fulfill'd—so strong was either ty'd,
 No struggle could the mutual knot divide,
 Or late repentance set their loves aside. }

But she, whose friendly succour ne'er had fail'd 560
 Whene'er ill chance against the fair prevail'd
 The sage Melissa, with attentive ears
 Not unconcern'd her plaintive sorrow hears:
 She comes, with gentle words to soothe the maid,
 And promise gives of unexpected aid; 565
 When need requires, to give her fears relief,
 And stay the fight, her fatal cause of grief.

But now the rival knights, with equal care,
 Their weapons for th' expected list prepare:

B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 147

The choice of weapons to the chief remains, 570
 Whose valiant arm the Roman cause maintains;
 And he, who since his gallant steed he lost,
 Still fought on foot amid th' embattled host,
 Resolves, in plate and mail, on foot t' engage,
 With axe and dagger keen the fight to wage. 575
 Thus, whether fix'd by chance, or whether wrought
 By Malagigi with foreseeing thought;
 Who knew full well how Balisarda's force
 Through arms and armour takes its ruthless course.
 Without their trusty swords each noble knight 580
 With axe and dagger will decide the fight;
 And near the walls of Arli's ancient seat,
 They chuse a spacious plain for combat meet.

Aurora scarce had rais'd her watchful head
 Above the waves from old Tithonus' bed, 585
 To usher in the day that seem'd decreed
 To see the victor crown'd, the vanquish'd bleed,
 When, lo! on either hand, with equal care
 A chosen squadron to the field repair:
 They pitch their tents in due proportion'd space, 590
 And near the tents two rising altars place.
 Ere long, in order marshall'd train by train,
 The Pagan forces issu'd to the plain:
 Full in the midst, in harbarous splendor drest,
 Proud Afric's king a fiery courser press'd; 595

Ver. 584. *Aurora scarce had rais'd—*] The several circumstances of the truce between Charles and Agramant, and the breaking of it by the intervention of Melissa, are copied from the xiith book of Virgil, where the Latin poet describes the ceremonies preparatory to the single combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the machine of Juturna.

His colour bay, his skin was glossy bright,
Black was his mane, two feet and front were white.
Beside the king his steed Rogero rein'd;
Nor him t' attend Marsilius' self disdain'd,
Whose hand the helmet held, so late in fight 600
With peril conquer'd from the Tartar knight:
That helmet, once in Trojan battle borne,
A thousand years ago by Hector worn.
With king Marsilius various chiefs of fame,
Nobles and barons plead their equal claim; 605
On either side his arms and weapons hold,
His arms with jewels set and rich with gold.

Then issuing from their works in shining swarms
Imperial Charles conducts his troops in arms,
In blazing pomp and military show 610
As if on equal terms t' engage a foe.
His noble Paladins their lord enclose,
And near him arm'd the bold Rinaldo goes,
Arm'd save his head—that helmet which of yore
In fatal combat fam'd Mambrino wore, 615
The Danish Paladin Ugero bears:
Duke Namus next beside the knight appears,
One axe he holds, of two for fight ordain'd,
One royal Salomone's hand sustain'd.
Here various chiefs each Christian squadron led, 620
And there the powers of Spain and Afric spread.
Between the camps was left an ample space,
Where, save the champions, none the fatal place
Must dare to tread—the trumpet's dreadful breath
For each offence denouncing certain death. 625
The Christian warrior first, prepar'd for fight,
His weapon seiz'd, and next the Pagan knight:

When now advanc'd before the martial bands
Two priests appear'd, each bearing in his hands
A volume clos'd : one hallow'd page proclaim'd 630
CHRIST's blameless life ; the koran one was nam'd ;

With that, the emperor came, devout in mien,
With this, the Pagan Agramant was seen.
Imperial Charles before his altar stay'd,
And thus, with lifted hands to Heaven he pray'd. 635

O God ! who couldst in flesh resign thy breath
To save devoted souls from sin and death !
O Virgin pure ! from whom, for our frail sake,
That God vouchsaf'd a human form to take,
And in thy hallow'd womb nine months remain, 640

Thy virgin-flower preserv'd from mortal stain ;
Be witness now, that for myself I swear,
And each that may henceforth this sceptre bear,
To Agramant and all, whose future hand
Shall hold the rule of his paternal land, 645

Of finest gold an annual sum to pay,
Should here my chosen champion lose the day :
And more—I swear to fix a peace so sure
As may to time's remotest verge endure.

If this I fail, let each offended power 650
On me, on mine, the heaviest vengeance shower,
But spare my people—here thy wrath let fall,
Nor stretch, for my offence, thy scourge to all.

Yet to the world a dread example show,
What punishment awaits the broken vow. 655

Thus while he pray'd, he grasp'd the sacred book
With pious zeal, and upwards fix'd his look.

And now they pass'd to where with splendor grac'd,
The Pagan train a second altar plac'd :

There vow'd king Agramant to waft his powers 660
Through midland waters back to Afric's shores,
And tribute to the Christian monarch yield,
Should good Rogero vanquish'd press the field,
And bid (as Charles had sworn) all hatred cease
To bind the solemn league with lasting peace. 665

The Pagan then amidst the listening crowd,
His prophet Mahomet invok'd aloud,
And on the book, t' observe his oath he swore,
The book which in his hand the Pontiff bore.

Then from the altars sworn each prince withdrew 670
Back to his train; when from the martial crew
The noble champions, ere in fight they join'd,
Advanc'd with mutual oaths themselves to bind.

Rogero swore if heedless of the right
His monarch should disturb th' approaching fight, 675
No longer to confess his sovereign sway,
(His chief or peer) but only Charles obey.
Then vow'd Rinaldo, if the Christian lord
Should the first cause to break the truce afford,
And sudden call him from the listed field, 680
Ere he should fall, or see Rogero yield,
Then for his sovereign Agramant to own,
His future knight and guard of Afric's throne.

Now all perform'd, as solemn rites requir'd,
Each champion backward to his lines retir'd, 685
To wait the sign—when soon resounding far
The shrill-mouth'd trumpet gave the peal of war.

Ver. 669. ———the Pontiff —] This word may probably appear not strictly proper when applied to a Mahometan priest; but it is after the Italian—Papasso.—Liberties of this kind are common with the poets of that time.

The fight begins—loud strokes are echo'd round ;
Now high, now low, the brandish'd weapons sound.
Above, beneath, the thundering axe is sped ; 690
Now aim'd against the breast, and now the head.
So well they strive, no words suffice to praise
The matchless skill that either arm displays.
But good Rogero, who the brother fought
Of her whose love possess'd his every thought, 695
So cautious struck, his caution seem'd to show
A strength inferior to his gallant foe ;
Readier to ward than strike, he seldom aim'd a blow. }
Scarce knows he what he seeks ; nor would he try
To wound Rinaldo, nor himself would die. 700
But now methinks the stated bound in view
Permits me not the story to pursue.
The book ensuing shall the rest unfold,
If then you deign to hear the sequel told.

END OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK.



THE
THIRTY-NINTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO and Rinaldo being engaged in single combat to decide the dispute of the two nations, Melissa, by a device, incites Agramant to break the truce. A general battle ensues, and the two knights separate by mutual agreement. Valour of Bradamant and Marphisa. Proceedings of Astolpho in Africa. The leaves of trees transformed to ships. Arrival of Olivero, Sansonetto, Brandimart, and other Christian knights, who had been prisoners to Rodomont. These are received with great joy by Astolpho. Orlando, in his madness, wandering from place to place, comes to the camp of Astolpho, who, according to the instructions of Saint John, restores him to his senses. Preparations for the siege of Biserta. The Pagan army in France, being routed by Bradamant and Marphisa, Agramant is obliged to quit the field, and with some of his ships sails from the port of Arli for Africa, but is met by Dudon's fleet, that attacks him unawares during the night, and burns and destroys most of his vessels.

THE
THIRTY-NINTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

GREAT is the woe that good Rogero knows,
A woe by far surpassing other woes :
On either side too cruel fate prevails ;
His honour here, and there his love assails.
He now may perish by Rinaldo's hand :
Or should his arm the Christian foe withstand,
He to his mistress must resign his breath,
Whose hate incurr'd shall seal his bitterest death.

5

Rinaldo, not with thoughts like these distrest,
On conquest bent his brave opponent press'd
With every nerve ; his axe of temper steel'd
Now here, now there in rapid circles wheel'd,
At head or arm he aim'd ; while still prepar'd
On every part the threatening wound to ward,
Rogero turn'd, but when a stroke he dealt,
The cautious stroke Rinaldo little felt,
Anxious the Pagan lords the knights survey,
Who seem'd ill pair'd for such a glorious day.

10

15

Too slow his arm and axe Rogero moves :
Too well his arm and axe Rinaldo proves. 20
The king of Afric pale with alter'd hue,
Bent on the doubtful fight his fearful view :
On old Sobrino now he turn'd the blame,
Whose erring counsel risk'd a nation's fame.
But sage Melissa, that eternal source 25
Of magic power transcending human force,
Now cast aside her female form, and took
The king of Algier's habit, voice and look.
Like haughty Rodomont her arms she bore,
Like him a dragon's semblant hide she wore : 30
Like him she seem'd her pointed lance to wield,
So hung her sword, so gleam'd her bossy shield :
A demon, in a courser's shape, she rode,
And sudden piercing through the wondering crowd,
Before Troyano's pensive son she press'd 35
And, frowning, thus with thundering voice address'd.
I'll have you judg'd, O king ! with such a knight
To match a stripling warrior, raw in fight ;
In such an arm so rashly to confide
For what must Afric's weal and crown decide. 40
Haste—stay the combat—on whose issue wait
Disgrace and ruin to yourself and state.
'Tis Rodomont that speaks—attend no more
To keep the truce or oath you madly swore.
Unsheath the sword—let every valiant hand 45
Enforce its edge on yon devoted band.
Lo ! I am here—and each, amid your host
May now the vigour of a hundred boast.
Thus she : unwary Agramant approv'd,
And forth he rush'd with headlong fury mov'd : 50

The lying form of Sarza's monarch wrought
Such sudden change, he banish'd from his thought
The treaty made: nor had he priz'd so high

A thousand warriors as this sole ally.

Behold on every side with eager speed, 55

They couch the spear and spur the foamy steed:

Melissa, when her arts had mix'd in fight

The jarring nations, vanish'd from the sight.

The champions, who in growing tumult saw,

The lists disturb'd against all martial law, 60

Withheld their strokes, and join'd their friendly hands,

Till time should tell what fury mix'd the bands

In impious strife, and whence the breach had sprung,

From ancient Charles or Agramant the young.

Again each vow'd to prove the future foe 65

Of him whose guilt could thus his faith forego.

Wild uproar now succeeds—and shouting loud,

Here forward press, there backward shrink the crowd.

One act alike is honour, or disgrace,

And stamps alike the valiant and the base. 70

Alike, on every side, in heaps they run,

But these to meet, and those the fight to shun.

As when a well-breath'd hound impatient views

A beast swift flying which the pack pursues:

He hears the dogs, he pants to join the train; 75

His lord forbids it, and he pants in vain:

Ver. 69. *One act alike*—] The sense of this passage, which at first may appear rather obscure, is, that some show their valour by running to engage the enemy, and some their cowardice by running to avoid the enemy.

So, with her noble friend, Marphisa's breast
 Till then the feelings of the brave confess'd;
 Till then the pair with deep regret survey'd
 Each mighty host in idle pomp array'd; 80
 And oft repin'd to think the solemn day
 Forbade their arms t' invade so rich a prey.
 But now, the league dissolv'd, they gladly flew
 To sate their warmth on Afric's warring crew:
 Her spear Marphisa through the foremost sent; 85
 His breast it pierc'd, and issu'd at a vent
 Two feet behind: her falchion then she took,
 And four strong helmets shatter'd at the stroke.
 Not with less valour Bradamant engag'd,
 Though with her golden lance the virgin wag'd 90
 A different fight, while all to earth she threw,
 But not a warrior by her weapon slew.
 Thus, side by side, the pair undaunted fought,
 And witness'd each what deeds the other wrought:
 Till, parting now, they took a separate course 95
 As anger drove them on the Moorish force.
 Who can the name of every Pagan tell,
 That by the lance of gold dismounted fell?
 Or those, whose heads on earth full low were laid,
 Or cleft or lopt by fierce Marphisa's blade? 100
 As where on Appennine soft breezes blow,
 And verdant turf the heights ascending show,
 Two rolling torrents rush with sweepy sway,
 And from the summit take divided way:
 They whirl huge stones, from craggy hills uptear 105
 The towering trees, and, to the vallies bear
 The labourer's hope, and strive with rageful force
 Which most shall scatter ruin in its course.

The fearless virgins thus their progress held
 Along the plain, while Afric's legions quell'd 110
 Confess'd their might, and shrunk with chilling fear
 Where that the falchion wielded, this the spear.

King Agramant can scarce the troops detain
 Around his standard, and their flight restrain.

He calls aloud—he turns—intrepid stands 115

To brave the foe, and Rodomont demands

Impell'd by him he deem'd his fame betray'd,

The solemn league dissolv'd, so lately made,

His Gods profan'd—while he for whom he broke

All ties of honour, now his sight forsook : 120

Nor yet Sobrino he beheld, for fled

In Arli's walls Sobrino veil'd his head,

Abjur'd the deed, and in his fears divin'd

Some plague that day by righteous Heaven assign'd } 125

To punish guilt of such an impious kind.

• With him Marsilius to the town retir'd,

Such dread religion in their souls inspir'd,

Thus Agramant can ill th' assault sustain

Of royal Charles, conducting in his train

The English, German, and Italian name, 130

All valiant chiefs and men of mighty fame.

With these the Paladins their station hold,

Like sparkling jewels set on tissued gold ;

And join'd to these were knights of high renown,

Whose praise in arms through all the world was blown ;

Guido, whose worth his noble deeds declare, 136

And Olivero's sons *, a dauntless pair.

Already told, 'twere needless now to tell
 Of those two dames that fought in field so well.
 By hands like these the carnage wider spread, 140
 And countless Pagans strow'd the fields with dead.

But leave we here the fight, and traverse o'er
 Without a ship the sea to Afric's shore;
 Nor think with Gallia's arms my mind so fraught,
 To banish good Astolpho from my thought. 145
 What grace the sage Apostle show'd the knight
 Already have I told; and if aright
 My mem'ry serves, how king Branzardo rose
 With all his force to meet the Christian foes,
 And Nubia's strength, and how to his the train 150
 Of Algazier's king was join'd in vain:
 Such motley succours, as in haste supply'd
 Through all her kingdom Afric could provide
 Of every kind, where mix'd without regard;
 The levies scarce old age or females spar'd: 155
 For Agramant, on vengeance bent, had drain'd
 With two descents on France his native land:
 Her strength exhausted thus, the remnant few
 Compos'd a feeble and unwarlike crew: 159
 And such they prov'd; for when with distant sight
 They view'd the foe, they turn'd their backs in flight,
 (Like timorous herds) before the Christian knight*.

* Astolpho.

Ver. 142. *But leave we here the fight,—*] He returns to Bradamant and Marphise in this book, ver. 540, and to Agramant, ver. 523 of this book.

Ver. 157. *With two descents—*] It appears from Boyardo that Agramant had twice invaded the dominions of Charlemain.

With Pagans slain Astolpho heap'd the ground,
 But some their safety in Biserta found.
 Brave Bucifaro prisoner then remain'd : 165
 The sheltering city king Branzardo gain'd,
 Who deeply mourn'd for Bucifaro's fate,
 A loss not little to the public state.
 Large was Biserta and requir'd his care
 Against a siege her bulwarks to repair : 170
 Ill could he this pursue without the aid
 Of Algazieri's king *, and oft he weigh'd
 The hapless prince's loss, while, deep distress,
 A thousand cares lay brooding in his breast.
 At length his mind recall'd a Danish knight 175
 Whom many a month, a prisoner made in fight,
 He held in bonds, and Dudon was his name :
 Near Monaco him Sarza's king o'ercame,
 When first to France he crost from Afric's shore :
 The Paladin from that disastrous hour 180
 Remain'd a captive in Branzardo's power. }
 For Bucifaro now Branzardo meant
 T' exchange the Dane, and trusty envoys sent
 To Nubia's chief, for o'er the Nubian bands
 By spies he knew that England's duke commands ; 185

* Bucifaro.

Ver. 177.—*Dudon was his name :*] This knight is one of the personages in the Orlando Innamorato, and is there said to be made prisoner with Rinaldo, Prasildo, and others, at the bridge of Arridano ; and mention is made by Boyardo of his being taken prisoner by Rodomont, as here set forth by Ariosto.

Ver. 185.—*that England's duke commands :*] By this passage it appears that Senapus gave the effective command of the whole army to Astolpho.

And deem'd he gladly would such terms receive,
 A Paladin from bondage to relieve :
 Nor err'd the prince, since good Astolpho clos'd
 With king Branzardo for th' exchange propos'd.

Dudon, releas'd, the gentle duke repaid 190
 With grateful thanks, and now companions made
 In glorious toils, in counsel both unite,
 And plan by land and sea the future fight.

Astolpho, leader of so vast a power
 That Afric's forces, seven times number'd o'er, 195
 Could ne'er oppose, revolving in his thought
 What from the holy sage in charge he brought,
 To take Provence and all the neighbouring strand
 Of Acquamorta from the Pagan's hand,

Which late they won, he from his numerous train 200
 Selects the soldiers that might best sustain
 New toils and dangers on the gulphy main.
 Then either hand with gather'd leaves he fill'd,
 Which laurels, cedars, palms, and olives yield :

Beside the margin of the seas he stood, 205
 And cast the foliage in the dashing flood.

O happy souls ! so highly priz'd in Heaven !
 Stupendous grace to mortals rarely given !
 O wonder ! scarce by human faith believ'd !
 Soon as the waves the scatter'd leaves receiv'd, 210
 They swell'd in bulk, and (miracle to view !)

Each long, and large, and curv'd, and heavy grew,
 The fibres small to cables chang'd appear'd,
 The larger veins in solid masts were rear'd :
 One end the prow, and one the steerage show'd, 215
 Till each a perfect ship the billows rode.

In equal number now the tides they sweep
As leaves before were scatter'd on the deep.
Strange was the sight, as these in turn became
Barks, galleys, transports, every various name 220
That forms a fleet, with compass, oars, and sails,
Prepar'd to stem the surge and catch the gales.
Nor fail'd the duke such skilful hands to find
As oft were wont to dare the storm and wind.
Corsians and Sardians, bred to plough the wave, 225
His pilots, masters, and his seamen gave.
Embark'd full twenty thousand quit the land.
Of every kind, o'er whom the chief command
Brave Dudon held, whose name to none could yield
For skill at sea or courage in the field. 230

While near the coast the fleet at anchor lay,
Awaiting winds to speed them on their way,
From distant lands a vessel reach'd the shore
That many a luckless warrior captive bore.
Those knights she brought, who at the risk of life, 235
Prov'd on the narrow bridge th' unequal strife;
Whom haughty Rodomont awhile detain'd,
And doom'd to lie in foreign dungeons chain'd.
With these the kinsman * of the earl was found,
And Sansonetto, Brandimart renown'd; 240
With more, whose titles need not here a place,
Of Gascon, German, or Italian race.
The pilot, driven before th' impetuous wind,
Had left his destin'd Algiers far behind,
And now unconscious of the lurking foes, 245
Not fearing danger, to the bay he goes;

There peaceful thinks among his friends to rest,
 As Progne flies to her loquacious nest.
 But when he saw th' imperial eagle fly,
 The golden lily and the leopards nigh, 250
 The frighted colour from his features fled;
 As one who, unawares, with heedless tread,
 Has crush'd a snake that swoln with poison lay
 In slumber roll'd amid the grassy way:
 Trembling and pale he flies the venom'd pest 255
 That darts his tongue and rears his sanguine crest.
 In vain the pilot would regain the deep,
 Or in his hold the captive warriors keep.
 Brave Brandimart and Olivero freed,
 With Sansonetto, from the deck proceed 260
 To greet the generous duke and Dudon brave,
 Who to their friends a cordial welcome gave;
 While him whose ship the noble prisoners bore,
 They doom'd for penance to the labouring oar.
 Great Otho's son * within his tent receiv'd 265
 The warlike guests, with welcome rest reliev'd;

* Astolpho.

Ver. 248. *As Progne flies to her loquacious nest.*] —*loquaco nido*— this phrase is used by Dryden speaking of the swallow in his version of Virgil:

To furnish her loquacious nest with food.

Ver. 249. *th' imperial eagle fly,*

The golden lily and the leopards nigh,] The eagle and the golden lily were the arms of the empire and of France, and therefore borne by Charlemain. The leopards are said by Ariosto, I know not with what authority, to have been the arms of England; and borne by Astolpho, son of Otho, king of England: hence in the xvth book he says of this knight that he was

Known by the baron of the leopard's name.

With needful food, with arms and vest supply'd,
What want could claim or friendship could provide.
With these to waste awhile the social hour
In pleasing converse, Dudon near the shore 270
Detain'd his fleet, and deem'd the time delay'd
With such distinguish'd warriors well repaid.
Of these he heard whate'er of late befel
To Charles or France; by these instructed well
Where best prepar'd his navy's strength to bend, 275
To guard the faithful and the foes offend.

While thus in useful talk the peers he held;
A sudden noise was heard, that louder swell'd,
From man to man pursu'd with deep alarms
Of rattling drums that rous'd the camp to arms. 280
Astolpho with his noble comrades press'd
Their ready steeds, and to the sound address'd:
With eager looks enquiring as they pass'd
Whence came the tumult, till they view'd at last
A savage man, who naked and alone 285
Had all the camp in wild disorder thrown.
Grasp'd in his hand a club he brandish'd, rude
With frequent knots, of firm well-season'd wood:
Where'er it fell, each wretch that felt the blows
Lay stretch'd on earth, nor soon recovering rose. 290
A hundred had his senseless fury slain,
All strength was fruitless, all resistance vain,
While here and there the scatter'd arrows light,
None daring now t' engage in closer fight.
Astolpho, Dudon, Brandimart amaz'd, 295
With Olivero on the savage gaz'd.
Drawn by the noise they came, and wondering stand
To see the prowess of a single hand:

When, on a palfrey pacing swift, they view
A comely dame in robes of sable hue, 300
Who strait to Brandimart impatient goes,
And round his neck her eager arms she throws.
This dame was Flordelis, whose gentle breast
The love of Brandimart so far possess'd,
That when she left him, in the stream o'erthrown, 305
The Pagan's thrall, her grief too mighty grown
Her reason shook: but when she heard the knight
Had sent her lover, since the luckless fight,
To Algier's town with others in his train,
Her love resolv'd to cross the surgy main. 310
But ere she parted from Marseilles, she found
A foreign ship from eastern climates bound,
That brought a knight who many years had told
In royal Monodantes' household old;
Who now had travers'd various regions o'er 315
(Or tost on seas or wandering on the shore)
For Brandimart, who late in France appear'd
(So went the fame) and hence for France he steer'd.
She knew Bardino in the hoary sage,
The same who Brandimart in infant age 320
Resentful from his sorrowing father took,
And careful nourish'd in Sylvana's rock.

Ver. 319. *She knew Bardino*—] This Bardino is said by Boyardo to be an old servant in the house of Monodant, father of Brandimart, who, for some offence taken at Monodant, stole from him this son, and put him into the hands of a knight, called the lord of Sylvana's rock, where he attended himself the infancy of the young prince, who, after the death of the knight became heir to his possessions; but at the time that Ziliantes was delivered by Orlando from Morgana, Bardino making his peace with Monodant, discovers his son to him, and Brandimart and Ziliantes are the same day restored to their father.

His cause of travel known, the faithful fair
 Urg'd him with hers to join his pious care,
 And told how Brandimart for Afric sent 325
 A wretched prisoner in Algiers was pent.

Soon as the land they reach'd, they heard the towers
 Of fam'd Biserta by Astolpho's powers
 Were close besieg'd, and heard, but doubting heard
 That with him Brandimart in arms appear'd. 330

When Flordelis her dearest lord beheld,
 Her speedy step, by heart-felt love impell'd,
 Declar'd her secret joy, a joy that rose
 To greater height from sense of former woes.
 The gentle knight who equal rapture prov'd, 335
 To see that wife o'er every blessing lov'd,
 With eager warmth to meet the fair-one press'd,
 Receiv'd, embrac'd, and held her to his breast;
 On her dear lips imprinting many a kiss,
 Nor soon had sated with the guiltless bliss, 340
 But, lifting up his eyes, by chance he view'd
 Where near the dame his old Bardino stood.
 He stretch'd his hand, preparing to embrace
 And ask what fortune from his native place
 Had drawn him thus—when now the tumult spread 345
 Cut short their greeting, while huge numbers fled
 Before the club, which, with resistless sway
 The naked swain impell'd and clear'd each crowded way.

When Flordelis beheld with heedful eyes
 The strange assailant—Lo! the earl (she cries). 350

Ver. 350.—*Lo! the earl*—] The last we heard of Orlando was in
 Book xxx. ver. 108.

At once Astolpho near, with earnest view
 Survey'd, and soon his lov'd Orlando knew,
 By tokens, which the sainted three who dwell'd
 In earthly Paradise, to him reveal'd:
 Else had the wandering warrior ne'er explor'd, 355
 In such a form, Anglantes' courteous lord,
 Who, long distraught, thus wild and savage ran,
 And to the wretched brute debas'd the man.
 Astolpho, by his starting tear, confess'd
 The tender feelings of a generous breast, 360
 To Dudon then and Olivero near
 He turn'd and said—Behold Orlando here!
 These, bending on the hapless earl their view,
 At length in him their long-lost champion knew,
 Alike beholding with amaze and grief, 365
 A state that seem'd so hopeless of relief.
 Of all the warlike peers were few but show'd
 Infectious sorrow which their cheeks o'erflow'd.
 To whom Astolpho thus—No longer waste
 The time in plaints, but rather let us haste 370
 To work his cure—he said, and left his steed:
 The rest their seats forsook with equal speed.
 Now Brandimart by Sansonetto stood:
 With holy Dudon, Olivero show'd

Ver. 353.—*the sainted three*—] Enoch, Elias, and Saint John.

Ver. 374.—*holy Dudon*—] An Italian commentator calls Dudon a pattern of meekness and piety. Romances tell us, that this knight, leaving the military profession, became a hermit; and the poet here, by a kind of poetical anticipation, gives him this epithet, which he repeats in the next book. Such a story is told of our famous Guy of Warwick, to which circumstance Mr. Scott very poetically alludes in his elegant descriptive poem entitled *Armwell*:

..... Warwick's aucient walls,
 Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff,

A ready zeal, and all at once drew near 375

With force combin'd to seize the madding peer.

Orlando, who the shining band perceiv'd

That hemm'd him round, his knotty weapon heav'd

With twofold strength, and, lo ! as Dudon spread

The fencing shield to guard his daring head, 380

And nearer drew, the club descending weigh'd

His buckler down, but Olivero's blade

Met half the blow, which else so fiercely driven

Through shield and helm the mortal wound had given.

The shield it broke, the helm its fury found; 385

And Dudon lay extended on the ground.

At once his falchion Sansonetto drew,

With swift descent the well-aim'd weapon flew,

And cleft the madman's ponderous mace in two. }

Now Brandimart behind Orlando plac'd, 390

With either arm in strictest grasp embrac'd

His heaving flank : his legs Astolpho took,

While to and fro enrag'd Orlando shook

The valiant pair, till with resistless might

Ten paces off he threw the English knight, 395

Who backward fell : but still in vain he strove

From Brandimart's tenacious grasp to move.

With forward step as Olivero came,

His hand the madman clench'd with furious aim,

Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt ver. 188.

Cervantes has a humorous passage, with an eye no doubt to these legends of romance, where Don Quixote and Sancho debate upon turning saints or archbishops.

See *Don Quixote*.

And sent him pale to earth, while drench'd in
blood 400

His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood.
Strong was the helm that fury to sustain;
That fury else had Olivero slain :

Yet prone he fell, and look'd like one in death,
Who yields to Paradise his fleeting breath. 405

Astolpho now and Dudon rose, who press'd
The earth so late ; but Dudon still confess'd
His blow receiv'd--again erect they stood,
With Sansonetto, who the knotted wood
So strongly cleft: all three their forces join'd : 410

Braye Dudon then with matchless strength behind
Orlando held, while with his foot in vain
The madman strove to cast him on the plain.
The rest his arms confin'd, but uncontroll'd
His nervous arms soon burst their strongest hold. 415

Whoe'er perchance in some wide field has view'd
By dogs and men a stately bull pursu'd,
That, bellowing loud, as here and there he wheels,
In either ear the fangs indented feels.

So seem'd Orlando, more than mortal strong, 420
So drew with ease those mighty chiefs along.

But Olivero, who the ground forsook
Where stretch'd he lay beneath the madman's stroke ;
Beheld their vigour thus in vain combin'd

T' effect the deed Astolpho had design'd : 425
And now he ponder'd in his secret thought

Some better means t' effect the purpose sought :

Sudden he bade th' assistant train provide
Strong lengths of cords with running nooses ty'd :

These round Orlando's legs and arms he threw : 430
 The distant ends among the warlike crew
 He gave, and each with force the cables drew. }
 As some large steed or ox which swains surround
 With rustic toils, is headlong drawn to ground,
 So fell the earl—All rush'd with eager haste 435
 Compress'd his hands and feet, and bound them fast.
 Thus prostrate laid, in vain Orlando strove
 Now here, now there his fetter'd limbs to move.
 Astolpho, who the high commission bears
 To heal his madness, for the task prepares : 440
 He bids them thence remove the senseless knight :
 When Dudon, large of bone, of sinewy might,
 The earl uplifting on his shoulder laid,
 And to the sea th' enormous weight convey'd.
 Seven times Astolpho bade his limbs to lave, 445
 Seven times to plunge him in the briny wave,
 Till from his face and body, black by toil
 In parching suns, they wash'd the fetid soil.
 With herbs collected then (in vain oppos'd
 By struggling breath) the madman's mouth he clos'd,
 That not a passage might for air remain 451
 Save through the nostrils leading to the brain.
 And now Astolpho in his hand sustain'd
 The vessel where Orlando's wit remain'd :
 Beneath his nostrils this with nicest care 455
 He held unstop'd, when (wondrous to declare)
 With air inhal'd the breath returning drew
 The subtle wit, that from the prison flew ;
 Back to its native seat, nor left behind
 A single atom of th' ethereal mind : 460

But more enlarg'd his manly soul is grown,
 With eloquence and wisdom scarce his own.
 As one, whose sense by noxious dreams opprest,
 Sees horrid forms disturb his broken rest,
 Monsters unknown! or in his troubled thought 465
 Has some strange deeds of dreadful import wrought,
 Ev'n when he wakes, his phantom fears remain
 And still the vision haunts his teeming brain:
 So when his reason had resum'd her sway,
 Orlando long in stupid wonder lay: 470
 On Brandimart, on England's valiant lord
 Whose pious care his better self restor'd;
 On Aldabella's brother with a look
 Of deepest thought he gaz'd, nor silence broke:

Ver. 461. *But more enlarg'd*—] Thus Nomer, speaking of the restoration of the companions of Ulysses to their native shape, says they grew

More young, more large, more graceful to the eyes!

Pope, Odys. B. x.

Ver. 473. *On Aldabella's brother*,—] Alda the fair. By Boyardo, Pulci, and other romance writers, it appears that Orlando was married, and that the name of his wife was Aldabella, sister to Olivero. In the Morgante of Pulci, Orlando at the defeat of Roncesvalles, recommends her at his death in a pathetic prayer to the protection of Heaven. Her name is mentioned with Clarice (Rinaldo's wife) in the first Canto of the Innamorato, amongst the lords and ladies of the court of Charlemain, but no where else, as I remember, in the whole poem.

Era qui nella sala Galerana,
 Eravi Alda la moglie d'Orlando,
 Clarice, e Armellina tanto humana.....

Boyardo.

Era in sala Clarice, e Galarena,
 Del Danese Ermellina, Alda d'Orlando,
 L'una Palla pareva, l'altra Diana.....

Berni.

But while he march his present state admir'd, 475
 Nor whence he came, nor how convey'd enquir'd:
 He marvell'd when his naked limbs he spy'd
 From head to foot with cords so firmly ty'd:
 At length he spoke, as in the cavern'd shade
 To those who bound him once Silenus said— 480
 SOLVITE ME—and with such courteous mien
 He spoke, and look'd with features so serene,
 They loos'd his bands, and heedful to provide
 For every want, with covering vests supply'd.

In the old poem of *Aspramonte*, *Aldabella*, sister to *Olivero*, makes peace between *Orlando* and *Olivero*, who were at variance, and is afterwards married to *Orlando*, with which event the poem concludes.

See *Aspramonte*, C. xxiii.

As her name only appears in the above passage of the *Furioso*, it may be thought that Ariosto was led inadvertently to introduce it here from the familiarity of romance tradition ever present to his imagination; for it is likely neither he, nor Boyardo, meant that *Orlando* should be considered in their poems as a married man: but no such apology can be made for Ariosto with respect to *Rinaldo's* marriage, which he has so fully adopted. Sir John Harington omits here the name of *Aldabella*: the last translator, Mr. Huggins, retains the name, but probably was not acquainted with the circumstance that gave rise to the present note.

Ver. 481. *Solvite me* —] *Release me*— Ariosto here alludes to a passage in *Virgil*, and puts into the mouth of *Orlando* the words spoken by *Silenus* when he was surprised by *Egle* the Naid and two shepherds (by *Dryden* called *Satyrs*) in the cave where he lay asleep.

Solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri.

Eclog. vi. ver. 24.

.....Unloose me, boys (he cry'd)

Enough that by surprise I've been espy'd.

As Ariosto has inserted the Latin words in the Italian, it was thought right, however strange it may appear, to follow him in the translation..

While all alike their friendly influence join'd 485 }
 To soothe the anguish of a noble mind,
 For actions past that left a sting behind. }

Orlando, heal'd of every love-sick care,
 The dame, whom once he deem'd so good, so fair,
 So highly priz'd, he now esteems no more, 490
 But scorns those charms he held so dear before ;
 And every wish he bends t' efface the shame
 Which love had cast on all his former fame.

Meanwhile to Brandimart Bardino said,
 That Monodant, his royal father dead, 495
 He from his brother Gigliantes came,
 And all the lands that own'd his rightful claim,
 (Nations that dwell amid the scatter'd isles
 Which chearful Phœbus gilds with evening smiles)
 T' invite him now to realms beyond compare 500
 With every other, peopled, rich, and fair :
 To many a reason urg'd he this adjoin'd,
 Sweet is his country to a patriot mind !
 And would he now embrace his better fate,
 Henceforth his soul might scorn a wandering state. 505
 Then Brandimart reply'd—His force to prove
 In aid of Charles, and for Orlando's love
 The sword he drew, nor would the cause forego,
 'Till Heaven should reconcile the Pagan foe :
 The war once done, hereafter might he weigh 510
 The duties of his own paternal sway.

Next morn the Danish * leader to the shore
 Of fair Provence his vast Armada bore.

From England's duke Orlando learns the state
 Of Afric's war, and oft in deep debate 515
 Employs the time, bids stronger siege enclose
 Biserta's town, but on the duke bestows
 The praise of all, while yet the noble duke
 From Brava's warrior every counsel took.
 What order they pursu'd, and how assail'd 520
 Biserta's city; how their arms prevail'd;
 The first assault what decds Orlando dar'd,
 And who with him the foremost honours shar'd,
 Be not displeas'd if these I pass awhile,
 For subjects not unlike to change the stile. 525
 Vouchsafe to hear what now demands a place,
 How by the Franks the Moors were held in chace.

Unhappy Agramant alone remain'd,
 And all the perils of the day sustain'd,
 While many a Pagan by Marsilius led, 530
 And king Sobrino to the city fled :
 Each prince for safety hastened to his fleet,
 Their safety doubtful while at land to meet.
 By their example many a knight and lord
 Of Moorish nation went with speed on board. 535
 Still Agramant th' unequal combat boré,
 But when he found his force avail'd no more,
 He turn'd the reins, and yielding to his fate
 Pursu'd the ready way to Arli's gate.
 Behind him Rabican, like lightening, came, 540
 Impell'd by Bradamant, the noble dame,

Ver. 524. --- *if these I pass awhile,*] He describes the siege of
 Biserta, Book xl. ver. 68.

Who glow'd with ardor for Rogero's sake
(So oft withheld) the Pagan's life to take.
Not less Marphisa burn'd with fierce desire
To appease, with late revenge, her murder'd sire : 545
The goring rowels in her fiery steed
She drove, and by her own impell'd his speed.
But this nor that, though borne on fury's wing,
Could in their course outstrip the flying king,
Who soon the city's closing gates attain'd, 550
And safely thence his anchoring vessels gain'd.
As when two generous leopards through the wood
(A beauteous pair) have long with speed pursu'd
The nimble goat or stag, return'd at length
Defrauded of their prey, with baffled strength 555
They leave the tardy chace, and with disdain
Lament their force and swiftness urg'd in vain.
So seem'd the virgins, so with shame return'd,
And oft with sighs the Pagan's safety mourn'd,
Nor ceas'd their rage, but on the remnant crew 560
Dispers'd in broken ranks again they flew :
Now here, now there, their thundering weapons pour
On those, that falling, fall to rise no more.
What now avails the wretched bands to fly,
When flight no longer safety can supply ? 565
For Agramant, t' ensure retreat, has clos'd
The gates of Arli next the camp expos'd ;
While every bridge that o'er the Rhodan led,
His friends destroy'd, and took from those who fled
All hope—Ah ! when a tyrant's need demands 570
Like worthless herds are held Plebeian bands.
Some in the stream, and some in seas are drown'd,
And some with crimson torrents drench the ground.

What numbers perish'd!—Prisoners few remain'd,
For few, so bold, the foe's attack sustain'd. 575

Of all that in this last embattled plain,
On every side by countless heaps lay slain:
Though huge the throng, yet most had prest the land
By Bradamant and by Marphisa's hand.

Still through the region many a sign appears; 580
Where Rhodan flows, her walls where Arli rears:
The neighbouring fields are throng'd with sepulchres. }

Now Agramant impatient gives command
To launch the heaviest vessels from the strand;
Yet some he left with lighter barks behind, 585
To take the fugitives that wish'd to find
Their safety in the sea: two days he stay'd
So long the adverse winds his fleet delay'd,
The third he stretch'd his canvass to the gale,
And hop'd for Afric's coast secure to sail. 590

But king Marsilius with increasing dread
Beheld the blackening clouds around him spread;
And fear'd at length his own paternal Spain
Would all the remnant of the storm sustain;
Then sought Valencia, and with anxious care 595
Began his forts and castles to repair
For war, that seem'd himself and friends to threat,
From which himself and friends their ruin met.

Ver. 583. *Now Agramant* —] He returns to Bradamant and Marphisa, Book xlii. ver. 170.

Ver. 593. *From which himself and friends their ruin met.*] Nothing further is said of Marsilius, or what befel him, at the conclusion of the war. It appears only from what the poet says in the

Now Agramant for Afric bids expand
 His sails, with ships ill-stor'd and thinly mann'd. 600
 Few were his men, but not their sorrows few,
 When looking back on Gallia's shores, they view
 Three fourths deserted of their wretched crew. }
 One, calls his sovereign proud; one, cruel calls;
 Imprudent, one; and as it oft befalls 605
 In times like these, each gladly would accuse,
 But fear forbids the murmuring tongue to loose;
 Yet some there were, who met in secret, durst
 On friendship's faith each other's feeling trust:
 These vent their rage, while he their wretched chief 610
 Thinks each his sovereign loves and shares his grief.
 A king no face beholds without disguise,
 And all he hears is flattery, fraud, and lies.

The king of Afric, well-advis'd, forbore
 To steer his vessels to Biserta's shore, 615
 Since there he knew that all the hostile land
 The Nubians held; but higher up the strand,
 Where rocks display'd a less impending steep,
 He thinks with winding course to stem the deep,
 There, landing safe, his forces backward steer 620
 And with unlook'd-for aid his people cheer.
 But soon his cruel destiny withstood
 The sage intent the prudent leader show'd,
 And brought th' Armada form'd by wondrous power
 Of gather'd leaves (that through the billows hoar 625

42d Book, that the Christians obtained a complete victory over all their enemies.

Had sail'd for France) in dead of night to meet
 The tossing vessels of the Pagan fleet,
 Midst murky clouds without a gleam of light
 And unprovided for so fierce a fight.
 Nor yet king Agramant the tidings heard,
 That Otho's son with such a navy steer'd;
 Or had he heard, what faith would man bestow
 To tale so strange that midst the seas could grow
 A hundred vessels from a slender bough.

630

}

Hence, without fear, he sail'd, nor deem'd to find
 A single ship t' obstruct his course design'd;
 No watch, no centinel was plac'd on high
 To give him notice of a foe so nigh.

635

Astolpho's navy, well by Dudon stor'd
 With arms and mariners, and troops on board;
 At rising eve, the Pagan vessels view'd,
 And favour'd by the darkening night pursu'd.

640

These soon assail the unprovided foe,
 And iron hooks and massive weapons throw,
 And grapple close; till now so near they drew
 That by their speech the hostile Moors they knew.

645

The bulky ships, with such o'erbearing force,
 By winds propitious that impell'd their course,
 Amidst th' affrighted Saracens were sent,
 That many a vessel to the bottom went.

650

The Christians now their eager weapons ply'd:
 Flames flash'd with wreathy smoke on every side:
 Huge stones were cast, and dire confusion swell'd
 The troubled ocean, that had ne'er beheld.

}

So fierce a tempest on his watery field:
 Brave Dudon's men, to whom by favouring Heaven
 Unwonted strength and dauntless hearts were given.

655

(For, lo! the hour by righteous powers design'd
 To plague for past misdeeds the Pagan kind)
 Afar and near so well their arms employ'd, 660
 That Agramant could no defence provide:
 A cloud of arrows hiss'd above his head;
 Around him swords, and spears, and axes spread:
 Of size enormous many a ponderous stone
 Thundering from high, by mighty engines thrown, 665
 Through prow or steerage drove with crashing sway,
 And op'd to rushing waves a dreadful way.
 But most th' increasing fires annoy'd the foe,
 In kindling rapid, but in quenching slow.
 The wretched seamen would from danger run, 670
 But swifter rush on what they seek to shun.
 Some by the foe with murdering steel pursu'd,
 Leap headlong from the decks and swim the flood:
 Some while their nervous arms their weight sustain,
 Now here, now there, to save their lives would gain 675
 A friendly bark; the bark with numerous freight
 Already charg'd, rejects their added weight:
 The cruel sword each clinging hand divides,
 The sever'd hand still grasps the vessel's sides,
 The shrieking owner sinks in crimson tides. 680 }
 Some seek by water to prolong their breath,
 Or, dying, perish by a milder death:
 Till, swimming long, when hope no more prevails,
 When strength decays apace, and courage fails,
 The thought of drowning, spite of former dread, 685
 Recalls them to the flames from which they fled:
 Eager they seize some burning wreck, and loth
 To die of either death, they die of both.

Some from the biting axe, or brandish'd spear,
Back to the seas return with double fear ;
Till scarce escap'd the fate they deem'd so nigh,
A dart or stone o'ertakes them as they fly.

690

But cease we here, lest we the tale prolong
To tire your patience with a tedious song.

END OF THE THIRTY-NINTH BOOK.



THE
FORTIETH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

AGRAMANT with great difficulty escapes, with **Sobrino**, in a small bark, from **Dudon's** fleet. The siege of **Biserta**. The assault described. Valour of **Brandimart**. The town is taken by storm. The flight and despair of **Agramant**: he meets with **Gradasso**, who engages to fight in his cause. A messenger is dispatched to **Orlando**, in the names of **Agramant**, **Gradasso**, and **Sobrino**, to challenge him and two more knights to the combat. **Orlando** accepts the challenge, and names for his fellows **Brandimart** and **Olivero**. **Rogero**, after the truce was broken, having debated for some time, determines to follow **Agramant** to **Africa**. Arriving at **Marseilles**, he engages in combat with **Dudon**, to release seven kings, whom that knight had taken prisoner from the fleet of **Agramant**.

THE
FORTIETH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

HARD were the task, and tedious, to recite
The various chances of that naval fight;
Useless for thee to hear, O glorious heir
Of Hercules unconquer'd! as to bear
To Samos vases with unfruitful toil, 3
To Athens owls, or crocodiles to Nile:

Ver. 3. — *O glorious heir*] Cardinal Hippolito de Este.

Ver. 5. *To Samos vases* —] A kind of proverbial expression, as we would say, "to carry coals to Newcastle." Samos is reported to have been famous for the making of earthen vessels, from the plenty of earth or clay adapted to that purpose.—Concerning the owls of Athens, Tully uses this expression: *Hoc est Athenas noctuas mittam*. "That is, I will send owls to Athens." But the proverb arose (say some) not so much for the plenty of those birds, as because the Athenians had a coin stamped with the figure of an owl, as appears from Plutarch in the life of Lysander, where it was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gysippus, that he roosted too many owls in his penthouse, meaning the money which he had concealed of the kind of coin here described. The Nile has always been well known to abound with crocodiles.

Since all I paint, but from tradition known
Thou saw'st thyself, and hast to others shown.

Great was the spectacle thy faithful band
Enjoy'd by night and day, when safe on land, 10
As in a theatre, they view'd the foe
With fire and sword oppress in winding Po.
What groans and shrieks were heard, what human blood
With purple streams distain'd th' infected flood !
What cruel deaths in such dire fights they die, 15
Thou saw'st, and numbers could with thee descry.
Myself was absent far—six days had past
Since thence dispatch'd I went with duteous haste,
Before the holy Sire our wants to speak,
Embrace his knees and timely succours seek. 20
But soon no aid of horse or foot we claim'd;
Thy fearless arms the golden lion tam'd,
And crush'd so far that from that fatal hour
He ne'er again resum'd his wonted power.
But from Alfonsin Trotto, present there, 25
Afranio, Peter Moro, skill'd in war,

Ver. 17. *Myself was absent far*—] Ferrara, being besieged by the troops of Venice, and by those of Pope Julius II. the duke sent Ludovico Ariosto, our poet, to the pope, to mitigate the anger which he had conceived against the Ferrarese. In the meantime Cardinal Hippolito obtained a victory over the enemy in the river Po; and Ariosto, returning from his embassy, with great hopes of restoring peace, heard the account of Hippolito's success.

Eugenico.

See the Life of Ariosto, where he appears to have been twice sent ambassador to the pope.

Ver. 25.—*Alfonsin Trotto*,—] A kind of steward in the household of duke Alphonso, who kept account of all expenses.

Fornari.

Alberto, Hannibal of noble name,
 Bagnio and Zerbinetto, like in fame,
 And Ariostos three that honours claim;
 From these the deeds I learnt, and since survey'd 30
 The numerous banners in the fanes display'd;
 And fifteen gallies that I captive view'd,
 With barks a thousand moor'd in Tyber's flood.
 Whoe'er beheld the flames, what wrecks beneath
 The waves were whelm'd, what grievous forms of death
 Reveng'd our palaces by fire laid low, 36
 Till every ship was conquer'd from the foe,
 May judge what dreadful ills the Pagan train,
 Unwarn'd and weak, were fated to sustain,
 With Agramant their king, at dead of night, 40
 Assail'd by Dudon with unequal fight.

'Twas night; and not a feeble glimmering shone,
 When first the Christians had th' assault begun:
 But soon as sulphur, pitch, and brimstone pour'd
 On side or stern the crackling ships devour'd, 45
 So clear each object seem'd reveal'd to view,
 As day from ocean's face the darkness drew.
 Thus Agramant, who, by the gloom deceiv'd,
 Of small account the hostile fleet believ'd,
 When now the flame disclos'd their numerous power 50
 He sees, alas! what scarce he deem'd before,
 The navy's strength; and in his alter'd mind
 Far other issue to the fight divin'd.

Ver. 29. --*Ariostos three that honours claim.*] Alphonso, to whom Castiglione addressed his book: the other, Ludovico's brother Alessandro, who, from the satire addressed to him, appears to have been in the service of Cardinal Hippolito; the third may be Carlo or Galasso Ariosto.

Then with a few the vessel he forsakes,
 And with the gallant Brigliadoro takes 55
 Whate'er he priz'd: a lighter bark receives
 The wretched prince; in silent haste he cleaves
 (Stealing from ship to ship) the troubled tides,
 Till safe at distance from the foe he rides:
 While far behind his wretched friends remain, 60
 By Dudon thus with dreadful carnage slain.
 Fire burns them, water drowns, and steel destroys,
 And he, the cause of all their ruin, flies.
 So flies king Agramant, and in his fate
 Sobrino shares, with whom he mourns too late. 65
 He once unheeding heard the sage foretel
 Th' impending ills that since too sure befel.

But let us to Orlando turn the strain,
 Who, ere Biserta's town might succours gain,
 Advis'd her walls and bulwarks to destroy, 70
 That never more her power might France annoy.
 Thus fix'd; the third ensuing day was nam'd
 T' assault the town, and through the camp proclaim'd;
 With duke Astolpho many ships remain'd
 T' assist the siege, from Dudon's fleet detain'd: 75
 Of these he made brave Sansonetto guide,
 A chief by sea and land of courage try'd.
 Who now with these against Biserta stood,
 And from the port a mile at anchor rode.
 Astolpho and Orlando, who, with mind 80
 Of Christian frame, no enterprize design'd
 Heaven unimplor'd, bade through the camp declare
 By herald's voice a day for fast and prayer,

Ver. 68. *But let us to Orlando—*] He returns again to Agramant,
 ver. 273 of this book.

Exhorting each the third returning light,
 Prepar'd to wait the signal for the fight, 85
 To storm with fire and sword Biserta's town,
 And from her buildings heave the lowest stone.

When now the host from morn till eve had pray'd
 And every due of pure religion paid,
 All those in blood or friendship bound, invite 90
 Each other to partake the festive rite ;
 Their languid bodies then refresh'd with food,
 They wept, embrac'd, and such their actions show'd,
 Their looks, their words, as dearest friends that part
 When thoughts of absence rend the feeling heart. 95
 Within Biserta's walls, the priests no less,
 Midst thronging numbers to the temple press :
 They beat their breasts, to Macon they complain,
 But Macon hears not, and their plaints are vain.
 What prayers are offer'd, and what alms bestow'd 100
 By each apart ! What public gifts are vow'd
 Of statues, fanes, and altars, to disclose
 In future times their past and present woes !
 Now by their Cadi blest, in arms prepar'd,
 The people rush their city's walls to guard. 105

Ver. 98. —to Macon they complain,] By Macou is meant Mahomet. In this passage, as in several others, the poet without scruple blends the manners of Mahometans, Pagans, and Christians. The old Italian poets and romance writers, as has been before noticed, use indiscriminately the appellation of Pagan to Infidels of every denomination ; and Ariosto here makes his Mahometans talk of votive gifts and statues, ideas totally repugnant to the doctrine of Mahomet ; but a strict observance of what painters call the *costume* (or manners) is not to be looked for in Tasso or Ariosto. By the word Cadi is meant here the high-priest or chief teacher of the sect, though it seems to be rather the title of the civil judge amongst the Turks.

In Tython's bed still fair Aurora lies,
 And darkness still o'erspreads the morning skies,
 When there Astolpho, Sansonetto here,
 In armour sheath'd before their ranks appear:
 Orlando now the signal gives, and all 110
 Advance with eager speed t' attack the wall.

With four extended fronts Biserta stood,
 Two next the land, and two o'erlook'd the flood.
 Her ramparts once by skilful artists rais'd,
 Were much for strength and much for beauty prais'd.
 Now, wanting hands, the works by slow decay 116
 Declin'd; for since within Branzardo lay
 Begirt with foes, no workmen could his care
 Procure, nor time the bulwarks to prepare,

Meanwhile Astolpho to the foremost place 120
 Assign'd the king * who rul'd the sable race.
 Forward they rush to shake the trembling towers,
 With fierce assault—so thick the mingled showers
 From twanging bows, from slings and engines rain,
 That scarce the Pagans can the storm sustain. 125
 To reach the fosse the foot and horseman drive,
 And safely now beneath the walls arrive.
 All toil, as if on each was plac'd the war,
 And stones, and beams, with strength unceasing bear:
 These in the fosse they cast, where deep below 130
 The waters drain'd an oozy bottom show.
 Full soon the depth is fill'd with eager pains,
 And, lo! the fosse is levell'd with the plains.

* Senapus.

Ver. 121. *Assign'd the king who rul'd--*] Senapus, king of Nubia, who, after he was restored to his sight, accompanied Astolpho with a powerful army.

B. XL.	ORLANDO FURIOSO.	191
Astolpho, and with him Orlando join'd		
And Olivero, on the walls design'd		135
To urge the foot—impatient of delay		
The Nubian bands, allur'd with hopes of prey,		
Each threatening danger met with fearless view,		
And shelter'd with the tortoise nearer drew.		
Huge battering rams, and vast machines they bore	140	
To burst the gate and shake the solid tower ;		
Beneath the walls they pour'd compact and strong,		
Nor unprovided found the Pagan throng.		
These, from on high, fire, darts and jav'lins throw,		
And ponderous stones and rafters send below.	145	
The thundering tempest falls, and batters down		
The planks of engines rais'd against the town.		
Much toil and pain the Christian bands endure		
The first assault, while glooms the air obscure :		
But when the sun in eastern splendor burns,	150	
Then changing Fortune from the Pagan turns.		
Orlando then on every side pursues		
The siege, and close by land and sea renews,		
Brave Sansonetto with his naval power		
The port has enter'd and possess'd the shore ;	155	
With bows and slings he galls the foes from far,		
And every engine fram'd for missive war ;		
And darts and spears and scaling-ladders sends		
(Whate'er his ships supply) to aid his friends.		
Orlando, Olivero, and the knight *	160	
Who late in air sustain'd so bold a flight,		
With Brandimart, a fierce assault maintain,		
Far from the sea and next the upland plain.		

The host is fram'd in four well order'd bands,
 And each brave chief himself a fourth commands ; 165
 Walls, gates, they storm, alike they press the foe,
 And shining proofs of dauntless courage show.
 Each warrior singly better can display
 His worth, than blended in a general fray.
 Who claim'd the foremost praise a thousand eyes 170
 Might now be witness, and adjudge the prize.
 Here towers of wood are driven on wheels ; and there
 Vast elephants, inur'd the weight to bear,
 Plac'd on their backs huge castles lift so high,
 That far beneath the hostile ramparts lie. 175
 Lo ! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears
 Against the walls, and mounting, others cheers :
 His bold example many chiefs pursue,
 For who would pause with such a guide in view ?
 None heed how well the ladder might suffice 180
 To bear the numbers that attempt to rise.
 Brave Brandimart to reach the height intent,
 Fights as he mounts, and wins the battlement :
 With hand and foot he strives, till with a bound
 He treads the works, and whirls his falchion round : 185
 He drives, o'erturns, he scatters, thrusts and cleaves,
 And many a proof of matchless valour leaves,
 But sudden with its freight (a dreadful sight)
 The ladder breaks, and headlong from the height,

Ver. 176. *Lo ! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears*] Very similar
 to this spirited passage is the description of Rinaldo's attack at the
 walls of Jerusalem in Tasso, Book xviii. ver. 510,

..... with eager haste

A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd ;
 Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour,
 Dauntless he mounts amidst the ponderous showe

Save Brandimart, the bold assailants fall 190

Each pil'd on each beneath the well-fought wall:

Still Brandimart maintains his glorious heat,

Nor bends his thought a moment to retreat;

Though far beneath, his followers lie o'erthrown,

Himself a mark to all the hostile town. 195

His anxious friends entreat him to return,

In vain they call—he hears with generous scorn.

Lo! from the walls, full thirty yards in height,

Within the city leaps the fearless knight;

Unharm'd he lights, as if his fall to meet, 200

Soft down or turf were stretch'd beneath his feet,

Through deepening ranks of arm'd encircling foes,

As if unarm'd, his trenchant weapon goes.

Now here, now there he pours with generous ire,

Now these, now those before his face retire. 205

His friends, without, think all relief too late

T' avert his death, and yield him up to fate,

From tongue to tongue th' unwelcome tidings grew:

Loquacious Fame, enlarging as she flew,

Ver. 199. *Within the city leaps—*] Ariosto seems here to have made use of a passage in Quintus Curtius, when Alexander the Great, at the siege of Oxydrace, having scaled the walls, leaps singly amidst the enemy, where he fights with incredible valour, till receiving several wounds, he is nearly oppressed by numbers that surround him, when the Macedonians, terrified at the danger to which their king was exposed, force the gates to come to his assistance, and the city is taken by storm. The action of Brandimart is scarcely more romantic than that of Alexander, whose courage, strongly stimulated by his enthusiastic admiration of the ancient heroes, brings him nearer to the fabulous warriors of romance, than any other historical character, unless perhaps we except, in our own times, that of Charles XII. of Sweden. See *Quintus Curtius*, Book I. ch. iv. v.

To good Orlando first her speed pursu'd 210
With restless wing, then Otho's son she view'd,
And Olivero last—all three, who lov'd
The noble Brandimart, his danger mov'd;
But most Orlando—should they help delay,
Their dear companion on that fatal day 215
Might breathe his last—Each for a ladder calls,
With emulation each ascends the walls;
With such fierce semblance and with looks so bold,
The wither'd Pagans tremble to behold.
As midst the seas, when rattling winds prevail, 220
The roaring floods th' endanger'd bark assail:
And now the prow and now the poop engage,
To force their passage with tempestuous rage;
Pale stands the pilot, who should help supply,
He groans—he sighs—his art and courage die; 225
Till through a breach one wave its entrance speeds,
And, where it enters, wave to wave succeeds.
So when these noble three the walls had gain'd,
An easy conquest for the rest remain'd:
Fearless they press, and raise on every side 230
A thousand ladders to the works apply'd.
Meanwhile the battering rams with ruin shake
The jointed stones and many an opening make.
Thus, pour'd through more than one defenceless part,
Assistance came to noble Brandimart. 235
As when the king of floods, with deepening roar,
In sudden deluge bursts his sounding shore;
Wide o'er the field his rushing tide is borne,
The furrows drowns and sweeps the ripen'd corn:
Whole flocks and sheep-cotes by the stream are tost, 240
And dogs and shepherds in the waters lost;

While wondering fish amid the branches glide,
Where birds could late the yielding air divide.
With such a fury, where the walls disclose
A gaping breach, the martial current flows, 245
Of shouting troops, with sword and brandish'd flame
To sink the remnant of the Pagan name.
Rapine and Murder, foul with gory stain,
And Avarice, thirsting for another's gain,
That stately city now in ruin lay, 250
The queen of Afric once and first in sway !
With slaughter'd men is heap'd the groaning ground,
Th' innumerable streams that flow from every wound
Swell to a pool, more dismal than the lake
Which, circling Dis, Cocytus' waters make. 255
From street to street the hungry flames aspire,
Domes, mosques, and portals feed the spreading fire ;
The pillag'd dwellings groans and shrieks repeat,
And frequent hands the wretched bosom beat.
Behold with piles of costly treasure borne, 260
The mournful victors through each gate return ;
With vases fair, with vestments richly wrought,
And massy silver from the temples brought,
Snatch'd from their fabled Gods—Sad mothers here
Are dragg'd, and there the captive sons appear, 265
Behold subjected to the soldiers' lust
Matrons and maids !—a thousand deeds unjust
To good Orlando told, but told in vain,
Which he, nor duke Astolpho could restrain,

Ver. 255. *Which, circling Dis,—*] Dante, in his *Inferno*, feigns a river of red water, of which the four infernal streams are formed. Phlegethon, one of these, surrounds the city of Dis or Pluto.

Brave Bucifaro, Algazieri's lord, 270
Was slain by gallant Olivero's sword.

All hopes of better fortune cast aside,
By his own weapon king Branzardo dy'd.
Soon with three wounds in death was Fulvo laid,
Whom first the noble duke had prisoner made. 275
When Agramant for France his arms prepar'd,
These three he left his Afric realms to guard.

King Agramant who with Sobrino took
His hasty flight, and all his ships forsook,
Began with sighs Biserta to deplore, 280
The cause divin'd, when blazing from the shore
He view'd the flames; but when at full were known
The sufferings of his once imperial town,
Urg'd by despair, himself his life had clos'd,
But that Sobrino such dire thought oppos'd. 285

Sobrino thus—What could'st thou more bestow
To swell the triumph of thy haughty foe,
Than by thy death to give him hopes to gain
The quiet rule of Afric's wide domain?
To him thy life, O king! must this deny, 290
Thy life must cause of endless fears supply.
Long, long ere Afric shall his laws confess:
Thy death alone ensures his full success;
That death, which us of every hope deprives,
Of hope, the only good that now survives. 295
Yet live—thou still shalt happier hours employ
To turn our tears to smiles, our grief to joy.
If thou art lost—sure bondage is our fate,
And Afric mourns a tributary state.
If life thou wilt not for thyself prolong, 300
Yet live, O king, to save thy friends from wrong.

Th' Egyptian Soldan, whose dominions lie
 So near thy own, will men and stores supply :
 Ill must he brook, in Afric thus o'er-run,
 To see the growing power of Pepin's son. 305

Thy kinsman Norandino will sustain
 A war so just thy kingdom to regain :
 And, would'st thou seek their aid, thou soon may'st
 find

In aid of thee Armenians, Turks combin'd,
 With Medians, Persians, and Arabians join'd. 310

These soothing words the prudent sage address'd
 To waken comfort in his sovereign's breast,
 But while with words his drooping lord he cheer'd,
 In thought perchance far other end he fear'd.

The wretched state of him too well he knows, 315
 How vain his hope, who, when by powerful foes
 Opprest, beholds them seize his regal lands,
 And flies for succour to Barbarian bands.

Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,
 And many a name in story'd annals told, 320
 Example yield, and Ludovico (nam'd
 Il Moro) in our time has since proclaim'd,

Ver. 319. *Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,*] Hannibal, being overcome by the great Scipio, took shelter first with Antiochus, but afterwards suspecting his faith, he went to Prusias king of Bithynia, who treacherously prepared to deliver him up to the Romans, of which Hannibal having intelligence, killed himself by poison. Jugurtha, trusting to the good faith of Bocchus, king of Mauritania, was by him delivered prisoner to Scylla.

Ver. 321.—*Ludovico* (nam'd

Il Moro)—] Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, who fell into the power of Lewis XII. king of France. See note, Book xxxiii. ver. 245.

Who by another Ludovico fell :

This knows thy brother (great Alphonso) well,
 Who deems the man to madness near ally'd, 325 }
 That shall (O prince !) by adverse fortune try'd,
 More in another than himself confide.

Hence, in that war where through the pontiff's ire
 He saw such foes against his peace conspire,
 Though in his feeble state, he little knew 330
 To frame designs, though he, from whom he drew
 His best defence, from Italy was driven,
 And to his deadly foe the kingdom given,
 Yet would he ne'er for threats or promise yield
 His cause to others, or resign the field. 335

King Agramant, now steering from the west
 His beaky prow, had through the waves address'd
 His foamy course, when sudden from the shore
 A dreadful tempest rose with hollow roar;
 The pilot, at the helm, aloft survey'd 340
 The blackening skies, and instant thus he said.

I see a gathering storm whose threaten'd rage
 Not all my art suffices to engage :
 If you, O chiefs ! attend what I advise,
 Near, to the left a lonely island lies, 345
 Where we secure may safe at anchor keep,
 Till past the fury that o'erhangs the deep.

The king consenting, to the left they stand,
 And safe from perils now, approach the land
 Welcome to seamen worn with length of toil, 350
 'Twixt Afric plac'd, and Vulcan's fiery soil.

Ver. 324. *This knows thy brother—*] The poet here addresses cardinal Hippolito, to whom his work is dedicated.

In this small island not a cot was found;
 Pale juniper and myrtle shade the ground:
 A pleasing solitude, from man remote,
 Where breed the deer, the stag, the hare and goat: 355
 By few but fishers known: here oft they came,
 And cleansing from the ooze and briny stream,
 On lowly shrubs their humid nets they dry'd,
 While fishes slept beneath the quiet tide.

Arriv'd, another vessel here they view'd, 360
 Like them by fortune sheltering from the flood:
 This the great king of Sericana bore,
 Who late embarking, sail'd from Arli's shore.
 Together met, the kings with friendly grace
 Receiv'd each other in a dear embrace. 365
 For friends of old, and in one cause combin'd,
 Before proud Paris' walls in arms they shin'd.
 With deep concern Gradasso heard the fate
 Of Agramant, and to his wretched state
 Fair comfort gave, and, as a courteous prince, 370
 His person offer'd in his friend's defence;
 But will'd him ne'er from Egypt's faithless power
 (A wandering exile) succours to implore.
 Enough of old was Pompey warn'd (he said)
 Unhappy Pompey to his death betray'd. 375

Ver. 363. *Who late embarking,*] Gradasso, king of Sericano, after finding Bayardo (see Book xxxiii. ver. 699) for which he had engaged in a duel with Rinaldo, left France to return to his native country.

Ver. 372. *But will'd him ne'er—*] Gradasso, to dissuade Agramant from seeking assistance of the Soldan of Egypt, as advised by Sobrino, sets before him the example of Pompey, who lost his life by trusting to the faith of the Egyptians.

But since thou say'st Astolpho with the bands
 Of Æthiopia from Senapus' lands,
 Has Afric seiz'd, and (sword and fire employ'd)
 The capital of all thy realm destroy'd ;
 And that Orlando, who with senseless mind 380
 Late rov'd an out-cast, him in arms has join'd ;
 Methinks the means I spy, which well pursu'd
 From present ill may work thy future good.
 For love of thee, and to maintain thy right,
 Orlando will I call to single fight : 385
 Full well I know with me he ne'er can stand,
 His breast though adamant, though steel his hand.
 He once remov'd, the Christian church I hold,
 As to a hungry wolf the bleating fold.
 Then have I plann'd from Afric's realm to chase 390
 (Nor hard I deem the task) the Nubian race.
 Those Nubians, whom the Nile's far-winding tides
 From these disjoin, but more whose faith divides ;
 The Arabs and Macrobian ; those with hoard
 Of gold and jewels, these with coursers stor'd ; 395
 Chaldeans, Persians, many names that own
 My regal sway, the subjects to my throne :
 These, at my nod, on Nubia's realm shall fall,
 And soon from Afric every band recall.
 Unhappy Agramant full gladly clos'd 400
 With what Gradasso's friendship last propos'd,
 And deem'd his thanks to favouring Heaven were due
 That to the desert isle the monarch drew.
 But never could he yield (though fate once more
 Would on such terms Biserta's walls restore) 405
 That in his cause, to his eternal shame,
 Gradasso, in his stead, should combat claim.

If in the list Orlando must be try'd—
 Be mine the trial—(Agramant reply'd)
 Prepar'd I stand—and as by Heaven decreed, 410
 Let death or victory the fight succeed.
 Be still the combat mine (Gradasso cries)
 And what I wish a sudden thought supplies,
 Let thou and I together wage the fight
 Against Orlando and some other knight. 415
 Exclude me not, I little shall complain,
 If last or first—(thus Agramant again)
 How through the world such glory can I share,
 Or find, like thine, a partnership in war?
 Sobrino then—Must I remain behind? 420
 Old as I seem, yet know with age declin'd
 Experience dwells, and counsel oft avails
 In danger most, where nerve or courage fails.

Strong was Sobrino and robust in years,
 For deeds of valour fam'd above his peers: 425
 Through all his veins the vigorous spirits flow'd,
 As prime of youth still warm'd his generous blood:
 Just seem'd his suit—and for the destin'd way
 A messenger was nam'd, on whom to lay
 Th' important charge for Afric to repair, 430
 And to Orlando's ear the challenge bear;
 And urge the knight with two brave warriors more
 In arms to meet the three, where round the shore
 Of Lipadusa's isle the billows roar. }

The messenger, as such commission needs, 435.
 With oars and sails to reach Biserta speeds,
 There finds Orlando, who o'er all presides,
 And midst his friends the spoils of war divides.

And now in public was the fight declar'd,
 To which the Pagan king the Christians dar'd : 440
 Such joy Anglante's noble lord confess'd
 With honour'd gifts the herald he caress'd,
 And fair dismiss'd him—from his friends he knew
 That bold Gradasso Durindana drew.
 Hence, through desire his weapon to regain, 445
 He purpos'd once to cross the Indian main.
 Alone he deem'd Gradasso there to find
 Whom fame declar'd by lands and seas disjoin'd
 From distant France: but now in happy hour
 He hopes that fortune might his sword restore ; 450
 With this he hopes to gain his valu'd horn
 (So long withheld) by fam'd Almontes borne :
 And Brigliadoro, from his lord detain'd,
 Which in the field Troyano's offspring rein'd.
 Orlando now t' engage the triple foes, 455
 His faithful Brandimart and kinsman chose :
 Both had he prov'd as those who knew not fear,
 And oft had prov'd each warrior held him dear.
 For him and for his friends fair steeds he sought
 With armour try'd, and swords of temper wrought 460
 And jousting spears—for well to you is known
 How from these knights had fortune rest their own.

Ver. 451.—*his valu'd horn*] This horn, of which nothing particular is related in Ariosto, appears in the poem of Aspramonte to have been won by Orlando from Almontes, with his armour, and is said by Boyardo to have been afterwards stolen from Orlando by Brunello. Concerning the miraculous horns so frequently mentioned in romance, see note to Book xv. ver. 106.

Ver. 453. *And Brigliadoro*,—] After the death of Mandricardo this horse was presented by Roger to King Agrament.

Orlando (as I told) in frantic mood

His mail had piecemeal scatter'd through the wood:

Stern Rodomont from two their armour gain'd, 465

Which long the virgin sepulchre contain'd.

Few arms and weapons now could Afric boast,

The best king Agramant for Gallia's coast

Exhausted to supply his numerous host.

Orlando bids from every part produce 470

Such arms as best might serve their present use,

And on the shore full oft the noble knight

Consults his partners on th' expected fight.

One day, as distant from the camp he stood

With eyes intent upon the billowy flood, 475

He saw a vessel with expanded sail

To Afric speed before the driving gale,

Without or seamen, passengers, or guide,

As fortune sped, or winds their breath supply'd:

With canvass stretch'd the vessel nearer bore 480

Her rapid way and reach'd at length the shore.

But ere of these I further can rehearse,

The love I bear Rogero claims the verse:

His story I resume, and haste to tell

What him and Clarmont's noble knight befel. 485

Of either warrior we the tale pursue

Who lately from the martial list withdrew;

The truce o'erturn'd by breach of every right,

And all the squadrons mix'd in mortal fight.

Of each they meet the champions seek to know 490

Who, lost to honour, could his faith forego:

Ver. 482. *But ere of these—*] He returns to Orlando, Book xli.
ver. 179.

From what fell cause such impious strife could spring,
From royal Charles, or from the Pagan king.

Meantime a servant of Rogero, nurs'd
In courts and camps, and faithful to his trust, 495
Who, while the conflict rag'd 'twixt either host,
Had ne'er, by sight, his dearest master lost,
Approach'd, and sudden to his hand convey'd
His sword and steed to give the Pagans aid,
Rogero grasp'd the sword, his seat regain'd, 500
But heedful from forbidden fields refrain'd.

He parted thence; yet ere he went, once more
Renew'd the oath he to Rinaldo swore:
If Agramant were first the truce to break,
Him and his sect for ever to forsake. 505
Of all he sought, and learnt alike from each
That first from Agramant began the breach.
Him dear Rogero lov'd; and this could give
Small cause, he fear'd, his sovereign lord to leave.
Already have I told that, thousands slain, 510
Dispers'd and lost were Afric's broken train,
Low in the wheel's unstable motion hurl'd,
As she * decrees, whose empire rules the world.

Now held Rogero with himself debate
T' abide in France; or share his monarch's fate; 515
When love had held him with a powerful rein
From Afric's land would still his steps detain;
And dread of shame his other thoughts control'd
And bade him faith with good Rinaldo hold.
No less reflection rankled in his breast, 520
That thus to quit king Agramant distress,

Must argue fear—though just to some might seem
The cause, yet others might his stay condemn ;
And urge the license such an oath to break,
At first unlawful and unjust to take. 525

That day and all the live-long night he mus'd,
And all th' ensuing day in doubts confus'd ;
At length he fix'd to bid awhile adieu
To Gallia's realm, his sovereign to pursue.
Full well his soul love's potent rule obey'd, 530
But more his loyalty and honour sway'd.

He turns to Arli, hoping there to find
Some Turkish bark to speed his course design'd.
At sea or anchor not a bark he found,
Nor Pagans saw, but lifeless on the ground ; 535
For Agramant, what ships his need requir'd
Departing took, the rest in port he fir'd.

His aim deceiv'd, to reach the neighbouring strand
Of fair Marseilles, Rogero pass'd by land,
In hope some vessel there might waft him o'er, 540
To seek his lord, to Afric's distant shore.

The Dane who late at sea so bravely fought
The Moorish fleet, his prisoners hither brought.
Scarce could a grain be cast amidst the flood,
So thick around th' innumerable navy rode : 545

So close each bulky ship to ship was join'd
Each ship with victors and with captives lin'd,
The Pagan vessels, sav'd that fatal night
From fire and wreck (save those that scap'd in flight)
By Dudon taken, now Marseilles had gain'd, 550
With these, seven kings who once in Afric reign'd,
Who when they saw their kingdom's overthrow,
With their seven ships submitted to the foe.

That day had Dudon left his deck to meet
 His sovereign Charles, and landing from the fleet 555
 His spoils and captives, rang'd in long array
 The solemn triumph through the public way.
 Abash'd and mute th' unhappy prisoners stand ;
 Around exult the conquering Nubian band ;
 While, caught from man to man, with loud acclaim 560
 The neighbouring cliffs resound with Dudon's name.

This fleet, for Agramant's, the warlike youth
 At first believ'd, and eager for the truth
 His courser spurr'd ; but as he nearer drew,
 Too soon his eyes the mournful captives knew. 565
 The king of Nasamana there he view'd :
 There Bamhirago, Agricaltes stood ;
 There Ferraurantes, Rimedon renown'd ;
 Balastro, Manilardo there he found.
 All these, with looks declin'd deep anguish show'd, 570
 While down each cheek the manly sorrows flow'd.

Rogero saw, nor saw with breast unmov'd,
 The doleful state of those whom dear he lov'd :
 But well he knew entreaty here would fail,
 And aid, enforc'd by arms, alone prevail. 575
 Against their guards his rested spear he drove,
 Nor fail'd his spear its wonted force to prove.
 His falchion next he drew, and round him slain
 A hundred fell, and groaning bit the plain.
 Dudon the tumult hears, beholds the blows 580
 Rogero gives, nor yet the warrior knows:

Ver. 567. *Agricaltes*.—] Here is an apparent slip of the poet's memory, for Puliano king of Nasamana, and Agricaltes, were killed by Rinaldo in the xvith Book, and Balastro by Lurcanio in the xviiiith book.

He sees his men who turn their feet to fly,
 With many a groan, with many a fearful cry.
 In corslet, mail, and cuishes arm'd he stands,
 And swift his courser, shield and helm demands. 585
 Lightly he mounts his seat, receives his lance,
 And shines confest a Paladin of France.
 He bids the troops on either hand recede,
 And gores with iron heel his foamy steed.
 A hundred now Rogero's arm had kill'd, 590
 And rising hopes each captive bosom fill'd:
 When holy Dudon on his steed he view'd,
 As round on foot th' ignoble vulgar stood,
 He deem'd him leader of the powers, and flew
 To give the warrior-chief a warrior's due. 595
 Him Dudon met, but when approaching near,
 He saw Rogero come without his spear,
 His own he cast aside, as one in fight
 Who with advantage scorn'd t' assail the knight.
 Rogero, when the courteous act he spy'd— 600
 Sure yonder warrior (to himself he cry'd)
 Or much I err, is one of many nam'd
 The Paladins, in fields of battle fam'd:
 Fain would I, ere we join in combat, know
 The name and lineage of my gallant foe, 605
 He ask'd; and by his fair reply was known
 Dudon the brave, the Dane Ugero's son.
 To him good Dudon made the like request,
 Rogero equal courtesy express'd.
 Against each other now (their names declar'd) 610
 They hurl'd defiance and for deeds prepar'd.

That iron mace, which in a thousand fields,
 Had giv'n him endless glory, Dudon wields:
 With this full well his rightful claim he show'd
 To Danish valour and Ugero's blood. 615
 That sword, which helm and cuirass can divide,
 Which scarce is equal'd through the world beside,
 Rogero grasps, and while he grasps, displays
 A virtue pair'd with noble Dudon's praise.
 But good Rogero fear'd, o'er every fear, 620
 T' offend the virgin to his soul so dear,
 Assur'd if by his hand the knight should bleed,
 Her hatred must attend the luckless deed.
 Skill'd in each noble house of France, he knew
 Dudon his birth from Armellina drew, 625
 Sister to Beatrice, of whom was born
 His Bradamant, whose gifts her sex adorn.
 Hence ne'er with point direct the thrust he bends,
 And seldom with its edge his blade descends:
 Still on his guard, as falls the ponderous mace, 630
 The stroke he parries, or he shifts his place.
 Well Turpin thinks that by Rogero slain
 Had noble Dudon prest the sanguine plain:
 But he, who fears th' advantage given to use,
 Still fights with caution, nor his stroke pursues. 635

Ver. 612. *That iron mace—*] The poet here arms Dudon with a mace and Rogero with a sword, which may seem rather singular, as it is not explained how such difference of weapons was consonant to the laws of chivalry, nor is there any other example of the kind in Ariosto or Boyardo, though it is here said that Dudon was celebrated for the use of this weapon. It is however, certain, that the poet does not imply that any unfair advantage was taken, since he commends the courtesy of Dudon for casting away his spear to meet Rogero on equal terms. After all, the introduction of the mace might arise solely from a desire of giving more variety to the battle.

By turns Rogero in his skilful hand
With flat or edge his falchion can command:
Now whizzing round his rapid weapon flies,
And with such force astonish'd Dudon plies,
That scarce with dazzled eyesight can he rein 640
His frightened courser or his seat retain.

But more henceforth—who deigns to lend an ear,
Some future time the finish'd tale shall hear.

END OF THE FORTIETH BOOK.



THE
FORTY-FIRST BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONCLUSION of the battle between Rogero and Dudon. The seven kings are set at liberty. Rogero embarks with them for Africa, and is overtaken by a dreadful storm, in which all perish but himself. Preparations of Orlando, Brandimart, and Olivero, for their battle with the three Pagans. They depart for Lipadusa, and leave Flordelis in great affliction. The six knights arrive at the place appointed for the combat. Interview of Brandimart with Agramant. They prepare for battle next morning. Rogero escapes by swimming to a small island, where he is entertained by a hermit, and receives baptism. The hermit converses with him of his future race. Description of the great battle between the three Christian and the three Pagan knights, in the island of Lipadusa.

THE
FORTY-FIRST BOOK
 OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THOSE sweets, that far diffusing, scent the gale
 From curling locks, or beard, or silken veil
 Of beauteous damsels, or enamour'd swains,
 In whom, love, dew'd with tears, full often reigns ;
 Those sweets which, after days elaps'd, dispense 5
 Soft balmy perfumes to the gentle sense,
 By such effects their primal virtues show,
 From which so long such pleasing odours flow.
 That nectar'd juice, to which his death he ow'd,
 Which on his reapers Icarus bestow'd, 10

Ver. 1. *Those sweets, &c.*] This simile or allusion, which seems rather forced, is drawn from the custom of perfuming the clothes, beard, and hair, which might be common among the Italians at the time of Ariosto.

Ver. 9. *That nectar'd juice, &c.*] There were three of the name of Icarus. Icarus, the father of Penelope: Icarus, the son of Dedalus: and Icarus, of whom the poet here speaks. This last was so favoured of Bacchus, that he received from him the secret of making wine. He gave some to his reapers, who, drinking to excess, were intoxicated. Their companions, supposing them to have been poisoned, in revenge of their death, slew Icarus at his return from hunting.

Porcacchi.

Which made the Celtian and Beötian train
 A toilsome passage o'er the Alps sustain;
 The flavoured taste, it first possess'd, declares,
 When twelve long moons such flavoured taste it bears.
 The tree, that keeps in wintry skies its leaves, 15
 In genial spring the fairest green receives.

Behold that race, where son succeeding son,
 Eternal lights of courtesy have shone;
 Which day by day with added lustre shine!
 Hence he, from whom we drew th' Estensian line, 20
 Must know the fairest gifts that man can boast,
 And beam a sun among the starry host.

Rogero, as in every act he bore
 The prize for virtue, fame, and courteous lore,

Lucian, in his *Dialogues of the Gods*, alludes humourously to this story of Icarus, where he introduces Juno reproaching Jupiter with the drunken frolics of his son Bacchus.

"Juno. I suppose you will praise him too for his invention of the grape, though you see how those who use it tumble about, and how abusive they are, drinking even till they run mad with it. Icarus, the very first who tasted the juice of the vine, was beat to death with clubs by his own pot companions."

See Dr. *Franklin's* Translation.

Ver. 11. *Which made the Celtian and Beotian train*.—] The Celtes and Beötians, people of Gaul, long before the destruction of Rome, being allured by the wines of Italy, passed the Alps in order to possess themselves of a country that produced so delicious a beverage.

Eugenico.

Ver. 20. *Hence he, &c.*] He means Rogero, the head of the house of Este: there is a quaintness and obscurity in the whole passage. Ariosto says, that all the members of this house having been celebrated for courtesy, Rogero, the origin of the house, and from whom all their courtesy was derived, must have been eminent for that quality.

Beyond compare ; so now (as late we view'd) 25
 His noble mind display'd to Dudon stood :
 In fear to slay, he urg'd not half his force,
 But check'd his valour in the middle course.
 While Dudon saw that oft his valiant foe
 With-held the fury of th' impending blow, 30
 Unharm'd he fought, till now with nerves unbrac'd,
 His strokes grew faint, he felt his vigour waste ;
 At length compell'd the praise of arms to yield,
 He still for generous soul maintain'd the field.
 For Heaven's dear sake (he cry'd) Sir knight, incline 35
 Thy thoughts to peace—the palm can ne'er be mine,
 'Tis lost already—lo ! myself I own
 Thy captive, by thy courtesy o'erthrown.

Rogero then—The peace thou seek'st to make,
 Which here I give—on this condition take ; 40
 That those unhappy kings whom bonds confine,
 Releas'd from thralldom thou to me resign.

He said ; and pointed where in durance bound
 The seven kings stood, with looks that sought the
 ground ;

And thus pursu'd—No longer these detain, 45
 But free to Afric let them cross the main.
 Thus he—The generous Paladin agreed,
 Then to his hand the noble captives freed ;
 And bade him choice from all his vessels make,
 For Afric's coast his speedy way to take. 50

Rogero quits the port, he spreads the sail,
 And gives the vessel to the treacherous gale ;
 That first the canvass swells with friendly breeze :
 With joy her merry course the pilot sees.

The land retreats—at length is seen no more : 55
 Surrounding ocean seems without a shore.
 When, lo ! as rising eve obscures the day,
 The wind reveals its purpose to betray :
 It shifts, nor will a moment's pause allow,
 By turns invades the poop, the sides, and prow : 60
 It whirls the ship, in giddy motion tost,
 And all the troubled seaman's art is lost !
 Now at his side he feels the mastering wind,
 And now it howls before, and now behind :
 Now dash'd aloft, the spumy billows rave, 65
 And Neptune's white herds low above the wave.
 A thousand deaths the trembling wretches fear ;
 As many deaths, as threatening waves, appear !
 At head or stern, the wind's increasing force
 Now forward drives, and backwards now, their course : 70
 One blast against the reeling vessel sets ;
 And every blast with wreck the seaman threatens ;
 While he, who holds the rudder, shakes with dread ;
 The lively colour from his cheek is fled !
 He beckons oft, and oft with fruitless cry, 75
 Bids strike the sail, and let the main-sheet fly.
 He bids, unheard, and every signal fails ;
 So dire a noise, so deep a night prevails !

Ver. 66. *And Neptune's white herds low above the wave* —] The white foam of the sea, and the hollow noise accompanying the dashing of the waves, might perhaps have suggested to Ariosto this very poetical expression.

“ Muggiando sopra il mar'va il gregge bianco.”

The classical reader, in this admirable description of the tempest, will see the poet's several imitations of the ancient writers, though many circumstances are added by him, and others highly improved.

His voice is lost amidst th' united cries
 Of frightened sailors mingling in the skies 80
 With louder din; while dash'd together, break
 The frothy waves, and horrid concert make.
 From prow to poop alike, nor far nor near,
 They view a signal, or command they hear:
 Through shrowds and tackling round the bending mast
 With double fury raves the hissing blast: 86
 From flashing lightening livid gleams are sent,
 And peals of thunder shake the firmament.
 One grasps an oar, one to the steerage flies;
 And each, with straining nerve, his office plies. 90
 One toils to loose, one faster makes: one laves
 The waters forth, and waves return to waves.
 Again his force resistless Boreas pours,
 Again with rage the storm redoubled roars:
 Against the mast the sail and sail-yard bend: 95
 The oars break short—the seas to heaven ascend:
 The prow is turn'd, and to the hostile tide
 The vessel lays her unprovided side:
 Beneath the water on her right she lies,
 In danger soon t' o'erset: with fearful cries, 100
 All now to God their fleeting souls commend,
 Expecting when the vessel would descend
 Engulph'd—one mischief to another leads,
 And lo! a second soon the first succeeds.
 Th' o'er-labour'd bark, with many a gaping seam, 105
 Admits the influx of the hostile stream.
 The tempest rages still—now lifted high
 On mounting seas, they seem to touch the sky:
 Now from the ridgy waves they sink so low,
 They seem to view th' infernal realms of woe. 110

No hope remains ! Death glares in every sight !
Thus pass'd in horror all the sleepless night.
Nor with the dawn of day the tempest ceas'd ;
With dawn of day the tempest's force increas'd.
Before their eyes, above the angry tide, 115
Appears a rock, and not a hand can guide
The vessel's course the threaten'd death to shun,
On which impell'd by winds and waves, they run.
And thrice, and four times, the pale pilot strove,
With every nerve, the rudder swift to move, 120
And clear the rock—but, lo ! his purpose crost,
The rudder broke, and in the deep was lost !
The furious wind impell'd the tatter'd sail
With dreadful speed—no art could more avail—
No time is left for counsel or debate, 125
All help too distant, and too near their fate !
Their wreck deem'd certain—each the public cares
Forgets, and to preserve his life prepares.
Who first can reach her, gains the skiff with speed :
But soon such numbers enter as exceed 130
Her scanty bulk, and scarce her sides exclude
The rising billows that around intrude.
Rogero saw, how from the deck, in haste,
The master, captain, and the seamen pass'd :
Then as he stood, without his arms, undrest, 135
To seek his safety to the boat he press'd :
But entering there he found such heaps were stow'd,
Still others following, till the greedy flood
Pour'd o'er the sides, and in one hour of fate
Down sunk the boat with all her wretched freight ; 140
Down sunk the boat ; and to the depths below
At once the vessel with the many go,

That late forsook the ship—loud shrieks arise !
Each sinking wretch to Heaven for mercy cries.
But soon, alas ! the vocal accent fails, 145
With such a rage th' unpitying surge prevails,
And choaks the sounds, that, struggling in their way
Weak and more weak in dying plaints decay.
Some, when they sink, the sea for ever hides,
Some rise again, and float upon the tides : 150
One, while he swims, his head discover'd rears ;
Here shows an arm, and there a leg appears,
Rogero fearless, while the tempest raves,
Borne from the bottom rises o'er the waves ;
And near him sees the rock above the main, 155
So late the terror of the sailor-train :
He strains each nerve, and, swimming, hopes to find
The cliff his refuge from the seas and wind.
He pants—breathes short—while from his face he blows
Th' intruding brine, that in his nostrils flows. 160
Meanwhile the ship before the tempest flew,
The ship abandon'd by her wretched crew,
Who (as their cruel fortune will'd) to shun
The death they fear'd, on surer death had run.
O fickle state of man ! whose erring mind 165
Sees but the present, to the future blind !
The ship, so near destruction, safely rode,
Without her crew, or pilot, through the flood.
As if the wind, that from the vessel view'd
The men retir'd, no more his rage pursu'd ; 170
Safe from the rock he turn'd her course aside,
Where, free from shelves, she plough'd secure the tide.

Ver. 161. *Meanwhile the ship, &c. —*] He returns to Rogero,
ver. 342, of this Book.

While with a pilot late her track she lost,
 Without a pilot now to Afric's coast
 She steer'd direct; and reach'd Biserta's strand, 175
 Three miles inclining to th' Egyptian land:
 There borne by winds, but driven by storms no more,
 She stopt, and rested on the sandy shore,
 Here (as I told) Orlando chanc'd to walk,
 And cheer the friendly hour with social talk: 180
 Desirous now to learn the vessel's state,
 What chiefs she brought, or what her secret freight,
 With Brandimart, and with his kinsman* dear;
 A bark he took, and soon approaching near,
 He trod the deck, and every part explor'd, 185 }
 No chiefs nor mariners he found on board,
 But view'd alone Rogero's arms and sword,
 To quit the ship such speed Rogero made,
 No time allow'd to save his trusty blade.
 This weapon by the Paladin was known; 190
 This Balisarda nam'd, was once his own.
 Oft have you heard the tale, how this he took
 From Falerina, when her spells he broke,

* Olivero.

Ver. 179. *Here (as I told)—*] See Book xl. ver. 481.

Ver. 192. *Oft have you heard the tale, how this he took*

From Falerina, &c.—] Falerina, queen of Orgagna, and a powerful enchantress, had a wonderful garden surrounded with a huge wall of stone, that defended the access from every mortal: there was one entrance towards the east, at a gate, which was night and day guarded by a dreadful serpent that never slept, and was fed with human flesh. All the knights and damsels who came thither were, by command of the enchantress, cast into a dungeon, and every day a knight and damsel were given by lot to be devoured by the serpent. Rinaldo, travelling that way with Iroldo, saw Prasildo and Flordelis led to death, when, attacking

And all her bowers destroy'd, and how the hand
 Of base Brunello this by stealth obtain'd
 From him, whose arm the glorious weapon gain'd.
 Then how, as at Carena's foot he stood,
 On young Rogero he the gift bestow'd.

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their guards, he delivered them, and resolved to attempt the adventure of the enchanted garden; but was persuaded first to visit the garden of Dragontina, where he found that enchantment already dissolved by Angelica.

Orl. Innans. Book I. C. xvii.

Concerning the adventure achieved by Orlando in the garden of Falerina, by which he obtained the famous sword Balisarda, take the following account from Boyardo.

Orlando and Rinaldo, being engaged in a dreadful combat, Angelica, terrified for the safety of Rinaldo, at that time the object of her affection, prevailed upon Orlando to break off the combat, and undertake the adventure of the garden of Falerina, by which she not only hoped to remove the present danger from Rinaldo, but to rid herself of an importunate lover. Orlando, at the request of his mistress, immediately left Albracca, and after several adventures, and having lost his horse, stolen from him by Origilla (as before related, see note to Book xv. ver. 735), he travelled on foot till he came near the enchanted garden, where he delivered two knights and a lady, who were conducting to the prisons of Falerina: these were Gryphon, Aquilant, and Origilla: the last of whom, making her peace with him, restored to him his horse. Gryphon and Aquilant then departing, left Orlando alone with Origilla, who had begun to conceive a violent passion for Gryphon. While Orlando and Origilla were conversing together, a lady appeared, mounted upon a white palfrey, who, having saluted them, addressed herself to the earl, and advised him to fly with speed from a place where all strangers were sacrificed by the cruelty of Falerina; but Orlando declaring his resolution to enter the garden, she reply'd in this manner: "If you would not become the food of the serpent, you must, Sir knight, continue chaste, at least three days, and for your guidance take this book, which will inform you of all that must be done for the completion of the adventure. Know that this garden is the work of an enchantress, who has retired into a stately

Ver. 198. *On young Rogero* —] See General View of *Boyardo's* story.

Full well the gallant sword Orlando knew,
The steel how temper'd, and its edge how true, 200
By proof he knew—and hence to gladness rais'd,
The Sovereign Ruler of the skies he prais'd:

palace in the middle of the garden, where, by her skill in magic, she has framed a sword, whose edge nothing can resist, which weapon she has designed to be the death of the greatest champion in the western world: this champion is named Orlando; he is reported to be invulnerable and unconquerable, and Falerina has found that the Fates have threatened her garden shall one day be destroyed by him; but remember, when you attempt this adventure, that no foot can enter the garden except at sunrise." The damsel, having ended her speech, gave Orlando a book, and disappeared.

Orlando then hastened, with his companion, towards the garden, when night coming on, he alighted from his horse, and, lying down on the grass, fell fast asleep in his armour, ready at day-break to enter upon the adventure. The treacherous Origilla once more stole the earl's horse Brigliadoro, and taking likewise his sword Durindana from his side, while he lay asleep, mounted and departed in pursuit of Gryphon. In the morning, Orlando waking, missed his horse and sword; but, resolutely determined to prosecute the adventure, he tore down a huge branch from an elm, of which he made a kind of club, and advanced intrepidly towards the wall, where the serpent kept watch. The sun was just risen when he arrived at the gate that faced the east, where the monster, lashing with his wings and tail, made a most horrible noise, and opened his jaws to swallow the knight. Orlando rushed upon him with great fury, and at length, with repeated blows of the club, dashed his skull in pieces. As soon as the serpent was dead, the wall immediately closed, the gate was seen no more, and Orlando found himself shut up in the garden, without any apparent means of escaping. Casting round his eyes, he beheld a fountain, in which stood a marble statue, on whose forehead was written, "The path lies by this fountain to the palace of the garden." Orlando, having refreshed himself awhile at the fountain, continued his way, sometimes gazing on the verdent turf, enamelled with a thousand flowers, and listening to the music of the birds that fluttered amid the branches of the trees, while he admired the number of stags, deer, and other animals that inhabited this delightful solitude. At length he came to a stupendous palace, built of gold, and ornamented with rubies and diamonds.

He deem'd that God (thus oft the warrior said)

At such a time had sent this sword in aid :

At such a time, that call'd for all his might, 205

To meet in combat Sericana's knight,

Orlando entered, and beheld a dame clothed in white garments, with a diadem of gold on her head, and holding in her hand a sword, in the broad blade of which, as in a mirror, she seemed to be contemplating herself. No sooner had she beheld the knight, but she fled with precipitation from the palace. Orlando, armed as he was, pursuing her with equal speed, and soon overtaking her, seized the sword that had been made for his destruction, and holding her by the hair of the head, threatened her with immediate death, unless she instructed him how to leave the garden ; but she persisting obstinately silent to his threats or promises, Orlando, enraged, bound her to the trunk of a tree, and recollecting his book, applied to it for information, where he found that a gate opened to the south, guarded by a bull that had one horn of iron, and one of fire, and whose hide was not to be pierced by any weapon ; but that before he reached the gate, he must pass by a wonderful lake with great difficulty. Orlando, fully instructed, first carefully stopped his ears with the leaves of roses, which he gathered from the meadow, and arriving at the lake where many had found their death *, the water began to gurgle, and a Syren appeared, having the form above of a beautiful woman, and beneath the tail of a fish ; she began to sing so melodiously, that the birds and beasts gathered round, and were immediately charmed to a profound sleep. Orlando, though he heard nothing, pretending to be in the same manner attentive to her song, threw himself on the ground and feigned to be asleep, when the Syren rushing to seize him, he struck off her head with his sword, and smeared himself over with her blood, as a sure preventive against the effects of the bull's fiery horn, which would otherwise have consumed his armour to ashes. The earl then advanced to the south side of the garden, and reached a brazen gate guarded by the fiery bull, which he immediately attacked, and soon cut off his iron horn ; but with the horn of fire the beast pressed him so furiously that the knight could scarce defend himself,

* See Tasso in his description of the snares prepared by Armida for the knights who came to redeem Rinaldo from her chains. *Jerus. Del. B. XIV.*

Who (join'd to force o'er all the world confess'd)
Wore Durindana, and Bayardo press'd :
Rogero's armour scarce attention drew,
As little prizing what he little knew,

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and had he not been preserved by the blood of the Syren, the fire would have totally consumed him. At last he slew the bull, whose body was immediately swallowed up by the earth, and the wall closing, he found himself once more imprisoned. He was then directed by his book to go to the western part, where he would find another gate adorned with jewels and precious stones, defended by a wonderful ass that was enchanted. Orlando, as his book directed, pursuing his way, came to a tree of vast height, the branches of which spread to a prodigious extent: having again consulted his book, he took his shield, and binding it over his brows, so that his sight might be effectually defended, as by a penthouse, from any thing that fell from above, he boldly advanced to the trunk of the tree; amidst the branches of which sate an enormous bird, with the head and face resembling a woman with beautiful hair, and crowned with a diadem; her feathers were party-coloured and gold; her feet were armed with iron talons, and from her body distilled a certain liquor, that as soon as it touched the eyes, instantly took away the sight, and the helpless prey was left to be devoured by her. This monster rushed with a dreadful noise upon Orlando, who came with his head held down to defend himself from the effects of the liquor that fell on his shield in great abundance, till at length, with a fortunate stroke of his sword, he cleft the bird asunder, and leaving her dead by the tree, he replaced the buckler on his arm and pursued his way, till he came to the rich gate decorated with jewels of inestimable value, where he found the ass covered over with impenetrable scales of gold; his ears were two ells in length, which he curled like a serpent, with which he seized and drew every thing to him with incredible strength; his tail was sharper than the sharpest sword, and not to be resisted by the strongest armour; and the noise of his braying made the earth tremble. This beast ran furiously towards Orlando, who, receiving him with his drawn sword, laid all his side bare notwithstanding his scales, that were no defence against the sword of Orlando: the ass then seized on the knight's shield with his ears, and by force drew it from him, but Orlando severed his ears with a stroke of the sword, when the beast turning round with his sharp tail hewed all the champion's armour in pieces, while he, whose skin was enchanted, remained unhurt. Orlando had now wounded the ass in many places, and at

Which seem'd, whate'er its worth, such worth to owe
To temper less than pomp of outward show.
He wants no mail of proof, whose skin was made,
Impervious to the javelin, dart, or blade.

last divided his head from his body, which continued for some time to turn about; the garden and all the forest shook; the earth opening swallowed up the ass; and when the earl attempted his passage through the gate the wall closed, and the gate was seen no more. Orlando once more consulted his book, and was directed to take his course towards the north, where was another gate that led from the garden, through which, no human force could pass, as it was defended by a dreadful giant, from whose blood, should he be slain, sprung two others fiercer than himself, the brood still increasing with every death. Orlando now arrived at a flowery valley, where he saw, by the margin of a fountain, a table richly spread with the most delicious viands, and wines of every sort in golden vases, where the knight was tempted to refresh himself; but first, he consulted his book, then casting his eyes upon a bower of roses, he perceived concealed among the greens a fawn, whose upper part resembled a woman, and the lower part a serpent: she held in her hand a chain that was invisibly spread round the fountain, as a snare to secure any one that should venture to partake of the repast, whom she immediately drew to her bower. Orlando, aware of this, turned from the fountain towards the wood, which the fawn perceiving fled, rustling through the grass, but the knight soon overtook and slew her. The fawn being dead, Orlando hastened to the gate of the north, where he found the giant completely armed with shield and helmet: A dreadful combat ensued, till the earl, with a blow of his sword, giving the giant a mortal wound, he fell dead to the ground, and seemed to leave the victory to Orlando. The blood that flowed from the dead giant gathered into a large pool, and a flame kindling round it, another giant, by degrees, appeared newly created, armed as the former, and a second succeeded him in like manner, both at once attacking the knight with irresistible fury. Orlando finding it vain to pursue the combat with those whose death but increased the number of his enemies, ran hastily to the gate, and endeavoured to force the bars, which he soon burst asunder; but the giants closely pursued him, and obliged him to defend himself: he now left his sword as an useless weapon, and grappling with his opponents, by turns, threw each of them to the ground with incredible strength, and often attempted in vain to reach the gate; but finding every

To Olivero then he left the arms,
But kept himself the sword of temper'd charms.
To Brandimart he gave the steed, and shar'd
With either noble friend, in due regard,
The good that seem'd by Providence prepar'd.

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effort unsuccessful to effect his escape, he began to retreat towards the garden, when the giants immediately left him, and resumed their station at the gate, for so the enchantment was framed, that they should ever remain the guardians of the entrance. In the mean time the earl arrived at the meadow, where the banquet was spread, and where he slew the fawn, whose snare was lain for strangers. Here Orlando took the chain that was of a great length and weight, and dragging it after him returned to the place where he left the two giants, and after a dreadful conflict he seized and bound them both with the chain: but the knight still knew that his adventure was not completed, as he must not return to his mistress till he had entirely destroyed the garden of the enchantress. He had again recourse to his book, and found that in the middle of the garden was a tree, of which if the topmost branch was brought to the ground, the whole enchantment would be dissolved; but that no one must hope to achieve this without exposing himself to the most dreadful danger. Orlando, undaunted, took his way to the palace, where he had seen the dame with the drawn sword, and whom he now found, as he had left her, bound to the trunk of a tree: he soon came to the trunk of the tree he sought for, and beheld the fatal summit above the flight of an arrow sent from the strongest bow: the branches of this tree were to a great extent, and covered with thick leaves that changed every day, and concealed under them sharp thorns: the trunk was so perfectly smooth that it was impossible to climb it, and so slender, as to be grasped by the hand: this whole tree was laden with apples of gold of a vast size and weight, that hung by a small stalk, and threatened all that approached them, for the lightest foot that pressed the earth made all the tree tremble, from which the golden shower immediately descended like hail, and crushed the wretched adventurer to death. Orlando, having considered all with attention, saw that it was in vain to think of ascending the summit of the tree, where the boughs would not have supported the least weight; but having made a kind of wicker shed, lined with sods of turf, he placed it on his head, and, thus defended, marched forwards towards the trunk of the tree, which, as he approached, began to shower the apples in such abun-

Each warrior for the day of battle sought

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Some new device and vestment richly wrought.

Orlando, pictur'd in his seutcheon, took

Proud Babel's lofty tower with lightening struck.

dance, that all his strength, great as it was, could scarcely enable him to stand under the enormous weight that oppressed him: as soon as he reached the trunk, he, with his sword, immediately severed it in two, and the whole fell to the ground: an earthquake followed, the sun was obscured with dreadful clouds, and the earl remained in total darkness, till, from a thick smoke that covered all the plains and mountains, a flame arose to the height of a tower, where some demon seemed to destroy every spell of the garden. The enchantment being ended, the sky cleared, the sun shone with new beauty, the wall of the rock that lately surrounded the place was vanished, and left every one at liberty to depart. The palace and fountain appeared no more, and nothing was seen but the dame bound to the trunk of the tree, who, with bitter complaints, lamented the destruction of her garden. Her former pride was now humbled; she no longer continued in obstinate silence, but thus addressed Orlando: "Sir knight, the flower of knighthood, I confess that I deserve death, but should you now execute your just vengeance upon me, know that many knights and ladies, detained in prison by my power, will suffer in my death. This garden, which thou hast destroyed in one day, cost me the study of seven months, and was designed to revenge me for the discourtesy of a knight and dame called Arriantes and Origilla, who have never yet fallen into my hands*: many lives have fallen a sacrifice in this garden, but greater numbers have been made captive at a bridge, and at a tower, where an old man drew many into his snares, till his prisoners were released by a certain virgin, daughter to Galaphron†, well versed in magic. Many still remain prisoners at the bridge, all whom, should I be slain, would inevitably perish: but if thou wilt spare my life, I promise to set them at liberty: shouldst thou distrust my words, lead me hence, either released or bound, and I will destroy the tower and bridge in thy presence. Chuse which thou wilt; take my life, or, by extending thy mercy to me, give life and liberty to the wretched captives."

Orlando, hearing this, determined to spare the enchantress, and immediately set out for the enchanted bridge; at which place he

* No further account appears of this in Boyardo. † Angelica.

A hound of silver Olivero bore,
 The leash upon his back he couchant wore ; 225
 The motto—*TILL HE COMES*—his mantle fram'd
 Of gold, well worthy of a knight so fam'd.
 But noble Brandimart resolv'd to take,
 For his own honour and his father's sake,
 A mantle fashion'd for the day of fight, 230
 All sabled o'er with the dun hue of night,
 The work of Flordelis ; who round it plac'd
 A costly fringe with sparkling jewels grac'd.
 With her own hand the dame had wrought the weed
 That cover'd all the warrior's arms and steed. 235
 But from that hour the task was first begun,
 To that which saw her love's dear labour done,
 Nor since, did smile upon her face appear,
 Or glimpse of pleasure change her mournful cheer
 A constant weight hung heavy at her heart, 240
 And much she fear'd to lose her Brandimart,
 Oft had she known him in the field expos'd
 To hostile rage, with perils round enclos'd ;
 But such a dread had ne'er her soul oppress,
 Froze in her blood, or throbb'd within her breast, 245

slew Arridano, and delivered all the prisoners as before related in the note to Book xix. ver. 272.

Orlando Innam. Book i. Cant. xvii. xviii.

Book ii. Cant. iii. iv. v.

Ver. 226. '*Till he comes*—] This fanciful device of chivalry is thus explained by the Italian commentator. "The posture of the dog shews that he is in expectation of his prey ; by the dog, Olivero figures himself, and shews, that he only waits for the opportunity to prove his valour."

Ver. 229.—*his father's sake*—] In honour of his father Monodant lately dead, of which the news was brought him by Bardino. See Book xxxix. ver. 494.

And from this fear, which ne'er before she knew,
The gentle dame more fatal omens drew.

With arms, and every need prepar'd at hand,
Their sails the warriors to the breeze expand.
But Sansonetto and Astolpho stay, 250
Whose joint command the numerous hosts obey.

Unhappy Flordelis, in deep despair,
Laments and weeps, and wearies Heaven with prayer;
And, far as sight the lessening object views,
With straining eyes the flying ship pursues. 255
Her Sansonetto and Astolpho bore,
All pale and struggling, from the fatal shore;
Then to her home the widow'd mourner led,
And left her spent and fainting on her bed.

Meanwhile the winds convey'd the gallant three, 260
The fearless champions through the foamy sea;
Swift to the isle the vessel urg'd her speed,
The list for such a glorious fight decreed.
Now had Anglante's knight th' expected land,
With Brandimart and Olivero, gain'd: 265
Arriving first, he first the ground possess'd;
And to the east his fair pavilion dress'd.
That day came Agramant, in martial pride,
And pitch'd his tent upon the western side.
But since the sun roll'd down departing light, 270
Till next Aurora they deferr'd the fight.
Till morning dawn on either hand prepar'd,
The menials stood in arms their lords to guard.
The noble Brandimart at evening went,
(His chief permitting) to the Pagan's tent. 275
With Afric's king t' unlock his secret breast,
For once their souls the ties of friend confess'd,

When Brandimart in Afric's banner'd host
 Had followed Agramant to Gallia's coast
 Mindful of former love the warriors meet, 280
 And grasping hand in hand, each other greet.
 With earnest reasons then the Christian knight
 Would urge the Pagan to decline the fight,
 With offers, from Orlando, to restore
 Each city to his rule, from Nilus' shore 285
 To where Alcides fix'd his pillar'd base,
 Would he the faith of Mary's Son embrace.

Thee have I lov'd (he cry'd) thee, whilst I live,
 Shall ever love, and hence this counsel give.
 Well may'st thou know I deem that counsel good, 290
 Which I, O monarch! for myself pursu'd.

CHRIST is our God, but Mahomet untrue—
 By me the path of life and mercy view.
 The path I tread—and fain would thee, O king!
 With every friend, to life and mercy bring. 295
 In this consists thy weal—nought else aright
 Can work thy good, and least of all, the fight
 With Milo's son*, where conquest cannot weigh

* Orlando.

Ver. 291. *Which I, O monarch!—*] Brandimart was converted to Christianity by Orlando, as is related by Boyardo. Orlando having engaged in a bloody battle with Agrican, endeavours, when night breaks off the battle, to convert the king to Christianity, but in vain; next day the combat is renewed, at last Agrican receiving his death's wound from Orlando requests baptism, and is baptized by the Paladin before he dies.

Ver. 298. *With Milo's son—*] Milo of Anglante, youngest brother to duke Amon, having won the affections of Bertha, the sister of Charlemain, she proved with child by him. The emperor coming to the knowledge of this, threw them both into prison, till the lovers being set at liberty through the mediation of Amon, he banished

Against the evil, should'st thou lose the day.
 If thou should'st win—how little gain ensues ! 300
 But if thou lovest—greatly must thou lose.

Say, by thy hand Orlando breathless lie,
 Or we, who come with him to win or die,
 I see not how henceforth thou shalt regain
 Thy honour, and restore thy lost domain. 305

Think not—should we be slain—the Christian state,
 So twin'd with us, so buried in our fate,
 That Charles can want to earth's remotest end,
 Soldiers and chiefs his conquests to defend.

Thus Brandimart ; and thus had further prest 310
 The wholesome counsels of a zealous breast,
 But with an angry voice and haughty look,
 Impatient on his speech the Pagan broke.

Sure more than madness must possess thy mind,
 And all who dare, like thee in folly blind, 315
 Whate'er the chance, in evil or in good,
 Unask'd on others their advice obtrude !
 That these thy words but speak thy former will
 To seek my peace, and that thou seek'st it still,

them from his dominions. They afterwards married, and Bertha was delivered of a son, afterwards named Orlando, who gave in his earliest years such proofs of valour, as induced the emperor to pardon his parents : he received them both into favour, and restored to Milo his possessions, the marquisate of Brava, and the earldom of Anglantes. He adopted young Orlando for his son, and the pope made him standard-bearer to the church, and a senator of Rome.

On the invasion of the Christians by Garnieri, king of Carthage, Milo of Anglantes performed great feats of valour : having received the pope's benediction, he defended Rome and Charlemain, and killed Garnieri. Almontes, grandson of Garnieri, afterwards coming over to revenge his death, engaged in single combat with Milo, and killed him with the sword Durindana.

See *Aspramont*, C. i. ii. ver. 18.

I scarce can think, when to my present harms, 320
I see thee with Orlando rang'd in arms.

Sure, rather conscious of th' avenging day,
When that dire fiend shall make thy soul his prey,
Thou seek'st to drag with thee to lowest hell
All human kind in endless pains to dwell. 325

Whether I lose or conquer—whether gain
My ancient realm, or exil'd still remain,
God in his awful purpose must dispose ;
Nor thou, nor I, nor yet Orlando knows.
Howe'er it fall—no fortune shall debase 330

My soul to actions that a king disgrace.
Hence to thy friends return ! and if thy might
Can prove no better in to-morrow's fight,
Than now thy skill in eloquence is shown,
Orlando little shall thy succour own. 335

Thus Agramant his speech in anger clos'd ;
And both retiring till the morn repos'd.

With silver dawn of light, each warrior dress'd
In shining arms, his foaming courser press'd :
No time for parley, while, with eager haste, 340
His pointed lance, in rest, each warrior plac'd ;
But ill-advis'd, my lord, the martial strain
Would linger here on Lipadusa's plain,
And leave Rogero, in the cruel strife
Of winds and waves, to yield his noble life. 345

The youth his dreadful way through roaring tides,
And raging foam with sinewy arm divides :

Ver. 342. *But ill-advis'd, my lord, &c.*—] He continues the combat in the 520th verse of this Book.

He feels the breaking surge and howling wind,
But most he feels the tempest in his mind: 349

There conscience bids him fear that CHRIST will take
Due vengeance now; and since he scorn'd to make
His choice of purer streams, has doom'd to lave
His past offences in the briny wave.

He now remembers many a promise given
To her he lov'd; and what he vow'd to Heaven 355
When with Rinaldo late in fight he met,
And how his soul could every tie forget.

Repentant now, with many a fervent prayer
He begs of God his forfeit life to spare,
And vows, if e'er his feet should tread the shore, 360

With heart sincere t' embrace the Christian lore,
And ne'er again in aid of Afric's band
With sword or lance against the faithful stand;
But back to France resume his speedy way,
And there to Charles his due allegiance pay; 365

Nor longer Bradamant with words delude,
But with true faith their happy loves conclude.

Scarce had he vow'd, when, lo! he seems to swim
With nerves new-brac'd in every buoyant limb:
Wondrous to tell! untir'd his vigour braves 370

The deep once more, and buffets with the waves:
Wave rolling after wave alternate swells,
One lifts him high, and one his course impels.
Sinking and rising thus the brine he cleaves;
At length the rock his weary limbs receives, 375

And where with favouring shelf declines the steep,
All drench'd with ooze he issues from the deep.
The rest that sought their hapless lives to save,
Engulph'd in billows found a wat'ry grave.

Now from the tossing surge, at heaven's commands,
Upon the dreary cliff Rogero stands ; 381
Around the savage coast he rolls his eyes,
And, safe from sea, new fears by land arise :
There doom'd, perhaps, on that dire coast to lie
A lonely exile, and with famine die. 385
But yet resolv'd with constant mind to bear,
What evil Heav'n had doom'd his wretched share ;
Up the steep rock his patient step he bends,
And now, by slow degrees, the height ascends ;
When sudden to his wondering sight appears 390
A sire, low bent with abstinence and years :
A hermit, by his looks and gesture seen,
Of saint-like manners, and of reverend mien.
O Saul ! O Saul ! (he cry'd, as near he drew)
Why wilt thou thus my holy faith pursue ? 395
(As once to Paul, our heavenly Saviour spoke,
What time he gave the dread, but saving stroke).
Think'st thou, unpaid, to pass th' opposing ford,
Defrauding of his dues the rightful lord ?
Lo ! God, who reaches all, whom late in thought 400
You deem'd so far, has here his judgment wrought.

Thus far the hermit, to whose holy sight
High Heaven in vision, the preceding night,
Great things disclos'd ; how, by his powerful hand,
Rogero safe should tread that desert land ; 405
Reveal'd his life, his every action past,
His future praise, and hapless death at last ;
With all the glory that henceforth should grace
His sons, his grandsons, and his numerous race.
The hermit then pursues ; and first, severe, 410
He pours reproof in young Rogero's ear ;

And, when remorse and shame his bosom move,
He soothes him with the balm of peace and love.
The youth he blames, who such delay could make
A yoke so pleasing on his neck to take: 415
Hence, what at first behov'd him to embrace,
When CHRIST so gently warn'd him oft to grace,
In peaceful times, he now receiv'd, as aw'd
Before the presence of an angry God,
And deaf to mild reproof, confess'd his chastening rod. }
He comforts then, and tells him CHRIST will hear 421
Repentant sinners with indulgent ear;
That, in the gospel vineyard of the Lord,
Each holy labourer finds a like reward;
And, with pure zeal, he to the listening youth 425
Unfolds the mysteries of Christian truth.

In converse thus, with steps sedate and slow,
Together to the hermit's cell they go,
Cut in the living rock; and o'er it stands
A hallow'd chapel that the east commands, 430
Fair, neatly built—and reaching to the flood,
Of various growth below, a quivering wood,
Where laurel, juniper, and myrtle green,
With spreading palm-trees, grace the lovely scene;
Whose mingled shade a liquid fountain feeds, 435
That down the rock its murmuring current leads.
Near forty years had past since first the sire
Forsook each worldly pleasure, to retire
To this recess, where, by his Saviour blest,
He led his days in purity and rest. 440
For wholesome food the gather'd fruits he took;
To quench his thirst he sipp'd the crystal brook:

And strong in health, and free from care and strife,
He reach'd th' extremest verge of human life.

Now in his cell the kindled fire he blew, 445

Then on the board his homely fruits he threw.

Rogero dry'd his vest and oozing hair,

Then sate and feasted on the simple fare ;

Where, by his saint-like host explain'd, he heard

The wondrous truths in Christian faith rever'd ; 450

And from his hand, next day, the humble knight

In the pure stream receiv'd the cleansing rite.

Awhile sequester'd in this calm abode

Rogero stay'd, whom oft the man of God

Declar'd, some days elaps'd, he meant to send 455

Where all his thoughts, where all his wishes tend.

Meanwhile in talk the useful hours were given

To various themes ; now on the realms of heaven

The sage discours'd ; now on his worldly good ;

And now the race to issue from his blood. 460

That Power, from whom no thought remains conceal'd,

Had to the reverend sire in dreams reveal'd,

That, from the day he first our faith embrac'd,

Rogero's life in seven short years would waste ;

That Pinabello, by his consort dead, 465

Should call down future vengeance on his head ;

Till for this death and Bertolagi slain,

He falls by dire Maganza's impious train :

So secret is his fate ; no tongue can tell

The murderous treason, or by whom he fell. 470

But where, by cruel hands the knight shall die ;

There, by those hands his corse shall bury'd lie.

His wife and sister, for his honour'd sake,

Hereafter shall a heavy vengeance take ;

And, with her burthen'd womb, long time deplor'd, 475
His mourning wife shall seek her absent lord :
Between the Adigi and Brenta's rills,
And where Antepor stay'd between the hills,
Hills rich with sulphur, where each river leads
His course through corn-clad fields and verdant meads ;
Scenes, by the Trojan view'd with raptur'd eye, 481
Which well might Ida, and the loss supply
Of Xanthus and Ascanius—there in shade
Of sheltering forests should the dame be stay'd ;
And near Athestes (Phrygian name) in throes 485
Of child-bed labour, should to birth disclose
An infant, fair in form, and after fam'd
For noble daring, and Rogero nam'd :
He, own'd of Trojan lineage, should obtain
Dominion o'er the Trojan's exil'd train ; 490
And next from Charles, to whom his youthful aid
He gives in arms, with princely gifts be paid :
When, for his actions in the Lombard war,
The name of marquis should he justly bear.
As royal Charles, when he the land bestows, 495
Would say in Latin—ESTE—here repose ;

Ver. 491. *And next from Charles, &c.*] This was the beginning of the illustrious family of Este, whose praises are scattered all through this work ; and here the poet gives the origin or derivation of the name Este, as likewise of the title of marquis, given by Charles the Great to this Rogero, when he went against Desiderius king of Lombardy. See Note to Book III. ver. 164.

Ver. 496. *Would say in Latin, Este,—*] In the quaintness of this passage, Ariosto alludes to the real incident that gave birth to the title or name of Este, afterwards so famous. The emperors, when they bestowed any lordship or sovereignty on subjects for their merits, made use of this expression in Latin, *Este hic dominus*.

Succeeding times such omen should embrace,
 And give the name of *ESTE* to the place.
 Thenceforth no more *Athestes* should retain
 Its ancient title, but the new remain. 500
 God set before his chosen servant's view
 What judgment should *Rogero's* death pursue;
 How he, in vision, ere the dawning light,
 Should stand before his faithful consort's sight,
 And to her ear the murderous guile betray, 505
 The place describing where his body lay:
 How she, and her *Marphisa*, should employ
 Both fire and sword *Pontiero* to destroy.
 Nor less his son, *Rogero*, when he grew
 To manhood, should *Maganza's* race pursue. 510
 Of every *Azzo* of th' *Alberti's* name,
 Th' *Obizi*, all that blood from these should claim,
 The hermit knew, to *Nicholas* renown'd;
Borso and *Hercules* with virtues crown'd;
Hippolito and *Linonetto* grac'd; 515
Alphonso brave, and *Isabella* chaste.

But well instructed where his speech to close,
 The holy father speaks not all he knows;
 What should be told, he to the youth explains,
 And, what conceal'd, he to himself retains. 520

Meanwhile with spears declin'd, and fearless heart,
 Orlando, Olivero, Brandimart,

Ver. 511. *Azzo, Alberto, &c.*] All these personages have been sufficiently noted in the former parts of these remarks. See Book iii. the notes throughout.

Ver. 521. *Meanwhile with spears, &c.*] The poet returns to *Rogero*, Book xliii. ver. 1469.

..... *Ibid.*] The battle here described by Ariosto of six champions, three to three, is certainly new in poetry, though

To meet the Pagan Mars with fury came,
(For such my Muse the fierce Gradasso name)
And those that with him stood the fight to wage, 525
King Agramant, and king Sobrino sage.
Each spurr'd his mettled steed, and, wide around,
The seas, the shores re-echo'd to the sound.
When now the combatants together drew,
And to the skies their shiver'd lances flew 530
With horrid crash—th' affrighted waves appear'd
To swell and foam—the noise to France was heard!

By chance Orlando and Gradasso met,
And equal seem'd against each other set,
Save that Bayardo's vigour in the course, 535
Gave seeming 'vantage to Gradasso's force.
Against the steed, with such resistless power
He rush'd, the steed which fierce Orlando bore,
That, forc'd before the dreadful shock to yield,
He fell, and measur'd with his length the field. 540
Orlando tries, but vainly still he tries,
With hand and spur to make his courser rise,
When nought avail'd, the saddle he forsook,
Embrac'd his shield and Balisarda shook.
On Afric's monarch Olivero ran, 545
And both with equal chance, the tilt began.
But Brandimart had king Sobrino thrown
From off his steed; though scarcely could be known
If by his own or courser's blame he fell,
For seldom fame Sobrino's fall could tell. 550

doubtless battles of the same kind may be found in the romance writers: it gives the poet room for novelty of description, and perhaps is as excellent a battle as any in the whole poem.

But whether by his own or courser's fault,
Unhors'd Sobrino lay the first assault.
Now Brandimart, who king Sobrino view'd
Low-stretch'd on earth, no more with him pursu'd
The fight, but turn'd Gradasso's arms to meet, 555
By whom alike Orlando lost his seat.
The marquis now and Agramant-engag'd
With equal fortune, had the combat wag'd.
Against the shield their spears they broke, and drew
Their flaming swords, the battle to renew. 560
Orlando (who beheld Gradasso clos'd
With Brandimart, and little now dispos'd
On him his force to turn, so sore he felt
The strokes his gallant foe unceasing dealt)
Gaz'd round, when near Sobrino stood in sight, 565
Like him, on foot, and idle from the fight,
Fierce on the sage he rush'd, with dreadful look,
And, as he trod, the skies with terror shook.
Sobrino, who the dread encounter view'd,
Firm in his arms with force collected stood. 570
Then, as a pilot, who beholds from far
The roaring onset of the watery war,
Directs his prow against the billowy tide
In mountains rising—thus Sobrino try'd
With lifted shield, that ruin to repel, 575
Which from the sword of Falerina fell.
Such Balisarda's edge, the strongest arms
But little held against its temper'd charms;
And, wielded now in great Orlando's hand
(Of force unequall'd) nothing could withstand. 580
Full on the buckler's orb, with swift descent
Through double folds of plated steel it went,

Cleft all the shield, and in his shoulder made
 A ghastly wound, where mail and plate o'erlaid,
 Oppos'd in vain the fierce descending blade. 585 }
 Now, in his turn, Sobrino aims the blow
 To wound Orlando; but his fearless foe
 Unwounded stands—to him such favour Heaven,
 And stars propitious, from his birth had given.
 Again the noble earl the falchion sped, 590
 And from Sobrino thought to part his head.
 Sobrino, who the strength of Clarmont knows,
 And finds no buckler can such strokes oppose,
 Drew sudden back, but scarcely could evade,
 The furious aim from Falerina's blade: 595
 The sword fell flat, but o'er his forehead broke
 Th' unfaithful helm, and stunn'd him with the stroke.
 Prone on the ground all pale Sobrino lay,
 Nor soon recover'd to dispute the day.
 The Paladin, who deem'd this combat o'er, 600
 His rival fall'n, as if to rise no more,
 Against Gradasso turn'd, should chance demand,
 In aid of Brandimart, his friendly hand.
 For him o'ermatch'd in arms and sword he held,
 Perchance in courser and in strength excell'd. 605
 Brave Brandimart, that on Frontino rode,
 (The generous beast Rogero late bestrode)
 So ply'd his weapons in the dangerous field,
 He little seem'd in strength or skill to yield.
 Had like defence secur'd his breast from harms,
 His force might more than meet the Pagan arms. 610
 But, (conscious of his weaker mail) now there,
 Now here he turns, and oft eludes the war:

No courser better than Frontino knew
 The knight's command, or at a signal flew. 615
 Where Durindana fell, he seem'd to know
 Its aim, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.

But in a different part the battle rag'd,
 By Agramant and Olivero wag'd :
 Both seem'd alike the skill of arms to claim, 620
 Their valour equal, and their strength the same.

Orlando (as I told) Sobrino sent
 Senseless to earth, and tow'rds Gradasso bent,
 In aid of Brandimart, but from his steed
 Dismounted, urg'd, on foot, his eager speed : 625

Now, ready for th' attack, he view'd at large
 Sobrino's courser lighten'd of his charge :
 Him, as he cross'd his way, with active heat
 He seiz'd, and seizing press'd the welcome seat :
 One hand was seen the ponderous sword to wield, 630
 And one the rich and splendid bridle held.

Gradasso now, who view'd Orlando near,
 Defy'd him by his name, nor harbour'd fear :
 With all the three he deem'd such deeds t' achieve,
 That each should from his arm a stroke receive, 635 }
 To think it midnight ere the close of eve.

Then, leaving Brandimart, his weapon's point
 Furious he drives, where, twisted mail and joint

Ver. 636. *To think it midnight, &c.*] An expression often used by Ariosto, and common to romance, meaning to dazzle his eyesight by repeated strokes, to make his eyes flash fire that he might think he saw stars at daylight.

Enclos'd Orlando's neck ; through all it held,
 But the tough skin unhurt the thrust repell'd. 640
 At once Orlando Balisarda waves,
 From whose keen edge no magic temper saves :
 In vain the corslet, helm, and shield oppose ;
 Through corslet, helm, and shield the weapon goes ;
 At once his bosom, face, and thigh receive 645
 The smarting wound, he scarcely can believe :
 For since the day he first his armour wore,
 No issuing blood e'er stain'd the mail before.
 Wondering he sees, and rages at the view,
 This unknown sword his plates and cuirass hew 650
 With that resistless force he deem'd alone
 Bestow'd on Durindana, now his own ;
 And had one stroke pursu'd its aim aright,
 That stroke had to the saddle cleft the knight :
 More wary now he fights, with more regard 655
 Than wont erewhile, and less forgets to ward.

When Brandimart his friend Orlando view'd,
 Who, in his cause engag'd, the fight pursu'd,
 Aside he drew, to mark the various field,
 Prepar'd, where need requir'd, his aid to yield. 660

Thus stood the war—when now, long time depriv'd
 Of sense, Sobrino from his trance reviv'd :
 He rose ; but still his front its anguish own'd,
 His shoulder still confess'd the grievous wound.
 Across the plain his careful eyes he cast, 665
 And heavy now to aid his sovereign pass'd :
 As Olivero, all intent, pursu'd
 The fight with Agramant, Sobrino stood
 Behind unnoted of th' incautious foe,
 And at his courser aim'd a speeding blow : 670

His hindmost leg receiv'd the biting steel :
 He fell ; and with him Olivero fell,
 While press'd beneath him on the rugged way,
 His left-foot tangled in the stirrup lay,
 Again, with strength renew'd, Sobrino sped 675
 A sidelong stroke, to lop the warrior's head ;
 But this his arms forbade, his arms of yore
 By Vulcan temper'd, and which Hector wore.
 His danger Brandimart from far survey'd,
 And spurr'd his steed, and waving round his blade 680
 Sobrino struck, whose helm receiv'd the stroke,
 While, headlong, justled by the courser's shock,
 He fell to earth—but soon the senior knight
 His feet recovering, rose again to fight,

Ver. 671. *His hindmost leg receiv'd, &c.*] This action of Sobrino does not seem entirely consonant to the laws of chivalry, whereby it was ever held unkindly to wound the horse ; and this the poet himself strongly expresses in the description of the duel between Rogero and Mandricardo.

..... But neither knight would try
 Ungenerous arts, or make the courser die,
 T' o'erthrow his lord, &c.

Book xxx. ver. 355.

But after all these little deviations from general principles, as has been already observed when Dudon uses for his weapon a battle axe, may be introduced chiefly from a desire of variety in the descriptive parts, and if the several passages in other writers, particularly of the epic kind, were minutely examined, there is little doubt, but many apparent improprieties, if not inconsistencies, might be discovered that had crept in from the same motive. With respect to this action of Sobrino, it may be thought less to trespass against the decorum of chivalry, from the age of the combatant, who, from that circumstance, may have a greater claim to our indulgence.

On Olivero turn'd with fell intent; 685 }
 Once more to slay the knight his force he bent,
 Or, as he sought to rise, to frustrate his intent. }
 But Olivero, with his better hand
 Still disencumber'd, could his sword command,
 Which here he thrust or whirl'd with matchless strength,
 And held Sobrino at the weapon's length. 691
 He hop'd, ere long (the Pagan kept at bay)
 To free his foot that now imprison'd lay.
 Drench'd in his blood he sees th' invading foe,
 And sees to earth the purple current flow; 695
 His feeble knees can scarce their weight sustain,
 And vanquish'd soon, his limbs must press the plain.
 Oft Olivero strives in vain to rise,
 Still on his foot the floundering courser lies.
 Now Brandimart an iron tempest deals, 700
 As round king Agramant Frontino wheels:
 Now at his side, in front, and now behind,
 Frontino circles rapid as the wind.
 This steed, the son of Monodant bestrides;
 Nor worse the steed the mid-day monarch guides, 705
 By Brigliadoro in the field sustain'd,
 Rogero's gift, from Mandricardo gain'd.
 Arms could he boast, of arms in battle try'd,
 Whose temper oft the hostile steel defy'd;
 While Brandimart wore such as times could yield, 710
 And sudden need had furnish'd for the field:

Ver. 705. —*the mid-day monarch, &c.*] Rè del mezzo giorno—
 Agramant, king of Afric, so called from the situation of his domi-
 nions to the south.

Yet these he hop'd (escap'd from present harms)
 To barter with his foe for stronger arms ;
 His foe, whose shoulder wounded by his sword,
 From the wide gash a stream of crimson pour'd. 715

Still in his side a wound the Christian felt,
 By stern Gradasso not for pleasure dealt ;
 Yet with king Agramant so well he strove,
 That oft through mail and sever'd plate he drove
 The weapon's point ; his fencing shield he cleft,
 His better hand he rais'd, and pierc'd his left. 720

Such was their fight, yet all must sport be thought,
 To deeds Orlando and Gradasso wrought.

Gradasso has Orlando half depriv'd
 Of plate and mail, his helm asunder riv'd ;
 On either side has shorn his crest in twain, 725
 And sent his shield divided to the plain ;
 His corslet rent beneath ; while safe from harm,
 His fated skin defies a mortal arm.

But him the Paladin more sorely press'd,
 And pierc'd with wounds his face, his throat, and breast,
 To grief and madness fir'd, Gradasso view'd 731

In his own gore, his smarting limbs imbru'd,
 While fierce Orlando fought, though near disarm'd,
 Without a wound, from head to foot unharm'd,
 Gradasso rear'd his falchion, at a blow 735

Through head and breast to cleave his hated foe.
 He struck, but from his head the shining blade
 Return'd unbath'd, though with the stroke dismay'd, }
 Before Orlando's sight the dazzling meteors play'd.
 He dropt the reins ; his grasp had lost the sword, 740
 But to his wrist a chain the hilt secur'd.

Scar'd with the thundering blow, the courser bore
The knight of Anglant round the sandy shore;
The knight all senseless, while he kept his seat,
Nor knew his flight, nor rul'd the curbing bit. 745
Gradasso, with Bayardo, swift pursu'd,
And soon had reach'd, but turning round he view'd
King Agramant to certain death expos'd,
With whom the son of Monodant had clos'd; 750
Whose left hand seiz'd his helmet, while the right
His beaver opening, at his dazzled sight
The dagger held, and no defence remain'd
For him, whose weapon Brandimart had gain'd.
Gradasso saw, and furious at the view, 755
Orlando left and to his rescue flew.
Now Brandimart (who deem'd that close engag'd
Gradasso with Anglante's warrior wag'd
The combat still) his art and force apply'd
His dagger in the Pagan's throat to hide, 760
When, lo! Gradasso struck with all his might,
Behind the helmet of the noble knight.

Father of Heaven! among th' elected blest,
Vouchsafe to give thy faithful martyr rest!
Who now, the storm of life's short voyage o'er, 765
Has furl'd his sails upon a peaceful shore,
How could'st thou, Durindana, ruthless sword!
So wound Orlando, thy unhappy lord,

Ver. 763. *Father of Heaven! &c.*] The death of Brandimart is one of the most affecting passages in the poem, and nothing can be finer than this abrupt apostrophe of the poet, when he receives the mortal wound. This idea appears entirely our author's own, and I believe will be allowed to be excelled by few, if any passages, either in the sublime or pathetic.

Ver. 767. *How could'st thou, Durindana! —*] In the romance

Before his eyes, without remorse, to end
His life's companion, and his truest friend? 770

The helm in vain oppos'd the fatal stroke,
Deep in the steel the edge resistless broke;
Through fold on fold, a dreadful passage made,
And buried in his head the reeking blade.
All pale he fell, while from the gaping wound 775
A purple deluge flow'd, and drench'd the ground.
When now Orlando from his trance awoke,
As round the field he cast an eager look,
Full soon his dearest Brandimart he view'd,
Low stretch'd on earth and gasping in his blood; 780
He saw the Pagan near, whose gestures tell,
That by his hand the much-lov'd warrior fell.
Scarce knows he yet, if rage prevails or grief,
But blood, not tears, must only yield relief.

No time for plaints, when fury bears the sway; 785
But here we close the book, and here the tale delay.

poem of Aspramonte, we are told, that Milo, father of Orlando, was slain by this same sword in the hand of Almontes.

Drizzossi Almonte, cò suberbia e ira,
Con ambe man la spada che non resta,
Inimichevolmente allor lo mira
El colpo fere e calò su la testa
Ogni armadura il brando seco tira
Barbuta e elmo la spada rubesta
Per modo ta'e alhora salntollo
Che con la spada il fesse fino al collo.
E'l gentile sangue cade in piana terra
In quel de manco tutta 'la possanza
Per l'impia Durlindana che l'afferra
Almonte per trevare el Sir di Franza, &c.

Aspramonte, C. xviii.

END OF THE FORTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE
FORTY-SECOND BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONCLUSION of the battle between the three Christian and three Pagan knights. Death of Agramant and Gradasso. Grief of Orlando for the death of Brandimart. Bradamant laments Rogero's breach of faith. Rinaldo consults Malagigi on the absence of Angelica: he hears of her leaving France with Medoro, and resolves to pursue her. He enters the forest of Arden, and is attacked by a dreadful monster: he is delivered by a knight; and afterwards by drinking at the fountain of Disdain, is cured of his love for Angelica. He is received and hospitably entertained by a knight of Mantua, who shows him a wonderful cup, by which every married man might prove the fidelity of his wife.

THE
FORTY-SECOND BOOK
 OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT curb so strong can kindled wrath restrain?
 What iron bit, what adamant chain
 (Could such be found) shall in the tortur'd mind
 Check fierce revenge, when one to us conjoin'd
 In friendship's closest ties, we see subdu'd 5
 By fraud or force, to shame or death pursu'd?
 Should momentary impulse then engage
 Our souls to deeds of cruelty and rage,
 We merit some excuse, since Reason's power
 Is lost, while passion rules the frantic hour. 10
 Achilles, when he saw Patroclus slain,
 In borrow'd armour press the sanguine plain,
 Unsated, though his hand the victor slew,
 Behind his car the breathless carcase drew.
 Such was the wrath, Alphonso ! that inspir'd 15
 Thy faithful people, when to madness fir'd

Ver. 15. *Such was the wrath, &c.*] He commemorates the victory
 of Alphonso over the Spaniards, at the taking of Bastia, a strong
 fortress on the Po, built by Nicolo of Esté, famous for the action.

They saw thy front receive the hostile stone,
 And fear'd, in thee, their lives and hopes o'erthrown.
 In vain entrench'd within their gates and wall
 The foes remain'd; the troops t' avenge thy fall 20
 The city storm'd; nor sex nor age would spare,
 And not a wretch was left the news to bear.
 Thy life endanger'd to th' un pitying sword
 Such licence gave—Again to thee restor'd
 A few short hours recover'd Bastia's town, 25
 Which late Cordova and Granada won.
 Perchance, in justice, God thy wound decreed,
 With heavier vengeance to pursue the deed
 Our foes had wrought, when by their cruel hands
 Unhappy Vestidello, held in bands, 30
 A victim fell; whom, while disarm'd, he stood
 All spent with toil, and wounds fresh streaming blood,
 A hundred impious swords in pieces hew'd. }
 To sum up all—no fury can we name
 Like that which sets his generous soul on flame, 35
 Who present sees, by some dire force oppress,
 His kinsman, lord, or partner of his breast.
 No wonder then, if for a friend so lov'd,
 Despair and rage at once Orlando mov'd;
 Who saw him senseless stretch'd along the sand 40
 By one fierce stroke from fell Gradasso's hand.

here described by the poet. Alphonso in the attack was wounded by a stone from an engine.

Fornari.

'Ver. 30. *Unhappy Vestidello*—] Vestidello, the governor of the fort, falling into the hands of the Spaniards, was, contrary to all martial law, slain in cold blood. The Spaniards being afterwards vanquished, were every man put to the sword.

Fornari.

As some Nomadian shepherd that has spy'd
A hissing serpent from his presence glide,
Whose venom'd tooth his little son had slain,
That harmless sported on the sandy plain; 45
With sudden ire he grasps his knotty oak :
The knight of Anglant so his weapon shook,
(That fated edge which never fails to wound)
And first the wretched Agramant he found ;
Of sword disarm'd, with purple gore bedew'd, 50
With helm unlac'd, and shield asunder hew'd,
With frequent gashes in the fight receiv'd,
And scarce from Brandimart with life repriev'd :
Like some poor bird, who just escap'd survives
The falcon's gripe, and doubts if yet he lives. 55
Orlando came, and full the stroke he sped,
Where to the shoulder join'd the crested head :
The helm and gorget loos'd ; the trenchant steel
Cut through the neck, and like a poppy fell
The spouting head, while on th' extended shore 60
The Lybian ruler sunk, to rise no more :
To Stygian shade descends his groaning ghost,
By Charon ferry'd to the burning coast.
Orlando stay'd not long the slain to view,
But with drawn sword on fierce Gradasso flew. 65
When now Gradasso on the field display'd
The headless trunk of Agramant survey'd,
(What ne'er till then befel) a sudden dread
Benumb'd his veins, his shifting colour fled ;

Ver. 68. *What ne'er till then befel* —] The death of Gradasso is very similar to the death of the Soldan in Tasso, who in the same

And while the knight of Anglant nearer drew, 70
It seem'd as if his certain fate he knew.

Already conquer'd, no defence he made,
When high advanc'd he saw the mortal blade.
Orlando on the left the thrust impell'd
Beneath the ribs, till through his belly held 75

The griding steel, and at the adverse side
Appear'd from hilt to point with crimson dy'd;
And well the force bespoke a warrior's hand,
The first in arms of every martial band,
That with a single wound resistless slew 80
The bravest champion of the Pagan crew.

But little joyful at his glorious deed,
The Paladin alighting from his steed,
To Brandimart advanc'd with troubled pace,
The mournful drops fast trickling down his face: 85
Arriv'd, the gasping warrior's head he view'd
All drown'd in blood, his cask asunder hew'd:
Not less the sylvan bark a tree defends,
When the sharp axe with sweepy sway descends.
With speed Orlando from the dying knight 90
His helm unlac'd, and saw a dreadful sight:
The sword had cleft between his manly brows;
Yet fleeting life a short reprieve allows,
Of Heaven's high mercy, ere he breath'd his last,
To ask forgiveness for his errors past; 95
With accents mild to soothe Anglante's chief,
Whose tears and sighs declar'd his speechless grief.

manner is seized with a sudden panic, attended with a presage of his approaching fate.

See *Jerusalem Deliver'd*, Book xx. ver. 686.

Orlando ! when thou mak'st to God thy prayer,
 Thy friend (he cry'd) in thy remembrance bear :
 To thy dear trust I leave—he would have said 100
 My Flordelis—but there his spirit fled :
 His feeble accents half her name express'd,
 But cruel death came on, and choak'd the rest.
 The voice of angels then, in concert sweet,
 Was heard in air, as from her mortal seat 105
 The soul releas'd, in strains of hallow'd love,
 Ascended swift to endless joys above.
 Orlando, while his faith rejoic'd to view
 Heav'n's high reward an end so pure pursue ;
 To know his Brandimart supremely blest, 110
 And see Heav'n opening to receive its guest ;

Ver. 101. *My Flordelis*.—] In this beautiful passage it was thought advisable to avoid a close translation, where, though the thought is affecting in the original, the expression would be ludicrous in English, the Italian says,

A te raccomendo la mia Fiordi.....
 Ma dir non pote—ligi—e qui finio.

Sir John Harington has ventured the same in his translation.

To thee I recommend my dearest Fiordi.....
 And—liege—he would have said—but there did end.

Likewise Mr. Huggins.

Nor less to you, I trust my dear Fiordi.....
 --Liege he could not speak forth—here made an end.

The circumstance itself is naturally just, and occurs in several poets :

She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath
 And buried half within her.....

Dryden's All for Love.

Yet such the frailty of the human heart ;
Still nature shudders from a friend to part ;
One link'd so close, a brother scarce so dear,
Without the tribute of a tender tear. 115

Long on the ground Sobrino's limbs were spread,
And fast his veins their vital current shed :
Still Olivero lay in woeful state,
Nor yet has freed, nor from the galling weight
Can free his foot, which, crush'd with piercing pain, 120
His heavy courser press'd against the plain ;
And but Orlando came his aid to lend,
(Orlando weeping for his slaughter'd friend)
Himself had vainly from the floundering steed
Essay'd to move ; but when, at length, he freed 125
Th' imprison'd limb, he scarce could tread the ground,
While thrilling smart through every nerve he found ;
As by surrounding friendly arms upheld
His fainting steps he dragg'd along the field.

Orlando on his conquest little thought, 130
A conquest deem'd, alas ! too dearly bought !
He mourn'd his Brandimart's untimely fate,
And much he fear'd his kinsman's dangerous state.
He found Sobrino, from the dreadful strife,
Surviving still ; but scarce of lengthen'd life 135
Affording hope, so much the purple tide
From many a wound his aged veins had dry'd.
Him, bath'd in blood, the generous victor gave
To skilful hands with healing arts to save,
And strives himself each wounded thought to calm 140
With gentle words of friendship's sovereign balm :
Such was this earl ! the fight's stern trial o'er,
Compassion sway'd, where fury sway'd before.

But here Fulgoso seems to doubt my tale;
 For when on Afric's coast he spread the sail, 145
 Each port he search'd, and landed here he found
 The isle so mountainous, so rough the ground,
 Scarce in a soil, unform'd for human feet,
 Six knights, the flower of all the world, could meet,
 And from their steeds so fierce in battle vie : 150
 Fulgoso thus, and thus I make reply.

In elder times, beneath the rocky height,
 There stretch'd a plain extending to the right;
 Till, by an earthquake, shaken from its base,
 The mountain fell, and cover'd all the place. 155
 O ! thou, the glory of Fulgoso's line,
 In whom such lustre shall for ever shine,
 If e'er thy censures here the story blame,
 Perchance before the chief, whose mighty fame
 Extends so far ; by whom thy country knows 160
 The choicest blessings of desir'd repose,
 O ! deign from falsehood's name to clear my lays,
 And say my Muse unsully'd truth conveys.

Now sad Orlando casting o'er the tide
 His sharpen'd sight, a slender bark espy'd, 165
 That with spread canvas o'er the billows flew,
 And near the shores of Lipadusa drew.

Ver. 144. *But here Fulgoso-*] Fulgoso or Fregoso, archbishop of Salerno, had, it seems, objected to the probability of this part of Ariosto's story : but the poet artfully defends himself, by alledging, that the face of the country had been entirely changed by an earthquake.

Ver. 159. *Before the chief, &c. -*] Octavian Fregoso, brother of Frederico, Doge of Genoa, who put an end to all the factions in the republic.

But whence she came, shall fill some future page,
More themes than one must now the Muse engage :
To France we turn, to mark their joy or woe, 170
Since late they wrought the Pagan's overthrow.
But first we turn to what the dame befel,
Who bade her shipwreck'd peace a long farewell :
The faithful Bradamant, who heard in vain
Before the Saracen and Christian train 175
Rogero's vows, since banish'd from his mind,
These with her hopes were lost in empty wind.
Again her sorrows and her plaints she pours,
Too oft companions of her lonely hours.
She calls Rogero cruel to the trust 180
Her love repos'd—she calls her fate unjust !
Then gives a loose to grief—of Heaven complains,
At once its goodness and its power arraigns :
That Heaven, which could such perjury survey,
And not a sign of heavenly wrath display. 185
Melissa she condemns; and him who gave
Dark oracles from his mysterious cave,
Whose lying prophecies her breast could move,
And plunge her deeper in the sea of love.
Then to Marphisa oft her step she turns, 190
To her full oft her brother's falsehood mourns :
To her she sighs; to her she vents her grief,
Hangs on her breast, and weeping begs relief.
Round her lov'd friend her arms Marphisa throws,
And every comfort, words can yield, bestows ; 195
Tells her that ne'er Rogero will deceive
Her heart's dear hope, but all her fears relieve :

[Ver. 168. *But whence she came, &c.*—] He resumes this story,
Book xliii. ver. 1113.

Or, should he not return, she vows to face
The man whose actions could his line disgrace;
Force him with her to prove his sword in fight, 200
Or keep his faith, and do his mistress right.
These friendly words awhile consol'd the fair,
For grief imparted oft alleviates care.

While thus on Bradamant affliction preys,
Learn if her brother happier leads his days, 205
Whose every nerve the fires of love infest,
Throb in his pulse and kindle in his breast:
Yet less her beauty, than the potent spell
Had fix'd his soul in amorous bonds to dwell.
Since France at length had crush'd her numerous foes,
The other Paladins in peace repose: 211
Among the victors he alone remains
A wretched captive in a woman's chains.
Full many an envoy in her search he sent,
Himself as oft with vain enquiries went; 215
His kinsman Malagigi now he sought,
On whom he oft repos'd each burthen'd thought:
To him, with reddening cheek and eye deprest,
The knight reveal'd each secret of his breast;
And begg'd him to disclose where distant rov'd 220
The fair Angelica, his best belov'd.

He said; when Malagigi's wonder grew
At this unlook'd-for tale, since well he knew

Ver. 204. *While thus on Bradamant, &c.*] He returns to Bradamant, Book xliv. ver. 294.

Ver. 208.—*than the potent spell*—] The Fountain of Love, so often mentioned in Boyardo and Ariosto, the water of which had inspired Rinaldo's passion for Angelica.

A hundred times Rinaldo might have led
 The willing fair-one to partake his bed ; 225
 That oft himself had try'd the knight to move,
 By prayers and threats, to bend him to her love.
 In vain—though love from him had freedom gain'd,
 For Malagigi in her bonds detain'd.
 But now, unask'd, spontaneous would he give 230
 A heart, the fair vouchsaf'd not to receive,
 He bade him call to mind how oft his scorn
 Had made her proffer'd love an ill return ;
 And how himself, in dreary dungeon laid,
 Had nearly fall'n, for vows so ill repaid, 235 }
 A guiltless victim to th' offended maid.

Rinaldo still pursues the dear request ;
 And moves compassion in his kinsman's breast :
 The past offence no more in mind he bears,
 But willing succour at his need prepares. 240
 He for reply appoints some future day,
 And sends the champion full of hopes away.

Now Malagigi to the place retir'd,
 Where, when his schemes infernal aid requir'd,
 He calls the demon forth, where dark as night, 245
 And inaccessible to mortal sight,
 A grotto stands, enclos'd by hills that rise
 In craggy steepes, and shoot into the skies.
 His book he opens, calls the fiends aloud,
 And round in haste the fiends obedient crowd : 250

Ver. 224. *A hundred times, &c.*—] Alluding to several parts of the Orlando Innamorato, where Angelica used every art to gain his affection, particularly in the Joyous Garden, to which place he was decoyed by the wiles of Malagigi. See Note to Book xxxi. ver. 668. -

Of these selecting one, best skill'd to show
Each maze of love, from him he seeks to know
What cause had soften'd thus Rinaldo's heart,
That late, unpierc'd, repell'd each amorous dart.
He learns what passions different streams inspire, 255
How one creates, and one absorbs desire :
How every ill the breast from one receives,
The other with a simple draught relieves :
He hears Rinaldo chanc'd the stream to taste
By which are love, and love-born passions chas'd ; 260
That hence he scorn'd Angelica the fair
With breast unfeeling, till his cruel star
Led him to quaff the spring, whose amorous power
Inflam'd his soul for charms he shunn'd before.
By cruel stars, by cruel fate he came 265
In that cool spring to catch the lover's flame :
For lo ! Angelica by chance arriv'd
To drink the adverse stream, of sweets depriv'd,
That from her heart each tender thought expell'd,
And made her hate whom once she dearly held : 270
While he the like reverse of passion prov'd,
And where he scorn'd, he now as fiercely lov'd.
This wondrous fortune that the knight befel
The demon told, and fail'd no less to tell
How to the Moor Medoro's youthful arms 275
Angelica resign'd her virgin charms ;
Then how the fair Europa's climes forsook,
And through th' unstable flood her voyage took,
Her vessel launching from Hispania's land
With spreading sails for India's spicy strand. . 280
Now, at th' appointed hour, Rinaldo flies
To learn his fate, when Malagigi tries

To turn his thoughts from one who could disgrace,
With such a partner, her illustrious race;
And for her realms had left the Christian shore, 285
That little now avail'd to seek her more;
Who with Medoro plough'd the foamy sea,
And now had measur'd more than half her way.

With mind prepar'd (accustom'd to her scorn)
The fair's departure would the knight have borne: 290
He came resolv'd already for her sake,
To furthest Ind his toilsome course to take;
But when he heard a Pagan youth possess'd
The first dear blessings of her maiden breast,
He sigh'd—he rav'd—his grief to frenzy rose; 295
This woe by far surpass'd his former woes:
He strove to speak, but speech his tongue forsook;
His pulse beat quick, his lips convulsive shook;
And stung with jealous pangs, the wretched knight
Abrupt withdrew from Malagigi's sight. 300

But when his first surprise and complaints were o'er,
He bent his thoughts to visit India's shore:
For this, from Pepin's son he leave obtain'd,
And urg'd the plea, that by Gradasso gain'd
In shameful wise, in stain of knightly race, 305
His steed Bayardo, to his great disgrace
Was thither borne, where, to retrieve his fame
He hasten'd, lest the Pagan should proclaim,
With lying vaunts, he won by sword and lance,
The courser from a Paladin of France. 310

Loth was the king, yet could but ill deny
A suit, where justice urg'd him to comply.
Dismiss'd by Charles, the knight his way pursu'd,
Though France with sorrow his departure view'd:

B. XLII.	ORLANDO FURIOSO.	263
Dudon and Guido would his perils share,		315
But he alone would every peril dare.		
Paris he leaves, his soul with anguish burns,		
And now he sighs, and now he weeps by turns.		
Remembrance still his anxious soul employs		
When smiling Fortune proffer'd all her joys	320	
That beauty gives, to bless his happy arms,		
And when his folly spurn'd the proffer'd charms.		
How did he then the precious moments waste !		
How willing would he now redeem the past !		
And could he call them back, how gladly pay	325	
With life the rapture of a single day !		
Reflection still was busy in his mind,		
To think a youth of such ignoble kind		
Could from her heart so soon all trace remove		
Of worth and truth, that claim'd her nobler love.	330	
With thoughts like these still rankling at his breast,		
Rinaldo to the east his course address'd ;		
To Basilea bound, the Rhine he pass'd,		
And enter'd Arden's dreary shades at last.		
As many a mile the Paladin pursu'd	335	
His venturous way amidst the lonely wood,		
From towns and cities far remote, expos'd		
To perils dire, with deepening wilds enclos'd ;		
A sudden darkness o'er the sky was spread,		
Th' affrighted sun in clouds conceal'd his head,	340	

Ver. 339. *A sudden darkness, &c.*] This beautiful passage has a near resemblance to Spenser's fiction of the monster Error, in the *Fairy Queen*: many circumstances are similar in both poets: the gloom of a vast forest heightened with a storm: the attack of the monster upon the knight, all exquisitely painted in the English and Italian author; but the horror seems more strongly worked up in

And from a cavern, veil'd in darkest night,
A female monster rush'd, abhorr'd to sight !
Her thousand eyes a watch eternal keep,
No lids were seen to close their orbs in sleep :
As many ears her head terrific bears, 345
And hissing snakes supply the place of hairs.
A horrid serpent for her tail appears,
That o'er her breast his curling volumes rears.
From hell's dire gloom, where howling fiends lament,
This dreadful demon to the world was sent. 350
What ne'er till then had touch'd Rinaldo's breast
In many a field of death, he now confess'd.
Soon as the monster met his startled view,
And swift t' assail him near and nearer drew ;
A terror, more than mortal can sustain, 355
Congeal'd his blood, and crept through every vein ;
Yet wonted courage in his looks he feign'd,
And drew his weapon with a trembling hand.
The cruel fiend, well practis'd in the field,
Began th' assault, and round the warrior wheel'd ; 360
Her venom'd snake she brandish'd as she came,
And at Rinaldo bent her baleful aim :
She leaps upon him with a furious bound :
Now here, now there, Rinaldo shifts the ground :
He deals direct, and sidelong many a blow, 365
But none he deals can reach his hated foe.

Ariosto ; while Spenser, with all his excellence, must be condemned for suffering his fancy to degenerate into a loathsome and disgusting picture. See *Fairy Queen*, Book i. c. i.

The reader of taste will here recollect the fine poetical painting in Dryden's Theodore and Honoria, when the spectres of the hunter and virgin appear to Theodore. See *Dryden's Fables*.

The fiend applies her serpent to his breast :
 Beneath his mail he feels the dreadful pest
 Cold at his heart : now on his helm it rides ;
 Now o'er his face, now round his neck it glides. 370
 Rinaldo, terrify'd, his fiery steed
 Gores with the spur, and urges all his speed :
 But the dire fiend, that follows like the wind,
 Vaults with a bound, and grasps him close behind !
 Whether direct or short his course he wheels, 375
 Still at his back the pest accurs'd he feels :
 In vain each art to shake her thence he tries,
 And with arm'd heel his rapid courser plies.
 Trembles, like autumn-leaves, Rinaldo's heart :
 The freezing snake clings close to every part : 380
 He groans—he howls—and shuddering with affright
 He calls aloud for death, and loathes the light.
 Through bogs, through brakes, through thorny ways and
 rude,
 Through thickest covert of th' entangling wood,
 He flew, in hopes to loosen from behind 385
 Th' infernal fiend, whose snake his limbs entwin'd.
 At length, in arms of shining steel array'd,
 A knight appear'd, that brought him timely aid :
 His crest a broken yoke, and in his shield
 Red flames he bore upon a yellow field : 390

Ver. 387. *The fiend applies her serpent to his breast :*] See *Virgil*
Æneid, vii. ver. 346.

Huic Dea cæruleis unum de crinibus anguem
 Conjicit.....

Virgil.

Snatch'd from her hissing locks a snake she threw,
 And through his inmost soul the fiery serpent flew.

Pitt, v. 442.

With flames his surcoat was embroider'd o'er;
 And such the trappings which his courser wore.
 His hand the spear, his side the sword retain'd,
 His saddle-bow a burning mace sustain'd:
 A mace that, stor'd with fire eternal, sent 395
 Flash after flash, which never could be spent;
 Against whose power no buckler would avail,
 Nor toughest helm, nor strongest temper'd mail;
 But all gave way where'er the champion turn'd
 His dreadful arms, that unextinguish'd burn'd. 400
 No less a power could succour here bestow
 To free the warrior from his ruthless foe.
 The stranger-knight, who heard Rinaldo's cries,
 His courser spurs, and to his rescue flies; 404
 And soon he views the fiend whose snake enroll'd
 Rinaldo's limbs in many a winding fold:
 Who glow'd with feverish heat, or shook with freezing }
 cold.
 Swift came the knight, against her side he thrust
 His potent spear, and hurl'd her in the dust:
 She fell; but soon again the earth forsook, 410
 And rear'd aloft her venom'd serpent shook
 In spiral wreaths: no longer will the knight
 With javelin, but with fire pursue the fight:
 He grasps his mace, and where the serpent curls
 Her rattling scales, or where in length unfurls, 415
 With ceaseless aim he drives the fiery blows
 Like crushing storms, nor rest nor pause allows:
 While thus his weapon's unresisted sway
 Or drives the monster back, or holds at bay;
 He bids the Paladin the path pursue 420
 That from the thickets to the mountain drew.

He said—The Paladin observant flies,
 And backward fears to cast his loathing eyes :
 Nor stays, till far beyond the monster's sight,
 Though rough the path and arduous is the height. 425
 Meanwhile the champion to her dismal cell
 Has driven by force the ghastly child of hell ;
 There, while in fury for her frustrate will,
 She gnaws her flesh ; her breast black poisons fill,
 And from her thousand eyes eternal tears distil. 430 }

The victor then impell'd his courser's speed
 To join Rinaldo, and in safety lead
 From those drear wilds ; and on th' ascending height
 O'ertook, and stood beside the gentle knight.

Rinaldo now with grateful words repaid 435
 His service done—Accept my thanks (he said)
 Though thanks are poor, when life can scarce repay
 The glorious aid of this adventurous day.
 Give me, at least, to learn thy name, and know
 To whom, Sir Knight, I such deliverance owe ; 440
 And tell to Charles, and all his peers around,
 Thy matchless valour, and thy praise resound.
 To whom the knight—My name yet unreveal'd,
 Be not displeas'd if still I keep conceal'd :
 This shalt thou learn, before the noontide shade 445
 A foot has lengthen'd o'er the dewy glade.

In converse thus they journey'd, till they found
 A crystal fount, that oft with murmuring sound
 Strangers and swains allur'd its draughts to prove,
 And quaff a long oblivion of their love. 450
 These are the cooling waters that assuage,
 (O mighty prince !) the heat of amorous rage ;

From which Angelica her hatred drew,
From which Rinaldo's first aversion grew.

The knight, who with Rinaldo came and view'd 455
Where the clear stream the bordering plants bedew'd ;
As faint with heat and toil, his courser stay'd :
Here let us rest awhile—the stranger said.
Well may we here (Rinaldo cries) repose,
Now with fierce rays meridian Phœbus glows : 460
My limbs unnerv'd, so sorely late oppress'd
By that dire fiend, would gladly welcome rest.

Thus they, when each alighting, gave his steed
To rove at large, and through the forest feed :
Each from his head the radiant helm unlac'd, 465
And on the turf, with flowers enamell'd, plac'd.
Rinaldo then, oppress'd with thirst and heat,
To the smooth mirror bent his eager feet ;
At one cool draught its sovereign virtue prov'd,
And thirst, and heat, and love at once remov'd. 470

Soon as the knight unknown beheld him sip
The cooling stream, and raise his moisten'd lip,
And saw his heart estrang'd from Cupid's fire,
Repentant now of every fond desire,
Erect he rose, and with a lofty look, 475
Himself disclos'd, and in these accents spoke :
Know then, Rinaldo, I am call'd DISDAIN,
And hither come to break thy galling chain.
He said ; and instant vanish'd from the view,
And with the knight his phantom-steed withdrew. 480
Rinaldo, speechless, cast around his eyes :
Where is my champion fled ?—Amaz'd he cries,
All this th' effect of magic art he thought,
Some friendly spell by Malagigi wrought,

To break that yoke, which long, with galling pain, 485
His tyrant passion forc'd him to sustain :

Or, haply, God, in his eternal love,
Had, from his holy hierarchy above,
An angel sent, his saving grace to deal,
As once he sent him Tobit's eyes to heal. 490

But whether fiend from hell, or saint from heaven,
Had to his captive soul her freedom given,
To him all thanks were due, by whom his heart
Was cur'd of love, and every amorous smart.

To India still he purpos'd to proceed, 495
In Sericana to regain his steed ;

For this his honour claim'd, and this he vow'd,
When royal Charles his earnest suit allow'd.

Next day to Basilea's town he came,
But ere he reach'd it, thither spread the fame 500
That earl Orlando stood prepar'd for fight
With Agramant and Sericana's* knight.

Thus went the tale—nor was the tale believ'd
By message from Anglante's lord receiv'd ;

But one, who late his eager voyage sped 505
From Sicily, the certain tidings spread.

Fain would Rinaldo (though remov'd afar)

The glorious combat with Orlando share :

Full many a mile he tir'd full many a steed,
And many a guide—impatience wing'd his speed. 510

The Rhine he pass'd, and now his way pursu'd

O'er Alpine steeps, now Italy he view'd ;

Now Mantua and Verona he forsook,

And cross the Po his rapid journey took.

* Gradasso.

Already westward far declin'd the sun, 515
And in the skies the star of evening shone;
When as beside the river's winding flood,
Debating with himself Rinaldo stood,
To change his steed, or there remain till night
Should fly th' approach of next Aurora's light; 520
Sudden before his eyes a knight was seen
Of comely feature, and of courteous mien,
Who, first with fair salute, besought to know
If e'er his lips had seal'd the marriage vow.
Rinaldo then—I wear the nuptial yoke— 525
Yet much he mus'd at what the stranger spoke;
Who thus rejoin'd—Well pleas'd thy words I hear,
And that my deeds may speak my meaning clear,
Vouchsafe, Sir Knight, the proffer'd grace to take
Beneath my roof till morn abode to make: 530
There shalt thou see, what he must surely prize,
By whom in bed a wedded partner lies.
Rinaldo, with a length of toil oppress,
Not ill dispos'd to relish offer'd rest;
And ever prompt, with noble thoughts, to view, 535
Or hear of wonders and adventures new,
Full gladly yielded with the knight to stay,
And, turning, follow'd as he led the way.

Ver. 521.—*a knight was seen*—] It appears that the appellation of Cavaliero (knight) is not always confined by our author to the military character of a wandering champion, but here, and in other places, is given to those who do not appear to have any concern in the profession of arms. Perhaps Cervantes had this idea when he made Don Quixote entitle a stranger, whom he met, the knight of the Green Cassock.

Ver. 525. *Rinaldo then—I wear the nuptial yoke*—] See Book xxx. ver. 667. where the subject of Rinaldo's marriage is fully discussed.

Now from the track an arrow's flight they came,
And reach'd a palace of stupendous frame, 540
Whence issu'd many a squire with duteous haste,
That kindled torches bore, whose brightness chas'd
The gloom of night: Rinaldo entering, gaz'd
Around the spacious pile with looks amaz'd:
It seem'd no private treasure could dispense 545
Such regal cost, and proud magnificence.

The outward gate with solid beauty shone
Of polish'd porphyry and Parian stone;
The folding valves of bronze, with figures grac'd,
Which seem'd to live and move, in sculpture chas'd. 550
Beneath the leading arch, admiring eyes
Saw various forms in rich Mosaic rise.

A square was seen within of ample space:
A range of fair apartments every face
Supply'd; a gate for every front was rear'd: 555

To every gate an inner arch appear'd
Of varied ornament, but equal state,
And smooth th' ascent to every arch and gate.
An arch above each winding stair-case show'd
To some fair hall that rich with splendor glow'd. 560

Each upper arch extending from the side,
A covering for the gate below supply'd,
Where two strong columns, by a master hand,
Of bronze, or stone, the massy weight sustain'd.
Hard were the task, not only to recite 565

Each rare device that charm'd the gazing knight,
But what, unseen, might speak in many a part
The wondrous builder's subterranean art.
With golden capitals vast pillars rais'd,
Supported roofs that bright with jewels blaz'd. 570

Marbles from every clime was thither brought,
 By artists hands in various figures wrought.
 Each pictur'd form was there, the pencil's boast;
 With every elegance of skill and cost:
 And such the whole, that scarcely could suffice 575
 A kingdom's wealth to pay the mighty price,
 Amid the countless works of art and pride,
 Which this transcendent matchless dome supply'd,
 A fountain cool its plenteous streams bestow'd,
 That in a hundred rills meand'ring flow'd. 580
 Near this a menial train of damsels plac'd
 The festive board, with savoury viands grac'd,
 Which in the centre fix'd, on every hand
 Could the four portals of the pile command.
 Th' unequal'd architect here seem'd t' exhaust 585
 Each proof of learned skill, or sumptuous cost.
 Eight fronts the fountain show'd, and o'er the head
 A canopy of gold and azure spread.
 Eight marble statues, snowy white, sustain'd
 The cieling with their left; their better hand 590
 Held Amalthea's horn, whence waters trill'd,
 And in an alabaster vase distill'd
 With gurgling sound: each female sculptur'd frame
 The features bore of some illustrious dame,
 Alike in habit, but unlike in face, 595
 Though equal all in beauty and in grace.

Ver. 591.—*Amalthea's horn*—] Jupiter, when an infant, was brought up by two nymphs of Crete, called Melissa and Amalthea: a goat, belonging to the latter, having broken his horn, Amalthea filled it with fruits and carried it to Jupiter, who afterwards placed it in heaven, and called it after his nurse, Amalthea's horn: it has always been, with poets, the symbol of plenty. *Fornari.*

Each image for her pedestal was rear'd
 On two bold figures that beneath appear'd,
 And by their looks and gesture seem'd to raise,
 For those fair dames the song of tuneful praise. 600
 The lower statues scrolls of writing held,
 That told their names, and how each dame excell'd
 In virtuous lore, and while the scroll made known
 The female names, no less reveal'd their own.

Rinaldo, by the torches' light display'd 605
 The dames and worthies one by one survey'd.
 The first inscription bore Lucretia's name,
 Lucretia Borgia, who for spotless fame
 And lovely form, her native Rome shall praise,
 Above the first renown'd in ancient days. 610
 The sculpture next proclaim'd the generous pair,
 Who chose her ever-honour'd weight to bear,
 Antonio Tedaldeo ; with him join'd
 Hercules Strozza ; where, in both combin'd,
 Another Orpheus and a Linus shin'd. 615 }

Ver. 608. *Lucretia Borgia*—] Daughter of Alexander Borgia, and wife to duke Alphonso.

Fornari.

Ver. 613. *Antonio Tedaldeo*

Hercules Strozza—] Antonio Tedaldeo, a poet in the time of Ariosto: he died in the eightieth year of his age, being plunged in a deep melancholy. When the victorious Charles V. returned from his conquest in Africa, and passed in triumph before the house of Tedaldeo, he ordered his doors and windows to be shut, that he might not see him, being offended that he had not taken vengeance for the sack of Rome. Hercules Strozza, of Ferrara, was son of Tito the poet, but excelled his father; his passion for the fair sex was the occasion of his death. He was deeply in love with a noble and beautiful widow named Taurella, whom he married, but was afterwards assassinated by his rival in the street.

Fornari.

Not less in grace and beauty to behold
 The next were seen, and thus the writing told.
 Lo ! Isabella of Ferrara, born
 Of Hercules, her country to adorn,
 On whom benignant Fortune shall bestow 620 }
 Each gift that birth or lofty rank can know,
 To bless her native land in weal or woe.
 The two, by whom her glory stands proclaim'd
 Are Bardelone and Calandro nam'd.
 The third and fourth, where soft in murmuring tides 625
 The water from the rich pavilion glides,
 Are two fair dames, that equal place may claim
 For virtue, beauty, country, race and fame.
 Elisabetta here ; and at her side
 There Leonora, both the Mantuan pride : 630
 Mantua, whose city boasts not more renown
 To call great Virgil hers, than these to own.
 Beneath the first were Sadoletto plac'd,
 And Petro Bembo (both in sculpture grac'd),

Ver. 618. *Isabella of Ferrara*—] Isabella, daughter of Hercules duke of Ferrara, and wife to the marquis of Mantua. See Book iii. Notes.

Fornari.

Ver. 624. *Bardelone and Calandro*—] Both named Gian Jacobi, and Mantuans by birth. Calandro wrote on amorous subjects, in verse and prose.

Fornari.

Ver. 629. *Elisabetta, Leonora*—] Elisabetta was sister to Francesco Gonzago, marquis of Mantua, and wife to Guidobaldo, duke of Urbino. Leonora, daughter to the before-mentioned marquis, and afterwards to Francesco Mario delle Rovere, who was by means of Julius II. created duke of Urbino.

Fornari.

Ver. 633. *Sadoletto, Petro Bembo*—] Sadoletto, first a bishop, and then a cardinal, created by Paul III. he published many theolo-

Castiglione and Arelius stood, 635
 And with the other glorious burthen how'd.
 All these the sculptur'd marble fair proclaim'd,
 Unknown as then, but since in story fam'd.
 Behold her next to whom indulgent Heaven
 Shall give each grace that e'er on earth was given. 640
 The scroll Lucretia Bentivoglia show'd,
 And told, amidst her other praise bestow'd,
 That to Ferrara's duke her birth she ow'd. }
 For her a sweet Camillo tunes the strings;
 The Rhine and clear Felsina, as he sings, 645
 With equal wonder hear, with equal praise,
 As once Amphrysus heard his shepherd's lays.

gical subjects, and was an excellent poet: Bembo called him his colleague, on account of the similarity of their manners. Bembo composed a book in praise of him and the wife of Guidobaldo. Sadoletto was secretary to pope Leo X. and signed the diploma granted to Ariosto's poem: he wrote two poems, called Curtius, and Laocöon: he died at Rome, anno 1547, aged 70.

Fornari.

Ver. 635. *Castiglione and Arelius*—] Castiglione, of Mantua, author of the Cortegiano: he wrote also Cleopatra in heroic verse: he was sent by Clement ambassador to Charles V. and by him made a bishop. Mutio Arelio composed many things, being an academician of Rome in the time of Leo X. he was killed with a blow given him by one of his enemies.

Fornari.

Ver. 641. *Lucretia Bentivoglia*—] Natural daughter of the duke of Ferrara, allied by marriage to the family of the Bentivogli of Bologna.

Fornari.

Ver. 644. *A sweet Camillo, &c.*] Camille Falcotte, a courtier in the court of cardinal Bibiena; of the country of Bologna; by Felsina, he means Bologna; by the Rhine, not the river that divides France from Germany, but a river so called near Bologna.

Fornari.

See one extoll'd o'er all (where smoothly glides
 Isaurus' waters sweet to ampler tides)
 From parching Indus to the Moorish coast, 650
 From southern heat to Hyperborean frost;
 Great Posthumus; to whom a double wreath
 Pallas shall there and Phœbus here bequeath.
 Next stood Diana with a lofty air,
 But heart as gentle, as her face was fair: 655
 Learn'd Celio Calcagnino shall proclaim
 Her honours, and extend her virtuous name,
 With sounding trumpet, to Moneses' land,
 To Juba's realms, to Spain and India's strand:
 Marco Cavallo shall her praises sing, 660
 And in Ancona ope the Muses' spring;
 As once the winged steed disclos'd the rill
 In Helicon or Parnassus' hill.
 Next Beatrice her lovely figure rais'd,
 Whom thus in few the polish'd marble prais'd: 665

Ver. 652. *Great Posthumus*.—] He means Guido Posthumus, who celebrated the praises of Lucretia Bentivoglia.

Fornari.

Ver. 654.—*Diana*.—] Diana of Este, a lady of excellent beauty, but of haughty deportment and manners.

Fornari.

Ver. 656.—*Learn'd Celio Calcagnino*.—] Of Ferrara, and a canon of the church, an elegant writer in prose and verse.

Fornari.

Ver. 658.—*Moneses' land, &c.*] Kingdoms of Parthia and Mauritania, where these princes reigned.

Fornari.

Ver. 660. *Marco Cavallo*.—] Of the city of Ancona; he composed many verses: he was extremely addicted to gaming, and was at last found dead in his bed, with five hundred crowns tied to his arm.

Fornari.

Ver. 664. *Beatrice*.—] Daughter of Hercules of Ferrara.

"While living, Beatrice her lord shall bless,
And dying, in his breast extinguish peace."

With her, shall Italy the palm obtain,
But, losing her, shall feel the captive's chain.

Correggio seems for her the verse to raise, 670

For her Timotheus seems to swell the lays :
Their tuneful lyres the river's banks shall fill,
That saw their trees rich amber tears distil.

A statue, form'd of alabaster, stood

Whose mien sublime some dame illustrious show'd, 675

Such as in robes of simplest fashion drest

Without or gold or gems, or silken vest,

Would rise in charms the fairest dames above,

As o'er the rest the silver star of love.

'Twere hard to speak what most adorn'd her face, 680

Superior beauty, majesty, or grace ;

Or that which bright in every feature shin'd,

The beaming index of her spotless mind.

Vast were the task for her the voice to raise,

(The marble said) for who shall speak her praise? 685

Ver. 670. *Correggio, Timotheus*—] Nicolo de Correggio, held in great esteem by the Italian nobility, and chiefly by Hercules I. He wrote in octave stanzas a poem called *Psyche*, and another called *Aurora*. Correggio is the name of the castle held by the illustrious family of the Correggios of Parma. Timotheo Benedes, of Ferrara, a man of literature.

Fornari.

Ver. 676. *Such as in robes, &c.*] Some suppose this to have been the widow, the kinswoman of Vespucci, with whom our poet became so enamoured in Florence, and whom he alludes to by that simile in the xxivth Book, where Zerbino is wounded by Mandricardo, as mentioned in his life, and that by the statue who supports her, he figures himself.

While in the beauteous statue shone confess'd
 The gentlest virtues of the female breast;
 Yet seem'd she to disdain the numbers rude
 Of him who singly her supporter stood.
 For he alone to chant her worth remain'd 690
 Without a partner, and her weight sustain'd.
 Of every other was the name reveal'd;
 These only two the sculptor's art conceal'd.

The statues, rang'd, an ample circle made,
 Where shone the floor with coral, rich inlaid. 695
 The crystal waters, with a plaintive sound,
 Attention lull'd, and scatter'd coolness round;
 Together blending in a channell'd bed,
 Through verdant turf their stealing course they led,
 And sluic'd in streams the plants and flowerets fed. }

The Paladin, refresh'd with wine and food, 701
 Here with his courteous host discourse pursu'd,
 And oft reminded of his promis'd word,
 When first invited to his friendly board:
 While by his looks Rinaldo saw express'd 705
 Some heavy anguish labouring at his breast,
 Which still, from time to time, the sighs supply'd,
 That, half repress'd, in sounds imperfect dy'd.

A strong desire Rinaldo oft impell'd
 To learn his grief, but fear his speech withheld, 710
 A fear t' offend—at length, the banquet o'er,
 Behold a page whose hand the goblet bore;
 This, fram'd of gold, before the knight he plac'd,
 Within with wine, without with jewels grac'd.
 The lord of that fair dwelling, with a look 715
 Half smiling, then his noble guest bespoke.

He smil'd ; but each who mark'd him, well might find
Less joy than anguish in his secret mind.

Then he—What long thy wish aspires to know,
Which late I promis'd—time demands to show: 720

Lo ! there the gift, that each must surely prize
Within whose arms a wedded partner lies.

Methinks each husband should desire to prove,
How far his wife maintains her plighted love :

If shame or honour he from her receives, 725

If, by her means, a man or beast he lives :

Light sits the burthen on the horned brows,

Though all the world its infamy allows :

While other eyes behold, the head that wears

The wretched antlers, feels not what it bears. 730

If thou hast try'd, and prov'd thy consort true,

From thee more love, more rightful praise is due,

Than she from him might claim who thought her just,

But ne'er has try'd, and took her faith on trust.

How oft have some, through jealousy pursu'd, 735

Without a cause, the gentle and the good ?

How oft, secure, their lives have others led,

Yet borne the branching honours of the head ?

If thou would'st learn how chaste thy wife lov'd,

Whom, deeming such, thou never yet hast prov'd, 740

Thou may'st thyself, from other's lips untold,

By drinking in this vase the truth behold :

See here my promise—hence thy draught essay,

And strange effects the vessel shall display.

If on thy head thou bear'st the scornful crest, 745

The wine will all be shed upon thy breast :

No drop can reach thy taste—but should thy wife

Be found to lead a chaste and blameless life,

- With pleasure shalt thou drain the goblet dry—
 In happy time, Sir Knight, thy fortune try. 750
 He said; and kept his eyes intent to view
 Th' o'erflowing vase Rinaldo's breast embue.
 Rinaldo, strongly tempted to decide
 What he, perchance, might after wish untry'd,

Ver. 749. *With pleasure shalt thou drain, &c.*—] “From the romance of Morte Arthur, is borrowed Ariosto’s tale of the enchanted cup; which in Caxton’s old translation is as follows. “By the way they met with a knight, that was sent from Morgan la Fay to king Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn all garnished with gold, and the horn had such a virtue, that there might no lady or gentlewoman drink of that horn, but if she were true to her husband; and if she were false, she should spill all the drink; and if she were true unto her lord, she might drink peaceably, &c. C. xlii. 98.” Afterwards many trials are made. The inimitable Fontaine has new-moulded this story, under the title of *La Coupe Enchantee*.”

Warton's Observations on Spenser, B. i. c. xxxix.

An Italian commentator on Dante thinks, that Ariosto drew this fiction of the cup from a much earlier source. “Pliny speaks of a river named Olichia, whose waters appear boiling hot to those who have been guilty of perjury. The same was said of another fountain in Sicily, called Palicena. Philostratus speaks of a fountain that being tasted by the perjured, deprives them of the use of their limbs, that they are unable to leave the place. An author named Rhamius has these lines.

Dianæ fons est, Camerina gignitur unda,
 Quam si quis manibus non castis hauserit unquam,
 Lætifico tristis non miscet pocula Baccho.

There flows a fountain, whose effects proclaim,
 Its waters sacred to Diana’s name;
 These borne by hands unchaste, will never glide,
 Mix’d in one vase with Bacchus’ sprightly tide.

By these lines it appears, that an unchaste woman could never mix wine with the water of that fountain, which story is likewise told by Selinus. I imagine that from this passage Ariosto had the hint of his cup.” Defence of *Dante*.

B. XLII. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

281

Had stretch'd his hand the fatal cup to take,
And now prepar'd the dangerous proof to make;
Yet first, he commun'd with himself how much
He risk'd, with lips the baneful gold to touch.

755

But here awhile, my lord, I seek repose,
Then, what the Paladin reply'd, disclose.

760

END OF VOL. V.





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